



1894


1894

## THE GLEN COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady DOROTHEA RUGGLES-BRISE to  
the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her  
brother, Major LORD GEORGE STEWART MURRAY,  
Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2011 with funding from  
National Library of Scotland



THE  
SONGS OF SCOTLAND

ADAPTED TO THEIR APPROPRIATE MELODIES

ARRANGED WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS BY

G. F. GRAHAM, T. M. MUDIE, J. T. SURENNE, H. E. DIBDIN,  
FINLAY DUN, &c.

Illustrated with Historical, Biographical, and Critical Notices

BY GEORGE FARQUHAR GRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE "MUSIC" IN THE SEVENTH EDITION OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, ETO. ETO.

VOL. III.

WOOD AND CO., 12, WATERLOO PLACE, EDINBURGH;

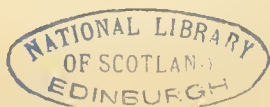
J. MUIR WOOD AND CO., 42, BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW;

OLIVER & BOYD, EDINBURGH; CRAMER, BEALE, & CHAPPELL, REGENT STREET; CHAPPELL,

NEW BOND STREET; ADDISON & HODSON, REGENT STREET; J. ALFRED NOVELLO,

DEAN STREET; AND SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., LONDON.

MDCCCXLIX.



EDINBURGH : PRINTED BY T. CONSTABLE, PRINTER TO HER MAJESTY.

# INDEX

## TO THE FIRST LINES OF THE SONGS IN THE THIRD VOLUME.

	PAGE		PAGE
Accuse me not, inconstant fair, . . .	48	On Cessnock banks, . . .	146
Again rejoicing Nature sees, . . .	62	On Ettrick banks, ae simmer nicht, ( <i>App.</i> 168, 169,) .	52
And we're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin', . . .	38	O once my <i>thyme</i> was young, ( <i>note</i> ), . . .	85
A piper came to our town, ( <i>note and App.</i> ) . . .	27, 167	O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn ? . . .	56
A rosehd by my early walk, . . .	86	O speed, Lord Nithsdale, . . .	152
At Polwart on the green, . . .	118	O the ewe-bughting's bonnie, . . .	94
Ay wakin', O ! . . .	66	O ! weel I mind the days, by our ain burn-side, . . .	40
Bannocks o' bear-meal, . . .	122	O weel may the boatie row, . . .	1
Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain, . . .	138	O were I on Parnassus hill, . . .	124
Bl'nk o'er the burn, sweet Betty, . . .	148	O why should old age, ( <i>App.</i> 169,) . . .	68
Blythesome may I see thee, . . .	76	Peggy, now the king's come, . . .	90
By yon castle wa', at the close o' the day, . . .	100	Red, red is the path to glory, . . .	142
Carle, an the king come, . . .	91	Romantic Esk ! what sweets combine, . . .	74
Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south, . . .	22	Row weel, my boatie, row weel, ( <i>App.</i> 169,) . . .	72
Come all ye jolly shepherds, . . .	82	Saw ye my Maggie ? . . .	157
Come under my plaidie, ( <i>App.</i> 178,) . . .	144	Saw ye nae my Peggy ? . . .	156
Comin' thro' the craigs o' Kyle, . . .	30	See Spring, her graces wild disclose, . . .	32
Fair Scotland ! dear as life to me, . . .	88	Shepherds, I have lost my love, . . .	12
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows, . . .	14	Since all thy vows, false maid, . . .	28
Far over yon hills o' the heather so green, . . .	136	The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, . . .	130
Good night, an' joy be wi' ye a', . . .	162	The bride she cam' out o' the byre, . . .	128
Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be, . . .	44	The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho, . . .	150
Happy's the love that meets return, . . .	102	The cauld cauld winter's gane, lue, . . .	58
Here's to the year that's awa', . . .	78	The day I first landed, . . .	115
How welcome to me, ( <i>App.</i> ) . . .	169	The lawland lads think they are fine, . . .	80
I'll bid my heart be still, . . .	84	The lily of the vale is sweet, . . .	50
I love thee still, although my path, . . .	4	The night is dark, the way is long, . . .	20
In the garb of Old Gaul, ( <i>App.</i> 172,) . . .	112	The pearl of the fountain, the rose of the valley, . . .	106
It's up wi' the souters o' Selkirk, . . .	160	There Nancy's to the greenwood gane, ( <i>App.</i> ) . . .	166
I will away and I will not tarry, . . .	135	There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, . . .	121
I wish I were where Eelin lies, ( <i>App.</i> 171, 172,) . . .	104	There's some say that we wan, . . .	111
Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen, . . .	34	There was a lad was born in Kyle, . . .	132
March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale, . . .	54	There was a lass, and she was fair, . . .	46
Maxwellton banks are bonnie, ( <i>App.</i> ) . . .	181	The sun is sunk, the day is done, ( <i>App.</i> ) . . .	179
Maxwellton braes are bonnie, . . .	24	This night is my departing night, . . .	163
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here, . . .	114	Thou bonnie wood of Craigie-lea, . . .	126
My mither's ay glowrin' ower me, . . .	108	To daunt me, . . .	131
My Peggy is a young thing, . . .	10	To ha'e a wife and rule a wife, ( <i>note</i> ), . . .	99
My wife's a winsome wee thing, . . .	96	'Twas ev'n, the dewy fields were green, . . .	36
Nae gentle dames, though e'er sae fair, . . .	8	'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin, . . .	92
O bonnie was yon rosy brier, . . .	64	'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town, . . .	16
Och, hey ! Johnnie, lad, . . .	18	Wha's at the window, wha, wha ? ( <i>App.</i> ) . . .	180
O dinna think, bonnie lassie, ( <i>App.</i> 165,) . . .	6	What's a the steer, kimmer ? . . .	70
O I ha'e seen the wild flowers blaw, . . .	158	When first you courted me, I own, . . .	5
O Kenmure's on, and awa', Willie, . . .	120	When lang sinsyne I married, . . .	26
O leave me not ! the ev'ning hour, . . .	140	When merry hearts were gay, . . .	116
O mount and go, . . .	134	When Phœbus bright the azure skies, . . .	154
O Nancy, wilt thou go with me ? . . .	60	Where ha'e ye been a' the day ? . . .	98
		Will ye go to Sheriffmuir ? . . .	110

# INDEX

TO THE AIRS CONTAINED IN THE THIRD VOLUME AND ALSO TO THOSE  
MENTIONED IN THE NOTES.

	PAGE		PAGE
Ab, ha ! Johnie lad, ( <i>note</i> ,)	19	✓ O'er the muir amang the beather,	30
A health to Betty, ( <i>note</i> ,)	109	✓ O gin ye were dead, gudeman,	132
Aiken Drim,	26	O I ha'e seen the wild flowers blaw,	158
Annie Laurie,	24	On a bank of flowers,	20
Ay wakin' O ! ( <i>note</i> , 67,)	66	O Nancy, wilt thou go with me ?	60
Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty,	148	Oh ! weel I mind the days,	40
Blue bonnets,	54	Pinkie House,	88
Bonnie Jean of Aberdeen,	32	Polwart on the green,	118
✓ Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,	98	Rothies' Lament,	88
Buff coat, ( <i>note and App.</i> )	9, 165	Row weel, my boatie, row weel, ( <i>App.</i> 169,)	72
Carle, an the king come,	90	Saw ye nae my Peggy ?	156
✓ Ca' the ewes, ( <i>App.</i> )	180	She rose and let me in,	48
Clunie's reel, ( <i>App.</i> 171,)	6	'Stu mo run,	142
Cockle shells, ( <i>note</i> , 99, <i>App.</i> 170,)	99	The auld Jew, ( <i>note</i> ,)	77
✓ Cold and raw, ( <i>note</i> ,)	23	The Ayrshire lasses, ( <i>note</i> ,)	107
Come open the door, sweet Betty, ( <i>note</i> ,)	85	The banks of Banna,	12
✓ Crochallan,	114	The blathrie o't, ( <i>note, tune in App.</i> 170,)	83
Cromleck's lilt,	28	The boatie rows,	1
Dinna think, bonnie lassie,	6	The braes of Ballenden,	138
Donald,	4	The cadie laddie, ( <i>note</i> ,)	135
Donald and Flora,	116	✓ The Campbells are comin', ( <i>note</i> , 151,)	150
Dumbarton's drums, ( <i>App.</i> 182,)	68	The captain's lady,	134
✓ Ettrick banks, ( <i>App.</i> 168, 169,)	52	The cardin' o't,	146
Faite na moisg, ( <i>note</i> ,)	115	The deuks dang o'er my daddie, ( <i>App.</i> 165,)	8
Fair Helen of Kirkconnel, ( <i>note</i> , 105, and <i>App.</i> 172,)	104	The island of Mull,	106
Flora Macdonald,	136	The killogie,	122
Fy, gar rub her o'er wi' strae,	74	The lament of Flora Macdonald,	136
Gala water, ( <i>note</i> ,)	67	✓ The lass of Livingstone, ( <i>note</i> ,)	99
Garry Owen, ( <i>note</i> ,)	65	✓ The Lothian lassie,	34
Get up and bar the door, ( <i>App.</i> )	181	✓ The Miller's wedding, ( <i>note</i> ,)	19
Good night, and joy he wi' you a',	162	The Miller, ( <i>note</i> ,)	59
Gu ma slan a chi mi,	76	The new Highland laddie,	80
Hame, hame, hame !	44	The old Highland laddie, ( <i>note</i> ,)	81
I love my love in secret,	140	✓ The queen of the Lothians, ( <i>note</i> ,)	35
I'll bid my heart be still,	84	There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame,	100
In the garb of old Gaul,	112	There's few gude fellows when Jamie's awa', ( <i>note</i> ,)	101
I serve a worthie ladie, ( <i>App.</i> )	182	The shepherd's wife, ( <i>note</i> , 87,)	86
I wish I were where Eelen lies, ( <i>note</i> ,)	105	✓ The Souters o' Selkirk,	160
I wish my love were in a myre,	62	The strong walls of Derry, ( <i>note</i> ,)	115
Johnnie McGill,	144	The wauking o' the fauld,	10
Johnnie's grey breeks, ( <i>App.</i> 168,)	36	The wee wee man,	64
Kenmure's on and awa',	120	The willow tree, ( <i>note</i> ,)	85
Laddie, lie near me,	92	✓ The year that's awa', ( <i>note</i> , 79,)	78
Leader haughs and Yarrow,	154	The yellow-hair'd laddie,	94
✓ Lesley's March, ( <i>note</i> ,)	55	✓ Thou bonnie wood of Craigie-lea,	126
Logan water, ( <i>App.</i> )	180	Thro' the wood, laddie,	56
Lord Nithsdale,	152	To dauntou me,	130
Mary Scott, ( <i>App.</i> 170,)	102	Two furlongs from Edinburgh town, ( <i>note and App.</i> )	17, 166
Miss Forbes' farewell to Banff,	50	✓ Up in the morning early,	22
Mount and go, ( <i>App.</i> 181,)	134	✓ We're a' noddin',	38
Monnt your baggage, ( <i>note</i> ,)	135	✓ What's a' the steer, kimmer ?	70
My love is lost to me,	124	✓ When the kye comes hame,	82
My mither's ay glowrin' ower me,	108	✓ Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, ( <i>App.</i> )	180
My wife has ta'en the gee, ( <i>note</i> , 59,)	58	✓ Willie was a wanton wag, ( <i>App.</i> 168,)	46
My wife's a winsome wee thing,	96	Will ye go to Sheriffmuir ?	110
Nancy's to the greenwood gane,	14	Within a mile of Edinburgh, ( <i>App.</i> 166,)	16
Nid noddin',	38	Woo'd and married and a', ( <i>App.</i> 182,)	128
Now wat ye wha I met yestreen, ( <i>note</i> ,)	109		
Och, hey ! Johnnie lad,	18		



# SCOTTISH SONGS.

## THE BOATIE ROWS.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 108$   
MODERATO.

*mf*

*p*

O weel may the boat - ie row, And bet - ter may she speed; And

*animato.*

*mf*

weel may the boat - ie row, That wins the bairns' bread. The boat - ie rows, the

boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And happy be the lot of a' That

This system contains the first five measures of the song. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The melody features eighth and sixteenth notes, with a crescendo hairpin over the first two measures.

wish the boat - ie speed. I cuist my line in Lar - go bay, And fish - es I caught

This system contains measures 6 through 10. Measure 7 includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment features a wavy line in the right hand at the end of the system.

nine, There's three to boil, and three to fry, And three to bait the line.

This system contains measures 11 through 15. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass line.

*animato.*  
The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And hap - py be the

This system contains measures 16 through 20. The tempo marking *animato.* appears above the first measure. The piano accompaniment includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking in the first measure. The system concludes with a wavy line in the piano right hand.



O weel may the boatie row  
That fills a heavy creel,  
And cleeds us a' frae head to feet,  
And buys our parritch meal.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows indeed;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,  
And wan frae me my heart,  
O muckle lighter grew my creel!  
He swore we'd never part.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' weel;  
And muckle lighter is the lade  
When love bears up the creel.

And when wi' age we are worn down,  
And hirpling round the door,  
They'll row to keep us dry and warm  
As we did them before:  
Then, weel may the boatie row,  
That wins the bairns' bread;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wish the boatie speed!

My kurtch<sup>1</sup> I put upon my head,  
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;  
I trow my heart was dowf<sup>2</sup> and wae,  
When Jamie gaed awa':  
But weel may the boatie row,  
And lucky be her part;  
And lightsome be the lassie's care  
That yields an honest heart!

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,  
Are up and gotten lear,<sup>3</sup>  
They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
And lighten a' our care.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' weel;  
And lightsome be her heart that bears  
The murlain and the creel!

<sup>1</sup> A linen cap, tying under the chin.

<sup>2</sup> Melancholy.

<sup>3</sup> Education.

"THE BOATIE ROWS." "Burns informs us, that 'the author of this song, beginning, 'O weel may the boatie row,' was a Mr. Ewen of Aberdeen. It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to *There's nae luck about the house*.'—*Reliques*. This fine ballad is set to three different tunes in the Museum. The first four bars of the air, No. 425, are taken from the tune called, 'Weel may the keel row,' and all the rest from the tune of 'There's nae luck about the house.' The words, however, are seldom sung to this mongrel melody." See Museum Illustrations, vol. v. p. 380. Nearly three pages of the Additional Illustrations in the same volume, pp. 441-443, are occupied by a very curious notice regarding John Ewen, Esq., the reputed author of the song, who died at Aberdeen, in the 80th year of his age, on 21st October 1821. Of the air given in this work, Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This fine modern air is the genuine tune of the ballad. Some years ago it was arranged as a glee for three voices, by Mr. William Knyvett of London, and has deservedly become very popular."—*Ibid.* p. 380. Joanna Baillie wrote some excellent verses to this air for Mr. Thomson's Collection. They begin:—

"O swiftly glides the bonnie boat,  
Just parted from the shore;  
And to the fisher's chorus note  
Soft moves the dipping oar."

## I LOVE THEE STILL.

AIR, "DONALD."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 50$   
 ANDANTE  
 LARGHETTO.

I love thee still, al-though my path In life can ne'er be

thine; And though thy heart, in ear-ly youth, Was fond-ly pledged to

mine, Donald! The love of wealth, the pride of rank, Have



bro - ken ma - ny a vow ; But these, when we were first be - trothed, I

scorn'd, as I do now, Donald !

We once were equal in our love,  
But times are changed for thee;  
Now rich and great, while I am poor,  
Thou art no mate for me—Donald !

I would not take thy offer'd hand,  
Although it bore a crown;  
Thy parents taunt me with thy wealth—  
My poorth-pride's my own—Donald !

"I LOVE THEE STILL." Mr. George Thomson introduced the air called "Donald," as Scottish or Irish, into his Collection, with words written by Burns for the tune of "Gilderoy." The air appears again, with a different close, in R. A. Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, vol. iv. pp. 46, 47, with Burns' words slightly altered, and also with other words. The additional words given by R. A. Smith in his *Scottish Minstrel* to the air "Donald," are nothing but a new version, with verbal alterations, of the third and fourth stanzas of the song published in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, and in William Napier's *Second Collection*, 1792, to the air, "Haud awa' frae me, Donald." In modern versions, such as those in William Napier's Collection, and in R. A. Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, the words to "Haud awa' frae me, Donald," have been Anglified and altered; probably at the time when Scottish songs were much in fashion in England. Hence might originate the idea that the air was Scottish. We are of opinion that the air "Donald," is not of Scottish growth, nor of Irish; but is the production of some English musician of the days of Shield and Arnold, and composed for some of the London concerts, about the close of the last century or the beginning of the present. However, with this caveat, we give it as it appears in several Scottish Collections. It has a flavour of Barthelemon's once popular air, "Durandarte and Belerma." The words given in this work are written by a friend of the Publishers.

The following are the two altered stanzas as given by R. A. Smith to the air, "Donald," in the *Scottish Minstrel*, vol. iv. p. 46 :—

When first you courted me, I own,  
I fondly favour'd you;  
Apparent worth and high renown  
Made me believe you true, Donald.  
Each virtue then seem'd to adorn  
The man esteem'd by me—  
But now the mask's thrown off, I scorn  
To waste one thought on thee, Donald.

O, then, for ever laste away,  
Away from love and me;  
Go seek a heart that's like your own,  
And come no more to me, Donald.  
For I'll reserve myself alone,  
For one that's more like me;  
If such a one I cannot find,  
I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

## O DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

AIR, "CLUNIE'S REEL."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 96$   
 ANIMATO. *mf*

O din-na think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you;

*p*

Dinna think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; Dinna think, bon-nie las-sie,

I'm gaun to leave you; I'll tak' a stick in-to my hand, and come a-gain an' see you.

Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang, dark's the night an' ee - rie; Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang,

*mf*

dark's the night an' ee - rie; O'er the muir an' thro' the glen, ghaists mayhap will fear ye: O

*p*

stay at hame, it's late at night, an' dinna gang an' leave me.

*mf*

It's but a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;  
 But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;  
 But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;  
 When the sun gaes west the loch I'll come again an' see you.

Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud and fear me;  
 Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud and fear me;  
 While the waves an' winds do roar, I am wae and dreary;  
 An' gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang and leave me.

O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;  
 For let the world gae as it will, I'll come again an' see you.

# NAE GENTLE DAMES, THOUGH E'ER SAE FAIR.

AIR, "THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE."

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

$\text{♩} = 66$   
 MODERATO.

Nae gen - tle dames, though e'er sae fair, Shall ev - er be my

Mu - se's care; Their ti - tles a' are emp - ty show; Gi'e me my Highland

las - sie, O. With - in the glen sae bush - y, O, A - boon the plain sae



rush - y, O, I set me down wi' right good will, To sing my Highland

lassie, O.

*cres.* *f*

Oh! were yon hills and valleys mine,  
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine!  
 The world then the love should know  
 I bear my Highland lassie, O.  
 Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,  
 And I maun cross the raging sea:  
 But while my crimson currents flow,  
 I'll love my Highland lassie, O.  
 Within the glen, &c.

Although through foreign climes I range,  
 I know her heart will never change,  
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow,  
 My faithful Highland lassie, O.  
 Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,  
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,  
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw  
 Around my Highland lassie, O.  
 Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,  
 By sacred truth and honour's band!  
 Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,  
 I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.  
 Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O!  
 Farewell, the plain sae rushy, O!  
 To other lands I now must go  
 To sing my Highland lassie, O!

"THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE." Mr. Stenhouse's Note upon this air and song is as follows:—"This humorous ditty, beginning, 'The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,' was written by Burns for the Museum. The bard, however, has introduced two or three lines from the old words, which it would have been better to have left out. This tune was probably introduced into England about the union of crowns in 1603; for it was well-known in the early days of old John Playford, who published it, along with many other Scots tunes, in his *Dancing Master*, in 1657, under the title of the 'Buff Coat.' The import of the old Scottish name of the tune could not be generally, if at all, understood in England. Dr. Pepusch adapted Gay's song to this air, beginning, 'Why that languish? O, he's dead! O, he's lost for ever!' introduced in the musical opera of *Polly*, or the second part of *The Beggar's Opera*, in 1729." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iv. pp. 358, 359. In the Additional Illustrations to the same volume, p. 392\*, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., gives eight lines of "old words, from a 4to MS. Collection in my possession.—C. K. S." We have not room here for these words. The verses we publish are those by Burns, given by R. A. Smith to the air in his *Scottish Minstrel*. We cannot adopt the words that Burns wrote for the air. See Appendix for further notice of this air claimed as English.

## MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING.

AIR, "THE WAUKING O' THE FAULD."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 60$   
 MODERATO.

My Peg-gy is a young thing, Just enter'd in her teens, Fair

as the day, and sweet as May, Fair as the day, and always gay: My Peg-gy is a young thing, And

I'm nae ver-y auld, Yet weel I like to meet her at The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly When - e'er we meet a-lane, I wish nae mair to lay my care, I

wish nae mair of a' that's rare: My Peggy speaks sae sweetly, To a' the lave I'm cauld; But

she gars a' my spir-its glow, At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly  
 Whene'er I whisper love,  
 That I look down on a' the town,  
 That I look down upon a crown:  
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
 It makes me blythe and bauld,  
 And naething gi'es me sic delight  
 As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly  
 When on my pipe I play;  
 By a' the rest it is confest,  
 By a' the rest that she sings best:  
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
 And in her sangs are tauld,  
 Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense,  
 At wauking o' the fauld.

"MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING." This song was written by Allan Ramsay, and published with the music in the *Orpheus Caledonius*, in 1725. It is one of the songs introduced by Ramsay into his *Gentle Shepherd* as an after-thought, from an idea that the success of Gay's "*Beggar's Opera*," arose from the songs and popular airs in it. There is an old song, beginning,—

"O will ye speak at our town  
 As ye come frae the fauld," &c.,

which probably suggested to Ramsay the burden of "The wauking o' the fauld;" but which, however humorous, is much too coarse for modern currency. The tune, "The wauking o' the fauld," bears marks of antiquity in its whole structure, and especially in the incomplete cadence upon the key-note, by the *minor* seventh of the scale, instead of the *major*; a peculiarity confined to the tonalities of ancient melodies. The "*note-sensible*," as the French writers named it, is one of the marked distinctions of modern airs and tonalities.



## THE BANKS OF BANNA.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

♩ = 84

ANDANTE  
CON  
GUSTO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth-note chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE CON GUSTO' with a quarter note equal to 84 beats.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "Shep - herds, I have lost my love, Have you seen my". The piano part includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking and a *p a tempo.* (piano, at tempo) instruction.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "An - na! Pride of ev - 'ry sha - dy grove, Up -".

The third system concludes the song. The lyrics are: "on the banks of Ban - na! I for her my home for - sook,". The piano part ends with a *p* (piano) marking.



The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). The melody is in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "near you mis - ty moun - tain, Left my flock, my pipe, my crook, Greenwood shade and foun - tain." The score ends with a double bar line.

Never shall I see them more  
 Until her returning;  
 All the joys of life are o'er—  
 From gladness changed to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown?  
 Shepherds, tell me whither?  
 Ah! wo for me, perhaps she's gone  
 For ever and for ever.

“THE BANKS OF BANNA.” The air has been sometimes claimed as Irish. It is not given in Bunting. We look upon it as a modern air, probably of English manufacture, when Irish and Scottish airs were imitated daily for Vauxhall and Ranelagh audiences, from the time of Arne downwards to Giordani, Shield, Hook, and other composers of popular vocal melodies. As to the words attached to this very pretty and popular air, we quote the following passage from T. Crofton Croker’s “Popular Songs of Ireland,” London, Colburn, 1839, pp. 137, 138:—“Near Camolin, (in the County of Wexford,) is the village of Rosmenogue. ‘Here,’ says Mr. Brewer, in ‘The Beauties of Ireland,’ ‘the late Right Honourable George Ogle of Belleare, distinguished for brilliancy of wit and exuberance of social qualities, passed some of his early years under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Miller, rector of the parish. It was at this place, and whilst he was very young, that Mr. Ogle wrote his admired song, beginning—

‘Shepherds, I have lost my love—  
 Have you seen my Anna?  
 Pride of every shady grove,  
 On the banks of Banna!’

Here, likewise, at a less youthful age, he composed his still more celebrated song of ‘Molly Asthore,’ in which the banks of his favourite ‘Banna’ are still the scene of his poetical wanderings.” A note adds:—“The first of these juvenile effusions is said to have been inspired by the charms of Miss Stepney of Durrow House, Queen’s County, afterwards Mrs. Burton Doyne of Wells, one of the most admired beauties of her day. It is believed that the lovely ‘Molly Asthore’ was Miss Moore, the lady whom Mr. Ogle afterwards married.”

## FAREWELL, THOU STREAM THAT WINDING FLOWS.

AIR, "NANCY'S TO THE GREENWOOD GANE."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 63$   
 ANDANTE  
 ESPRESSIVO.

Fare - well, thou stream that wind - ing flows A - round E - li - za's

dwell - ing ; O Mem - 'ry spare the cru - el throes With - in this ho - som

swell - ing. Con - demn'd to drag a hope - less chain, And yet in se - cret

lan - guish; To feel a fire in ev - 'ry vein, Nor

dare dis - close my an - guish.

*dim.*

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,  
 I fain my griefs would cover :  
 The bursting sigh, the unweeting groan,  
 Betray the hapless lover.  
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,  
 Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;  
 But, oh ! Eliza, hear one prayer—  
 For pity's sake forgive me.

The music of thy voice I heard,  
 Nor wist while it enslaved me;  
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,  
 Till fears no more had saved me.  
 The unwary sailor thus aghast,  
 The wheeling torrent viewing;  
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last  
 In overwhelming ruin.

"FAREWELL, THOU STREAM THAT WINDING FLOWS." The words were composed by Burns in November 1794, and sent to Mr. George Thomson in a letter, in which the poet notices them thus:—"Now for my English song to 'Nancy's to the greenwood,' &c." We think that Burns' words suit the character of the air much better than the old humorous song, by an unknown author, beginning, "There Nancy's to the greenwood gane," published by Allan Ramsay in his Tea-Table Miscellany, and by Johnson in No. 50 of his Musical Museum. Mr. Stenhouse says, that the old song with the music appears in the first edition of the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, and adds:—"Mr. Gay selected this charming old Scottish air for one of his songs, beginning, 'In war we've nought but death to fear,' in his Musical Opera of Achilles, performed at Covent-Garden in 1733, after the author's death." We have repeatedly noticed the remarkable tact of Burns in suiting his songs to the character of the airs for which he wrote them. In this song he seems to have happily hit the real character of the air, "Nancy's to the greenwood gane." Mr. Stenhouse calls the old words "a fine old and exquisitely humorous Scottish song." After an attentive examination, we are quite unable to perceive its "exquisite humour," though it seems sufficiently vulgar. For the original words to the air see Appendix.

## WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

$\text{♩} = 66$   
 MOLTO  
 MODERATO  
 E GRAZIOSO.

*mf*

*tr* 'Twas with - in a mile of E - din - bu - rgh town, In the

*cres.* *p*

ro - sy time of the year; Sweet flow - ers bloom'd, and the

grass was down, And each shepherd woo'd his dear.

*p* *f* *tr*



The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *mf*, *p*, *cres.*, and *p espressivo*.

Bon - nie Joekie, blythe and gay, Kiss'd young Jenny mak - ing hay; The

las - sie blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do; I

canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."

Young Joekie was a wag that never wad wed,  
 Though lang he had followed the lass;  
 Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,  
 And merrily turn'd up the grass.  
 Bonnie Joekie, blythe and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily:  
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na,  
 it winna do;  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."

But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,  
 Though his flocks and herds were not few,  
 She gi'd him her hand and a kiss beside,  
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.  
 Bonnie Joekie, blythe and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily:  
 At kirk she no more frowning cried, "Na, na, it  
 winna do;  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."

"WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH." In Playford's first volume of "Wit and Mirth," 1698, there appears an old Anglo-Scottish song, entitled, "'Twas within a furlong of Edinborough town," supposed to be by Thomas D'Urfey. The air, in G minor, evidently English, also appears in the latter portion of the *original* volume of the Leyden MS., in ordinary notation, *not in tablature*; and is there named, "Two furlongs from Edinburgh town." We shall give this air in the Appendix. The words here given are only a modern though improved version of the old verses, adapted to an air composed by Mr. James Hook, a very popular and prolific composer of his day. He was born at Norwich in 1746, and died about thirty years ago, leaving two sons, the Rev. Dr. Hook, prebendary of Winchester, and Theodore Edward Hook, the latter a man of most versatile talents—an *improvisatore* in music and poetry—a clever novelist and journalist. Theodore Hook died a very few years ago.

## OCH, HEY! JOHNNIE LAD.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

*p* = 72  
MODERATO.

Och, hey! John - nie lad, Ye're

no sae kind's ye should ha'e been; Och, hey! John - nie lad, Ye

did - na keep your tryst<sup>1</sup> yestreen. I wait - ed lang be - side the wood, Sae

wae<sup>2</sup> and wea - ry a' my lane; Och, hey! John - nie lad, Ye're

no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

I looked by the whinny knowe,  
 I looked by the firs sae green,  
 I looked owre the spunkie howe<sup>2</sup>—  
 And aye I thought ye wad ha'e been.  
 The ne'er a supper cross'd my craig,<sup>4</sup>  
 The ne'er a sleep has closed my e'en,  
 Och, hey! Johnnie lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

Gin ye were waiting by the wood,  
 Then I was waiting by the thorn—  
 I thought it was the place we set,  
 And waited maist till dawning morn.  
 Sae be na vex'd, my bonnie lassie,  
 Let my waiting stand for thine,  
 We'll awa' to Craigton shaw,  
 And seek the joys we tint<sup>5</sup> yestreen.

<sup>1</sup> An engagement to meet.

<sup>2</sup> Sad.

<sup>3</sup> Hollow ground haunted by the *ignis fatuus*.

<sup>4</sup> Throat.

<sup>5</sup> Lost.

"OCH, HEY! JOHNNIE LAD." This song was written by Robert Tannahill, of whom we have given some account in the first volume of this work, pp. 113, 151. In Johnson's Museum, vol. iv. No. 357, there is a song beginning "Hey, how, my Johnnie lad, ye're no sae kind's ye su'd ha'e been," reprinted from Herd's Collection of 1776. The author is anonymous. In Mr. Robert Jamieson's Popular Ballads and Songs, Edinburgh, 1806, vol. ii. pp. 330, 331, he gives a song composed by himself, "to the old air." It begins, "Heich-how! my Johnnie lad, ye're nae sae kind's ye shou'd ha'e been." He says, in a Note:—"Heich-how! Johnnie lad, is a very popular air in Scotland; but the only words I have ever heard sung to it are those preserved in the first stanza of the above song, to the last two lines of which I have ventured to give a different cast from the traditionary ones." Tannahill's verses are adapted to the very popular old air which appeared under the title of "The lasses of the Ferry," in Bremner's Collection of Reels and Country Dances, published in 1764. It is the same air as is given, No. 357 of Johnson, to the words, "Hey, how, my Johnnie lad." In his Note upon No. 306 of Johnson, Mr. Stenhouse says that the verses there "are adapted to the old air of 'Ah, ha! Johnnie lad, ye're nae sae kind's ye su'd ha'e been.'" See Note upon "Comin' thro' the rye," in the second volume of this work, p. 11. The following is the air, No. 306 of Johnson's Museum.

The following is "The Miller's Wedding," a Strathspey, from Robert Bremner's Collection of "Scots Reels and Country Dances." Its resemblance to some of the other airs above-mentioned will be at once perceived. It is here transposed from D into G.



## THE NIGHT IS DARK, THE WAY IS LONG.

AIR, "ON A BANK OF FLOWERS."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 120$   
CON MOTO  
AGITATO.

The

night is dark, the way is long Be - tween my love and me ; I

hear the rush of moun - tain streams, The roar - ing of the sea.

The storm - y wind blows fierce and chill, The blind - ing snow sweeps

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'CON MOTO' and 'AGITATO'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the vocal line starting with a whole rest, followed by a half note 'The'. The piano accompaniment begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The second system contains the lyrics 'night is dark, the way is long Be - tween my love and me ; I'. The third system contains 'hear the rush of moun - tain streams, The roar - ing of the sea.' The fourth system contains 'The storm - y wind blows fierce and chill, The blind - ing snow sweeps'. The piano part includes various musical notations such as chords, arpeggios, and dynamic markings like 'f' and 'p'.



o'er the waste; No moon, no star, gives light to guide My steps that feeb - ly

haste.

*f*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single line with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, also in two flats. The tempo is marked 'haste.' and the first piano section begins with a forte 'f' dynamic. The lyrics are: 'o'er the waste; No moon, no star, gives light to guide My steps that feeb - ly' and 'haste.'

My sinking heart foretells my fate—  
 No morn shall dawn for me!  
 A deep snow-wreath must be my grave  
 Upon this lonely lea!

My Mary and my little ones  
 No more around my neck shall fold  
 Their loving arms, until they rend  
 My snowy death-shroud cold!

"ON A BANK OF FLOWERS." Such is the title given to an air that has repeatedly appeared in Scottish Collections, but was really composed by a German, John Ernest Gaillard. He was the son of a French perruquemaker, and was born at Zell, in Hanover, in 1687. He studied music under eminent masters—among others Farinelli and Steffani. He entered into the music service of Prince George of Denmark; and, on the marriage of that Prince, came to England, where he seems to have studied the language with care and success. On the death of Battista Draghi, he obtained the place of chapel-master, at Somerset House, to the Queen Dowager Catherine, widow of Charles II. This appointment was then a sinecure. He composed a *Te Deum*, a *Jubilate*, and three *Anthems*, which were performed at St. Paul's and the Chapel Royal on thanksgivings for victories obtained by Marlborough in the course of the War of the Succession. At one time his merits and interests afforded some reason to suppose that he would obtain the direction of the musical performances in England; but not being able to stand against Handel, or even Bononcini, he wisely declined the competition. In 1728, he published the *Morning Hymn of Adam and Eve*; since reprinted. About the year 1745 he had a concert for his benefit in Lincoln's-Inn-Field's theatre, at which were performed the choruses to the Duke of Buckingham's two tragedies of *Brutus* and *Julius Caesar*, set to music by himself, and a curious instrumental piece for twenty-four bassoons and four double-basses. He was an esteemed composer of both serious and dramatic music. In his opera of "The Royal Chace, or Merlin's Cave," is a song beginning "With early horn," which, when sung by Beard, was so enthusiastically received, that the opera had a run of upwards of one hundred nights. Several of his songs were published in Watts' Musical Miscellany. Among them "On a bank of flowers" appears in the first volume of that work, page 30. The words are very objectionable; and though Burns endeavoured to shape them into a better form for Johnson's Museum, we cannot adopt his version. The words here given are written by a friend of the Publishers. In 1742 Gaillard wrote and published an excellent English translation of Tosi's celebrated Italian treatise on singing. He died at London in the beginning of 1749.

## UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 66$   
 MODERATO.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, key of D major. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody begins with a half note D, followed by eighth notes E, F#, G, A, B, C, D. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include a forte (f) marking.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south, The". The piano part includes a piano (pp) marking in the left hand and a mezzo-forte (mf) marking in the right hand.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "drift is drift - ing sair - ly; The sheep are cow'r - ing in the heugh,<sup>1</sup> O,". The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Sirs! its wint - er fair - ly. Now up in the morn - ing's no for me,". The piano part includes a crescendo leading to the final notes.

Up in the morn - ing ear - ly; I'd ra - ther gae supper - less to my bed, Than

rise in the morn - ing ear - ly.

Loud roars the blast among the woods,  
 And tirls the branches barely;  
 On hill and house hear how it thuds!<sup>1</sup>  
 The frost is nipping sairly.  
 Now up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 To sit a' night wad better agree  
 Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps owre yon southland hills,  
 Like ony timorous carlie,<sup>2</sup>  
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again;  
 And that we find severely.  
 Now up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 When snaw blaws in at the chimley cheek,  
 Wha'd rise in the morning early?

<sup>1</sup> A dell; a ravine.

<sup>2</sup> To beat; to strike.

<sup>3</sup> Comfortable; snug.

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush:  
 Poor things, they suffer sairly;  
 In cauldrie quarters a' the night;  
 A' day they feed but sparely.  
 Now up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early;  
 A penniless purse I wad rather dree<sup>4</sup>  
 Than rise in the morning early.

A cosie<sup>5</sup> house and canty wife,  
 Aye keep a body cheerly;  
 And pantries stow'd wi' meat and drink,  
 They answer unco rarely.  
 But up in the morning—na, na, na!  
 Up in the morning early!  
 The gowans maun glent<sup>6</sup> on bank and brae,  
 When I rise in the morning early.

<sup>5</sup> A little man.

<sup>4</sup> Endure.

<sup>6</sup> Peep out, or shine.

"UP IN THE MORNING EARLY." In a Note upon this air as given in Johnson's Museum, No. 140, Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This air is also very ancient, and has even been a favourite in England for several generations, some of their old songs being adapted to it." Mr. Stenhouse then gives the anecdote about Purcell and the air "Cold and Raw," from Sir John Hawkins' History of Music, and Purcell's adaptation of it as a bass to a birth-day song for 1692, as it appears in Purcell's Orpheus Britannicus, vol. ii. p. 151 of Henry Playford's edition in 1702. The air as there given is by no means "note for note the same with the Scots tune" given in No. 140 of Johnson. Mr. Stenhouse concludes thus:—"Purcell, however, must have borrowed the idea of adapting the old air as a bass part for his song from John Hilton, who introduced the same tune into his 'Northern Catch' for three voices, beginning, 'I'se gae with thee, my sweet Peggy,' printed in 1652. In this humorous catch, the tune of 'Up in the morning early,' is adapted for the third voice. This tune was selected by Mr. Gay for one of the songs in The Beggar's Opera, beginning, 'If any wench Venus' girdle wear,' acted in 1728." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 131-133. Mr. Chappell, in his Collection, No. 121, gives two versions of "Cold and Raw" as English airs. But these differ somewhat from Purcell's and Johnson's sets of the disputed tune. The words were written by the late John Hamilton, Musicseller in Edinburgh.



## ANNIE LAURIE.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

♩ = 96

ANDANTE.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked Andante. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes. The bass staff plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A piano (p) dynamic marking is present at the start.

The first system of the song. The vocal line (treble staff) begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment (bass staff) continues with the eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are: "Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And it's".

The second system of the song. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "there that An-nie Lau-rie Gi'ed me her pro-mise true; Gi'ed". The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

The third system of the song. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "me her pro-mise true, Which ne'er forgot will be, And for". The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern.



The musical score for "Annie Laurie" is presented in two systems. The first system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics "bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee." are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment features a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the piano accompaniment and includes a repeat sign with two endings: "For first two verses." and "For last verse." The piano part ends with a final chord marked with a 'p' for piano.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,  
 Her neck is like the swan,  
 Her face it is the fairest  
 That e'er the sun shone on;  
 That e'er the sun shone on,  
 And dark blue is her e'e;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,  
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
 And like winds in summer sighing,  
 Her voice is low and sweet.  
 Her voice is low and sweet,  
 And she's a' the world to me;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me down and dee.

"ANNIE LAURIE." We give the more modern version of the song. With regard to the other version, said to have been written about 150 years ago, and which will be found in the Appendix, Mr. Robert Chambers says, "These two verses, which are in a style wonderfully tender and chaste for their age, were written by a Mr. Douglas of Fingland, upon Anne, one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwellton, by his second wife, who was a daughter of Riddell of Minto. As Sir Robert was created a baronet in the year 1685, it is probable that the verses were composed about the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is painful to record that, notwithstanding the ardent and chivalrous affection displayed by Mr. Douglas in his poem, he did not obtain the heroine for a wife: she was married to Mr. Ferguson of Craigdarroch. See 'A Ballad Book,' (printed at Edinburgh in 1824,) p. 107."—*Chambers' Scottish Songs*, Edinburgh, 1829, vol. ii. p. 294. We must observe, however, that the second stanza of the song, ascribed to Mr. Douglas, beginning, "She's backit like the peacock," is evidently borrowed, with modifications, from a stanza, not quotable, in an old version of "John Anderson, my Jo." The air of Annie Laurie is quite modern, having been composed by Lady J—S—. For the further satisfaction of our readers, we subjoin Allan Cunningham's Note upon "Annie Laurie," in his "Songs of Scotland," Edinburgh, 1825, vol. iii. pp. 256, 257. "I found this song in the little 'Ballad Book,' collected and edited by a gentleman to whom Scottish literature is largely indebted—Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddam. It is accompanied by the following notice:—'Sir Robert Laurie, first Baronet of the Maxwellton family, (created 27th March 1685,) by his second wife, a daughter of Riddell of Minto, had three sons and four daughters, of whom Anne was much celebrated for her beauty, and made a conquest of Mr. Douglas of Fingland, who is said to have composed the following verses under an unlucky star—for the lady married Mr. Ferguson of Craigdarroch.' I have only to add, that I am glad such a song finds a local habitation in my native place." Allan Cunningham quotes the song from Mr. Sharpe's "Ballad Book;" but we observe that that version differs in its readings from the one given by Mr. R. Chambers. The former reads—"Where I and Annie Laurie"—"I'd lay down my head and die"—"a peacock"—"a swan"—"may span;" while the latter reads—"Where me and Annie Laurie"—"I'll lay me down and die"—"the peacock"—"the swan"—"nicht span." It is necessary to point out these discrepancies, as we must give Mr. Sharpe's original version in the Appendix.

## WHEN LANG SIN-SYNE I MARRIED.

AIR, "AIKEN DRUM."

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

$\text{♩} = 88$   
 MODERATO  
 E  
 SCHERZOSO.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal melody line (treble clef, key of D major) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff, key of D major). The tempo is marked 'MODERATO E SCHERZOSO' with a quarter note equal to 88 beats per minute. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins with the lyrics 'When lang sin - syne I mar - ried, I thought my - sel' a'. The third system continues with 'hap - py man; But, heh! I sair mis - car - ried, For then my cares be - gan!'. The fourth system concludes with 'The wee bit loves that flut - ter'd Sae smil - in' round our'. The piano part features various musical notations including slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'V' (fortissimo).

When lang sin - syne I mar - ried, I thought my - sel' a

hap - py man; But, heh! I sair mis - car - ried, For then my cares be - gan!

The wee bit loves that flut - ter'd Sae smil - in' round our

court-in' days, Wae's me! they now but mut-ter'd, "A - dieu!" an' flew their ways!

*cres.*

My wife wad dress fu' brawly,  
While I but gaed wi' duddy claes;  
My siller cam' in smally,  
My shoon too lost their tae!

The hairnies ay were squallin',  
The parritch-pat ay wanted meal;  
My wife she ay was bawlin',  
And ca'd me, "Ne'er-do-weel!"

Whan I rase i' the mornin',  
To seek my weary wark frae hame,  
My wife she ay was scornin'  
My want o' gear, wi' blame.

Ae mornin' I said till her—  
"I'm gaun to far Van-Diemen's land:"  
My troth! that speech was plainly  
What she might understand!

Ay since that day we never  
Ha'e had ae word o' strife atween,  
But she declares for ever,  
"Offence she didna mean!"

I work wi' might an' will noo,  
Since a' is peace an' love at hame;  
The parritch-pat is ay sae fu'  
There's some left o'er for shame!

"AIKEN DRUM."—We have been unable to obtain any satisfactory information regarding the origin of this air. Some persons consider it as one of the most ancient of our Scottish airs. We do not. In our boyhood it used to be sung to ludicrous but unmeaning stanzas, beginning—

"There lived a man in our town,  
In our town, in our town,  
There lived a man in our town,  
And his name was Aiken Drum."

We were told that this man wore a strange coat, with buttons of "hawbee-baps," and that "he played upon a razor." James Hogg, in the second series of his "Jacobite Relics," page 22, gives another "Aiken Drum," which he interprets politically with the aid of Sir Walter Scott—

"Ken ye how a Whig can fight,  
Aikendrum, Aikendrum?" &c.

The air to which these political stanzas are set is quite different from the air here given, with words written for it by a friend of the Publishers. Hogg quotes also the first stanza of another Aiken Drum, in which that personage is said to have come from the moon. In Mr. R. Chambers' "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," there is a vigorous ballad of thirty stanzas about another Aiken Drum, called "The Brownie of Blednock," written by William Nicholson, a Dumfriesshire peasant. Another song to this air, beginning, "A piper came to our town," will be found in the Appendix.



## SINCE ALL THY VOWS, FALSE MAID.

AIR, "CROMLET'S LILT."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 58$

ANDANTE  
LENTAMENTE.

*p* *p*

Since all thy

vows, false maid, Are blown to air, And my poor heart be-tray'd

To sad de-spair; In - to some wil - der - ness

My grief I will ex-press, And thy hard - heart - ed - ness,





Have I not graven our loves  
On every tree  
In yonder spreading grove,  
Though false thou be?  
Was not a solemn oath  
Plighted betwixt us both,  
Thou thy faith, I my troth,  
Constant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,  
Some doleful shade,  
Where neither sun nor wind  
E'er entrance had.  
Into that hollow cave  
There will I sigh and rave,  
Because thou dost behave  
So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,  
I'll drink the spring;  
Cold earth shall be my seat;  
For covering,  
I'll have the starry sky  
My head to canopy,  
Until my soul on high  
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,  
No tears for me;  
No grave do I require,  
Nor obsequie:  
The courteous red-breast, he  
With leaves will cover me,  
And sing my elegy  
With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,  
I'll visit thee,  
Oh, thou deceitful dame,  
Whose cruelty  
Has kill'd the kindest heart  
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,  
And never can desert  
From loving thee!

"CROMLECK'S LILT." This is the common name of the song, though its proper name is "Cromleck's Lilt." Near the end of the sixteenth century, young Chisholm of Cromleck and Miss Helen Murray, commonly called "Fair Helen of Ardoch," formed a strong mutual attachment. Helen's maternal grandfather, Murray of Stewar, was one of the seventeen sons of Tullibardine. Her father, Stirling of Ardoch, had a family consisting of no less than thirty-one children, so that fair Helen's dowry must have been a slender one, and Chisholm's love the more honourably disinterested. Mr. Stirling, her youngest brother, commonly styled the Tutor of Ardoch, died in 1715, at the extraordinary age of 111 years. Young Chisholm being obliged to go to France for a time, during his absence entrusted his letters to Helen to a friend near Dunblane. This man played the traitor, suppressed Chisholm's letters, and misrepresented his conduct to Helen; while at the same time he misrepresented Helen's feelings and conduct to Chisholm. When he had destroyed the mutual confidence of the lovers, he then sought Helen for himself. It was at this time that Chisholm, still abroad, composed the affecting ballad called "Cromleck's Lilt." In brief, the grieved and persecuted Helen at last reluctantly allowed the marriage ceremony to be performed, but there her compliance ended. Cromleck arriving soon after, discovered the deep treachery of his pretended friend: the marriage was annulled, and fair Helen became the happy wife of her beloved Cromleck. Such is the tradition. For more minute particulars consult Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 185-187, and 222-226. The ballad of "Cromleck's Lilt," with the music, is inserted in the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725. The tune was selected by the Rev. William Geddes, in 1673, for one of the hymns in his "Saint's Recreation," which was afterwards printed at Edinburgh in 1683. This hymn is entitled "The Pathway to Paradise, or the Pourtraiture of Piety."

## O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

ARRANGED BY A. LAWRIE.

$\text{♩} = 72$   
MODERATO.

Com-in' thro' the

eraigs o' Kyle,<sup>1</sup> A - mang the bon - nie bloomin' heather, There I met a bon - nie las - sie,

Keep - ing a' her yowes the - gither. O'er the muir a - mang the heather,

O'er the muir a - mang the heather, There I met a bon - nie las - sie,



Says I, My dear, whare is thy hame?  
 In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?  
 She says, I tent these fleecy flocks  
 That feed amang the bloomin' heather.  
 O'er the muir amang the heather,  
 O'er the muir amang the heather;  
 She says, I tent these fleecy flocks  
 That feed amang the bloomin' heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,  
 Sae warm and sunny was the weather;  
 She left her flocks at large to rove  
 Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.  
 O'er the muir amang the heather,  
 O'er the muir amang the heather;  
 She left her flocks at large to rove  
 Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.

While thus we lay she sang a sang,  
 Till echo rang a mile and farther;  
 And aye the burden o' the sang  
 Was, O'er the muir amang the heather.  
 O'er the muir amang the heather,  
 O'er the muir amang the heather;  
 And aye the burden o' the sang  
 Was, O'er the muir amang the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne  
 I couldna think on ony ither:  
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine,  
 The bonnie lass amang the heather.  
 O'er the muir amang the heather,  
 O'er the muir amang the heather;  
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine,  
 The bonnie lass amang the heather.

1 "The Craigs o' Kyle are a range of small hills about a mile south of the village of Colinton, in the parish of that name."—*Paton*.

"O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER." In that curious and entertaining work, "The Contemporaries of Burns, and the more recent Poets of Ayrshire," published at Edinburgh in 1840, by Mr. Hugh Paton, Carver and Gilder to Her Majesty, &c., and which we have occasionally quoted in the Notes to this Collection, we find some information regarding the authoress of this song. We quote part of it, and refer the reader to the work itself, pp. 34-37. "Burns communicated this song to 'Johnson's Scots Musical Museum;' and in his 'Remarks on Scottish Songs and Ballads,' he states, in language somewhat rude, 'that it is the composition of a Jean Glover, a girl who . . . has visited most of the correction-houses in the West. She was born I believe in Kilmarnock. I took the song down from her singing, as she was strolling with a sleight-of-hand blackguard through the country.' Though the song alluded to has been long popular, and copied into numerous Collections, this is all that has hitherto transpired respecting Jeanie Glover. That the song was her own we are left in no manner of doubt; for it must be inferred, from the positive statement of the Poet, that she had herself assured him of the fact. It is well that Burns expressed himself in decided language; for otherwise it would scarcely be credited, that one of our sweetest and most simple lyrics should have been the production of a person whose habits and course of life were so irregular. . . . When at Muirkirk, we were fortunate enough to learn some particulars relative to Jeanie Glover. A niece of hers still resides there; and one or two old people distinctly remember to have seen her. She was born at the Townhead of Kilmarnock, on the 31st October 1758, of parents respectable in their sphere. That her education was superior, the circumstances of her birth will not permit us to believe; but she was brought up in the principles of rectitude, and had the advantage of that early instruction which few Scottish families are without. She was remarkable for beauty—both of face and figure—properties which, joined to a romantic and poetic fancy, had no doubt their influence in shaping her future unfortunate career. She was also an excellent singer. Until within these few years Kilmarnock had no theatre, or at least any building so called; but strolling parties of players were in the habit of frequenting the town at fairs, and on other public occasions, sometimes performing in booths, or in the 'Croft Lodge,' long known as a place of amusement. Having been a witness to some of these exhibitions, Jeanie unhappily became enamoured of the stage; and in an evil hour eloped with one of the heroes of the sock and buskin. Her subsequent life, as may be guessed, was one of adventure, checkered, if Burns is to be credited, with the extremes of folly, vice, and misfortune." Jean Glover died in 1801, in the town of Letterkenny, in Ireland. The tune was published as a Reel in R. Bremner's Collection, p. 77, about the year 1764, but differs there from Johnson's version in the Museum.



## BONNIE JEAN.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 96$   
 ANDANTE  
 AFFETTUOSO.

See spring her gra - ces wild dis - close, Birds sweet - ly chant on

ilk - a spray; 'Mang broom - y knowes the shepherd goes, While sport - ive lamb - kins

round him play. En - rap - tur'd now I take my way, While



joy en - liv - ens a' the scene; Down by yon shad - ed stream I stray, To  
 meet an' hail my bon - nie Jean.

Ye Kelburn groves, by spring attired,  
 Where zephyrs sport among the flowers,  
 Your fairy scenes I've oft admired,  
 While jocund pass'd the sunny hours.  
 But doubly happy in your bowers,  
 When fragrance scents the dewy e'en,  
 I wander where your streamlet pours,  
 To meet an' hail my bonnie Jean.

Let grandeur rear her lofty dome,  
 Let mad ambition kingdoms spoil,  
 Through foreign lands let avarice roam,  
 An' for her prize unceasing toil;  
 Give me fair nature's vernal smile,  
 The shelter'd grove and daisied green,  
 I'll happy tread my native soil,  
 To meet an' hail my bonnie Jean.

"BONNIE JEAN." Mr. Stenhouse's Note is as follows:—"This fine pastoral melody was in former times called 'My bonny Jean of Aberdeen,' the last line of the chorus of a very old song which Ramsay had deemed inadmissible in his Collection. This poet, however, wrote the song in the Museum beginning 'Love's goddess in a myrtle grove,' in 1723, and Thomson adapted it to the old tune in his Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. Watts reprinted both the words and music in the first volume of his Musical Miscellany, in 1729, and the song has since appeared in various collections. Adam Craig, who was one of the principal violin-players at the concert held at Edinburgh on St. Cecilia's Day, the 22d of November 1695, published a Collection of Old Scottish Airs in 1730, one of which is 'Bonny Jean of Aberdeen.' The reader will find a plan of this concert, with the names of the professional and amateur performers, inserted in the first volume of the Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, and likewise in the Edinburgh Magazine, or Literary Miscellany for February, 1792, communicated by the late William Tytler of Woodhouselee, Esq. Mr. Charles Coffey selected this air of 'My bonny Jean' for one of his songs, beginning, 'Long have I been with grief oppress'd,' in his musical opera of 'The Female Parson, or Beau in the Sudds,' acted at Haymarket Theatre in London, 1730. This opera was very justly condemned by the audience on the first night of its representation; but the author published it with the songs set to music, (among which there are several Scottish Melodies,) in the course of the same year." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 57, 58. The set of the air in Watts (p. 113) differs a little from Johnson's in two or three passages, and seems to us the better set, except in the penultimate measure. We see no reason for the air being peculiarly considered as a "pastoral melody," any more than various other modern Scottish airs, which had fully as much relation to the town as to the country. We have not yet been able to trace satisfactorily the author of this song. In that valuable and excellent work, The Book of Scottish Song, p. 292, Messrs. Blackie give the words anonymously.

## LAST MAY A BRAW WOOR.

AIR, "THE LOTHIAN LASSIE."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 80$   
 ALLEGRETTO. *p*

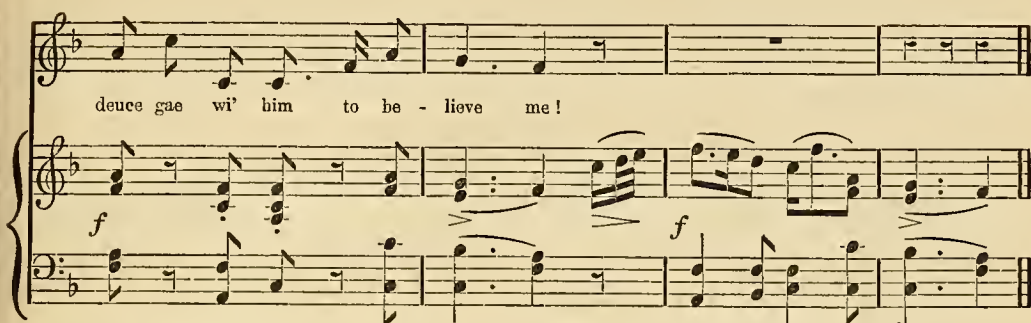
Last May a braw woo - er cam' down the lang glen, And

*p*

sair wi' his love he did deave me; I said there was naething I

ha - ted like men; The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me, be - lieve me, The

*cres.*



He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black e'en,  
And vow'd for my love he was deen'.  
I said he micht dee when he liked for Jean;  
The guid forgi'e me for lecin', for lecin',  
The guid forgi'e me for lecin'!

A weel-stockit mailin',<sup>1</sup> himsel' o't the laird,  
And marriage aff-hand, was his proffer.  
I never loot on that I kenn'd it or cared;  
But thoct I micht ha'e a waur<sup>2</sup> offer, waur offer,  
But thoct I micht ha'e a waur offer.

But what do ye think, in a fortnicht or less—  
The diel's in his taste to gang near her!—  
He up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess—  
Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her, could  
bear her,  
Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her!

But a' the next week, as I fretted wi' care,  
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;  
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there?  
Wha glower'd<sup>3</sup> as if he'd seen a warlock, a war-  
lock,  
Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out ower my left shouther I gi'd him a blink,<sup>4</sup>  
Lest neebors micht say I was saucy;  
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

I speir'd for my cousin, fu' couthie<sup>5</sup> and sweet,  
Gin she had recovered her hearin'?  
And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled<sup>6</sup> feet?  
Gude sauf us! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',  
Gude sauf us! how he fell a-swearin'.

He begged for gudesake! I wad be his wife,  
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;  
Sae, e'en to preserve the puir body in life,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

<sup>1</sup> A well-stocked farm.

<sup>2</sup> Worse.

<sup>3</sup> Who stared.

<sup>4</sup> Smiling look.

<sup>5</sup> Kindly.

<sup>6</sup> Distorted.

"LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER." Mr. Stenhouse says—"This humorous song was written by Burns in 1787, for the second volume of the Museum; but Johnson, the publisher, who was a religious and well-meaning man, appeared fastidious about its insertion, as one or two expressions in it seemed somewhat irreverent. Burns afterwards made several alterations upon the song, and sent it to Mr. George Thomson for his Collection, who readily admitted it into his second volume, and the song soon became very popular. Johnson, however, did not consider it at all improved by the later alterations of our bard. It soon appeared to him to have lost much of its pristine humour and simplicity; and the phrases which he had objected to were changed greatly for the worse. He therefore published the song as originally written by Burns for his work. In order to enable the reader to judge how far Johnson was, or was not correct, both editions of the song are here annexed." We have for the most part adopted the earlier version of the song, as it is the better of the two. Mr. George Thomson, in his Collection, gives a reading of one line in the penultimate stanza which we do not follow—"And how *her new shoon* fit her auld shauchled feet." Johnson's reading is much better—"And how *my auld shoon* fitted her shauchled feet"—the phrase "auld shoon" being a sarcastic expression when applied to a discarded lover who pays his addresses to another fair one. Of the second edition of the song Mr. Stenhouse says, justly—"These alterations, in general, are certainly far from being in the happiest style of Burns. Indeed he appears to have been in bad health and spirits when he made them; for, in the letter inclosing the song, he says—"I am at present quite occupied with the charming sensations of the toothach, so have not a word to spare." Mr. Stenhouse adds—"It only remains to be observed that this song is adapted to the tune called, *The Queen of the Lothians*, the name of a curious old ballad, which is produced in the sixth volume of the Museum, and inserted after the modern words by Burns." See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. pp. 460-463.



## THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

AIR, "JOHNNIE'S GREY BREEKS."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

 $\text{♩} = 100$ 

MODERATO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The tempo is marked 'MODERATO' with a quarter note equal to 100 beats. The score is arranged by J. T. Surenné. The lyrics are in Scottish Gaelic and English. The music is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *mf* (mezzo-forte), *p* (piano), and *p* (piano). The lyrics are: 'Twas ev'n, the dew - y fields were green, On ev' - ry blade the pearls hung; The zeph - yrs wan - ton'd round the bean, And bore its fra - grant sweets a - lang: In ev - 'ry glen the mav - is sang, All na - ture list - 'ning



seem'd the while, Ex - cept where greenwood e - ches rang, A - mang the braes o'

Bal - loch - myle.

*p* *f* *dim.* *p*

With careless step I onward stray'd,  
 My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,  
 When, musing in a lonely glade,  
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy.  
 Her look was like the morning's eye,  
 Her air like nature's vernal smile—  
 Perfection whisper'd, passing by,  
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,  
 And sweet is night in autumn mild,  
 When roving through the garden gay,  
 Or wandering in the lonely wild;  
 But Woman, Nature's darling child!  
 There all her charms she does compile;  
 Ev'n there her other works are foil'd  
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,  
 And I the happy country swain,  
 Though shelter'd in the lowest shed  
 That ever rose in Scotland's plain;  
 Through weary winter's wind and rain,  
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil;  
 And nightly to my bosom strain  
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep  
 Where fame and honours lofty shine;  
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,  
 Or downward seek the Indian mine;  
 Give me the cot below the pine,  
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,  
 And every day have joys divine  
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

"THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE." In the second volume of the beautiful edition of Burns' works published by Messrs. Blackie and Son, we find, p. 13, the following passage in a long Note regarding this song:—"The braes of Ballochmyle extend along the right or north bank of the Ayr, between the village of Catrine and Howford bridge, and are situate at the distance of about two miles from Burns' farm of Mossiel. They form the most important part of the pleasure-grounds connected with Ballochmyle House, the seat of Claud Alexander, Esq. of Ballochmyle, whose sister, Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, was the subject of the poem. Bending in a concave form, a mixture of steep bank and precipice, clothed with the most luxuriant natural wood, while a fine river sweeps round beneath them, they form a scene of bewildering beauty, exactly such as a poet would love to dream in during a July eve." It appears that Burns composed the song in the spring of 1786, when he had wandered forth one evening on the banks of Ayr, as he says, "to view Nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year." He sent the song in a letter to Miss Alexander, dated 18th November 1786, which she did not answer, although she was proud of both, and preserved them most carefully.

In Oswald's Second Collection, published by John Simpson, London, we find, p. 6, a tune in three-fourth time, called "Jocky's gray breeches," and immediately following it the more modern tune in common time, evidently borrowed from the former, and probably manufactured from it by Oswald himself. It thus appears that the older version of the air, *Johnny's gray breeks*, was in triple time. See Appendix.

## WE'RE A' NODDIN'.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 104$   
 ALLEGRETTO  
 A  
 PIACERE.

And we're

*p*

a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin', And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame. Gude

e'en to ye, kimmer, And are ye alane? O come and see how blythe are we, For Jamie he's cam' bame; And

O, but he's been lang a - wa', And O, my heart was sair, As I sobbed out a lang fareweel, May -

*colla voce.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the voice part, with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is in the lower staves. The first system of music ends with a repeat sign (double bar line with two dots). The second system begins with the tempo marking *a tempo.* and ends with a repeat sign. The third system begins with the lyrics 'our house at hame.' and ends with a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment in the third system includes a dynamic marking *p* (piano).

be to meet nae mair. Noo we're a' nod-din', nid, nid, noddin'; And we're a' nod-din' at

*a tempo.*

our house at hame.

*p*

The succeeding verses commence at the sign :§:

O sair ha'e I fought,  
 Ear' and late did I toil,  
 My bairnies for to feed and clead<sup>1</sup>—  
 My comfort was their smile ;  
 When I thoct on Jamie far awa',  
 An' o' his love sae fain,<sup>2</sup>  
 A bodin' thrill cam' through my heart  
 We'd maybe meet again.  
 Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

When he knocket at the door,  
 I thoct I kent the rap,  
 And little Katie cried aloud,  
 "My daddie he's cam' back!"  
 A stoun,<sup>3</sup> gaed through my anxious breast,  
 As thoctfully I sat,  
 I raise—I gazed—fell in his arms,  
 And bursted out and grat.<sup>4</sup>  
 Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

<sup>1</sup> Clothe.

<sup>2</sup> Fond.

<sup>3</sup> Pang.

<sup>4</sup> Wept.

"WE'RE A' NODDIN'." Air, "Nid noddin'." The words are taken from page 31 of that copious and excellent Collection "The Book of Scottish Song," published by Messrs. Blackie and Son, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London, 1843. Messrs. Blackie give three different versions of "Nid noddin'."—1. The coarse verses published in Johnson's Museum, and evidently founded on the original words to "John Anderson, my jo," preserved in Bishop Percy's old MS. of the sixteenth century ; 2. Verses written by Allan Cunningham, for Mr. G. Thomson's Collection ; 3. The verses which we have adopted as the best, and of which the author is unknown. About thirty years ago the air was very popular, and was sung at public concerts by several of the fashionable singers of that time. The original of part of the modern air appears in No. 523 of Johnson's Museum.



## OH! WEEL I MIND THE DAYS.

WORDS BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

MUSIC BY G. F. GRAHAM.

$\text{♩} = 112$   
 ANDANTINO.

Oh! weel I mind the days, by our

ain burn - side, When we clam the sun - ny braes, by our ain burn - side; When

flow'rs were blooming fair, and we wander'd free o' care, For hap - py hearts were there, by our

ain burn - side.



O, blythe was il - ka sang, by our ain burn - side, Nor

lang - est day seem'd lang, by our ain burn - side; When we deek'd our wood - land

queen, in the rash - y chap - let green, And gay she look'd, I ween! by our ain burn -

side.

But the bloom hath left the flow'r, by our ain burn - side; And

*p*

gath'ring tempests low'r, by our ain burn - side; The woods, no long-er

green, brave the win - try blasts sae keen, And their wi - ther'd leaves are seen, by our

*sf*

ain burn - side.

*p adagio.*

And the lit - tle band is gane, frae our ain burn - side, To

meet, ah! ue'er a - gain, by our ain burn - side; And the win - ter of the

year suits the heart both lone and sere, For the hap - py ne'er ap - pear by our

ain burn - side.

*p adagio.*

"O WEEL I MIND THE DAYS." The simple and touching words of this song are by Mr. Robert Gilfillan, of whose songs several editions have been published with merited success. Two others of his songs have been given in this work, vol. i. pp. 12, 13, and 56, 57. The present song, with the Editor's music, was publicly sung in the Edinburgh Music Hall, by Thomas Francis, Esq., one of the gentlemen of Her Majesty's Chapel-Royal; and is now republished by order of Messrs. Wood and Co.



## HAME, HAME, HAME!

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 63$   
 ADAGIO  
 PATETICO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The left staff is in bass clef and begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes F2, E2, and D2, then a half note C2, and finally a half note B1. The tempo is marked 'ADAGIO PATETICO' and the time signature is common time. The first measure of the right staff has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The second measure has a dynamic marking of *dim.* and the third measure has a dynamic marking of *p*.

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be, Hame, hame, hame, to my

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The piano accompaniment begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes F2, E2, and D2, then a half note C2, and finally a half note B1. The tempo is marked 'ADAGIO PATETICO' and the time signature is common time. The first measure of the right staff has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The second measure has a dynamic marking of *dim.* and the third measure has a dynamic marking of *p*.

ain coun - trie! There's an eye that ev - er weeps, and a fair face will be fain, As I

The second system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The piano accompaniment begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes F2, E2, and D2, then a half note C2, and finally a half note B1. The tempo is marked 'ADAGIO PATETICO' and the time signature is common time. The first measure of the right staff has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The second measure has a dynamic marking of *dim.* and the third measure has a dynamic marking of *p*.

pass through Annan wa - ter with my bonnie bands again; When the flow'r is in the bud, and the

The third system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The piano accompaniment begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes F2, E2, and D2, then a half note C2, and finally a half note B1. The tempo is marked 'ADAGIO PATETICO' and the time signature is common time. The first measure of the right staff has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The second measure has a dynamic marking of *dim.* and the third measure has a dynamic marking of *p*.



leaf up - on the tree, The lark shall sing me hame in my ain coun - trie.

*mf*

*f* *p*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'leaf up - on the tree, The lark shall sing me hame in my ain coun - trie.' The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the melody, with dynamic markings *f* and *p* indicating fortissimo and piano respectively. The score ends with a final chord in the piano part.

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be,  
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!  
 The green leaf of loyalty's beginning for to fa',  
 The bonnie white rose it is withering and a',  
 But I'll water't with the blood of usurping tyrannie,  
 And fresh it will blaw in my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be,  
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!  
 There's nought now from ruin my countrie can save,  
 But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,  
 That all the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie  
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be,  
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!  
 The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save;  
 The new grass is growing ahoen their bloody grave;  
 But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e,  
 I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.

"HAME, HAME, HAME!" In vol. iii. pp. 246, 247, of *The Songs of Scotland*, edited by Allan Cunningham, we find a version of this song beginning, "It's hame, and it's hame." We have followed this version, emitting only the word "It's," which is an unmeaning word used by the country people in many parts of Scotland at the beginning of almost every song; and adopting from Blackie a better reading of the last line of the second stanza—that is, "And fresh it will blaw,"—instead of, "And green it will grow." As the "white rose" is the flower mentioned, the words, "green it will grow," are not applicable. The following is Cunningham's Note appended to the words:—"This song is noticed in the introduction to the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' and part of it is sung by Richie Moniplies. It is supposed to come from the lips of a Scottish Jacobite exile. The old song of the same name had a similar chorus, and one good verse against the British fleet, which was then—and may it ever continue!—master of the sea; the poet prayed for very effectual aid:—

'May the ocean stop and stand, like walls on every side,  
 That our gallant chiefs may pass, wi' heaven for their guide!  
 Dry up the Forth and Tweed, as thou did'st the Red Sea,  
 When the Israelites did pass to their ain countrie.'

In the first volume of Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, Song LXXX, we find verses nearly corresponding with those given by A. Cunningham, but beginning, "Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be." Hogg's Note says:—"The air, to which I have heard it sung very beautifully, seems to be a modification of the old tune of *Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow*." The air given by Hogg to "Hame, hame," is a modification of "Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;" which again is borrowed from the air in triple time, "Mary Scot." The song is, in this work, adapted to a modern air which is evidently borrowed from "My love's in Germanie."

## THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE WAS FAIR.

AIR, "WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG."

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

$\text{♩} = 72$   
 MODERATO.  
*mf* *p*

There was a lass, and she was fair, At

*cres.* *p* *p*

kirk and market to be seen, When a' the fair - est maids were met, The

fair - est maid was bon - nie Jean. And aye she wrought her mam - mie's wark, And

*p e legato.*

aye she sang sae mer - ri - lie: The blith-est bird up - on the bush Had

ne'er a light - er heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;  
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
And love will break the soundest rest.  
Young Robie was the bravest lad,  
The flower and pride of a' the glen;  
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,  
And wanton naigies' nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,  
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;  
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
Her heart was tint,<sup>2</sup> her peace was stown.  
As in the bosom o' the stream  
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;  
So trembling, pure, was tender love,  
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,  
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;  
Yet wist'na what her ail might be,  
Or what wad mak' her weel again.

<sup>1</sup> Young horses.<sup>2</sup> Lost.<sup>3</sup> Leap.<sup>4</sup> To take charge of; to watch.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup<sup>3</sup> light,  
And did na joy blink in her e'e,  
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,  
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,  
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;  
His cheek to her's he fondly prest,  
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:  
O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;  
O canst thou think to fancy me!  
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
And learn to tent<sup>4</sup> the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,  
Or naething else to trouble thee;  
But stray among the heather-bells,  
And tent the waving corn wi' me.  
Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
She had nae will to say him na:  
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
And love was aye between them twa.

"THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE WAS FAIR." Burns wrote this song to the tune of "Bonnie Jean" for Mr. G. Thomson's Collection. Mr. T., however, adapted it to the tune of "Willie was a wanton wag," and we have here given it to the same air. The "Jeanie" thus celebrated by Burns, was Miss Jean Macmurdo, (afterwards Mrs. Crawford,) eldest daughter of John Macmurdo, Esq. of Drumlanrig. "I have not painted her," says Burns, "in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager." Burns himself considered this song as "in his best style;" and so it certainly is. About the beginning of last century, Mr. Walkingshaw of *that ilk*, near Paisley, wrote a very humorous song beginning, "Willie was a wanton wag;" which was published in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, along with the air which now bears that name. It will be found in the Appendix. We give the old set of the air from Johnson's Museum, No. 137.



## ACCUSE ME NOT, INCONSTANT FAIR.

AIR, "SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 80$   
 ANDANTINO  
 ESPRESSIVO.

Ac - cuse me not, in - con - stant fair, Of

be - ing false to thee, For I was true, would still been so, Hadst

thou been true to me: But when I knew thy plight - ed lips Once

to a ri - val's prest, Love - smeth - er'd in - de - pend - ence rose, And

spurn'd thee from my breast.

*p* *mf*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The score includes dynamic markings *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The fairest flow'r in nature's field  
 Conceals the rankling thorn;  
 So thou, sweet flow'r! as false as fair,  
 This once kind heart hast torn.  
 'Twas mine to prove the fellest pangs  
 That slighted love can feel;  
 'Tis thine to weep that one rash act  
 Which bids this long farewell.

"SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN." As we do not consider the old words, even as they were pruned and polished for Johnson, suitable for this work, we have adopted words written by Robert Tannahill to the air of "Lord Gregory," and addressed by him to a fair one who had forsaken him. Mr. Ritson, speaking of the old words in his historical essay on Scottish Song, page 60, says, "This is an *English* song of great merit, and has been scotified by the Scots themselves. The modern air, a fine composition, probably by Oswald, is very different from that in the Pills." Upon this Mr. Stenhouse observes—"The air was composed long before Oswald was born, for a copy of it, in square-shaped notes, is inserted in an old MS. virginal book in the possession of the editor. The tune is here entitled, 'Shoe roasse and leit me in.' The same tune also appears in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. But could any person in his sound senses affirm that such lines as the following, in Playford's edition of the song, printed in his fourth volume of 'Choice Ayres and Songs,' with the music, in 1683, were not only English, but English of great merit too?" We decline giving the very coarse quatrain quoted by Mr. Stenhouse, who then proceeds thus: "The truth is, that the song was originally written by Francis Semple, Esq. of Beltrees, the Ambassador to Queen Elizabeth, in the reign of James the Sixth. A manuscript copy of Francis Semple's Poetical Works was, very lately, and, if living, may still be, in the hands of one of his descendants, Mrs. Campbell of Paisley." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pages 86, 87. The editor of Messrs. Blackie's Book of Scottish Song, page 244, makes the following remarks upon Ritson's assertion above quoted, and upon the song in question:—"But the reverse happens to be the case, for it is a Scotch song, and has been anglicised by the Scots themselves. The original Scotch words are to be found, with the music, in Playford's 'Choice Ayres and Songs,' 1683, also (without the music) in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, Herd's Collection, &c. What may be called the anglicised version (which we here give) first appeared in Johnson's Museum. Burns was mistaken in thinking that Ramsay was the author of this version—for Ramsay gives the original words with all their warmth and high colouring."

## THE LILY OF THE VALE IS SWEET.

AIR, "MISS FORBES' FAREWELL TO BANFF."

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

$\text{♩} = 92$   
 MODERATO.

The

li - ly of the vale is sweet ; And sweet - er still the op - 'ning rose ; But

sweet - er far my Ma - ry is Than an - y bloom - ing flow'r that blows.

Whilst spring her fra - grant blos - soms spreads, I'll wan - der oft by



Ma - ry's side, And whisp - er soft the ten - der tale, By Forth, sweet Forth's me -

and - 'ring tide.

*mf legato.* *f*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, also with a key signature of two flats. The tempo and mood are indicated by the markings *mf legato.* and *f*. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

There will we walk at early dawn,  
Ere yet the sun begins to shine;  
At eve oft to the lawn we'll tread,  
And mark that splendid orb's decline.

The fairest, choicest flow'rs I'll crop,  
To deck my lovely Mary's hair;  
And while I live, I vow and swear,  
She'll be my chief, my only care.

"THE LILY OF THE VALE IS SWEET." The air was published in the fourth part of Gow's Repository, p. 5, under the title of "Miss Forbes' Farewell: by Mr. Isaac Couper of Banff." It is there in common time of four crotchets. The words are by Allan Ramsay. The air is one of the "Original slow Scots Strathspeys and Dances" published by Gow. In Captain Simon Fraser's Collection of Highland airs, he has some remarks upon Strathspeys, which we here quote:—"Nos. 35 and 36. The Highlands of Banffshire, extending south of the Spey, have been long famous for the best dancers of the Strathspeys, which must have been well performed to inspire them sufficiently. In this district also lie the most picturesque scenery, the finest sporting-grounds and deer-forests, perhaps, in Great Britain, belonging to the Duke of Gordon, Earl of Fife, &c., long inaccessible to strangers from the badness of the roads and want of bridges." "No. 155. In passing through the district of Strathspey, the traveller may be apt to forget that among the long ranges of firwood and heath on each side, originated that sprightly style of performing and dancing the music which bears its name, now in universal request from the Spey to the Ganges. If the poets now take up the subject of some of the airs produced on its banks, it may become as renowned as a classic stream, as it is famous for giving birth to so much of our rational and captivating amusement." In a Note upon No. 3 of his Collection, Captain S. Fraser mentions Grant of Sheugly as a performer on the violin, bagpipe, and harp, and also a poet. "In appreciating the qualities of each instrument, he supposes they had quarrelled, and that he was called upon to decide the contest. In addressing a verse to his pipe, he observes,—'how it would delight him, on hearing the sound of war, to listen to her notes in striking up the *gathering*, to rally round the chief, on a frosty spring morning, whilst the hard earth reverberated all her notes, so as to be heard by the most distant person interested.' To the harp he says,—'the pleasure which thy tones afford are doubled whilst accompanying a sweet female voice; or round the festive board, inspired by love or wine, I reach beyond my ordinary capacity, and feel the pleasure of pleasing.' But to his violin, which he calls by the literal name of the air, *Mary George's daughter*, and seems to have been his favourite, though held cheap by the other combatants, he says,—'I love thee for the sake of those who do—the sprightly and bonny lasses—all of whom declare, that at wedding, dance, or ball, thou, with thy bass in attendance, canst have no competitor—thy music having the effect of electricity on those who listen to it.' And, on thus receiving their due share of praise, their reconciliation is convivially celebrated."

## ON ETTRICK BANKS.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 76$   
 ANDANTINO  
 AFFETTUOSO.

The piano introduction is in D major (two sharps) and common time. It consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment of chords and moving lines. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and forte (*f*).

On Et - trick banks ae sim - mer nicht, At gloam - in' when the

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment.

sheep gaed hame, I met my las - sie braw and ticht, While wand'ring through the

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part maintains the harmonic support.

mist her lane.<sup>1</sup> My heart grew licht, I want - ed lang To

The third system concludes the visible portion of the song. It includes the final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part ends with a final chord.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics for the first system are: "tell my las - sie a' my mind, And ne - ver till this hap - py hour, A". The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics for the second system are: "can - nie<sup>2</sup> meet - ing could I find." The piano accompaniment features chords and arpeggiated figures. Dynamic markings include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano).

Said I, My lassie, will ye gae  
To the Highland hills and be my bride?  
I'll bigg<sup>3</sup> thy bower beneath the brae,  
By sweet Loch Garry's silver tide.  
And aft as o'er the moorlands wide,  
Kind gloamin' comes our faulds to steek,<sup>4</sup>  
I'll hasten down the green hill side,  
Where curls our cozy cottage reek.

All day when we ha'e wrought eneuch,  
When winter frosts and snaws begin,  
Sune as the sun gaes west the loch,  
At nicht when ye sit down to spin,  
I'll scrow my pipes, and play a spring,  
And thus the weary night we'll end,  
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring  
Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,  
And gowans glent<sup>5</sup> o'er ilka field,  
I'll meet my lass among the broom,  
And lead her to my simmer shield;  
There, far frae a' their scornfu' din,  
That make the kindly hearts their sport,  
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,  
And gar the langest day seem short!

<sup>1</sup> Alone.<sup>2</sup> Quiet; favourable.<sup>3</sup> Build.<sup>4</sup> Close; shut up.<sup>5</sup> Peep out; or shine.

"ON ETRICK BANKS." Mr. Stenhouse's Note upon this song and air is as follows:—"This is another of those delightful old pastoral melodies which has been a favourite during many generations. It is inserted in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, with the same elegant stanzas that appear in the Museum, beginning, 'On Ettrick banks, ae summer's night.' Ramsay has left no key to discover the author of the song: it does not appear, however, to be his; and indeed it is not claimed by his biographer as his composition. In the Museum, the fourth line of stanza first, in place of 'Came wading barefoot a' her lane,' was changed into 'While wand'ring through the mist her lane;' but I do not consider it any improvement on the elegant simplicity of the original. . . . The Ettrick, of such poetical celebrity, is a river in Selkirkshire; it rises in the parish of the same name, and after a winding course of thirty miles in a north-east direction, during which it receives the Yarrow near Philiphaugh, falls into the Tweed three miles above Melrose." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 85, 86. The version of the words here given is from J. M. Müller's "Vocal Gems of Scotland." The original version of the song will be found in the Appendix.



## MARCH, MARCH, ETRICK AND TEVIOTDALE.

AIR, "BLUE BONNETS."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

♩ = 80

ALLEGRO

SPIRITOSO.

March, march, Et-trick and Teviotdale, Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in or - der?

March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale, All the blue bonnets are o - ver the Bor - der.

Ma - ny a ban - ner spread, flut - ters a - bove your head, Ma - ny a crest that is

fam - ous in sto - ry, Mount and make ready then, sons of the moun - tain glen,

Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish glo - ry.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,  
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe:  
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;  
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.

Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding;  
Stand to your arms, and march in good order;  
England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,  
When the blue bonnets came over the Border.

"MARCH, MARCH, ETTRICK AND TEVIOTDALE." These verses appeared for the first time in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Monastery," published in 1820. They were evidently modelled upon an old Cavalier song, beginning, "March! march! pinks of election," which we find in the first volume of James Hogg's "Jacobite Relics of Scotland," pp. 5-7. The air given by Hogg to these old verses is a bad set of "Lesley's March," not at all corresponding with the air in Oswald's Second Collection, p. 33, although Hogg erroneously says that it "is copied from Mr. Oswald's ancient Scottish music." In Niel Gow's Second Collection of Reels, p. 5, we find an altered version of "Lesley's March," under the name of "Duplin House;" and from this the later versions of the air seem to have been taken with some changes. The version given by R. A. Smith to Sir Walter Scott's words is the one we have adopted as being the better known and more popular. Smith calls the air "Blue Bonnets," but it differs entirely from the air of that name, in common time, given by Oswald in his Second Collection, p. 5. We subjoin "Lesley's March" according to Oswald.

*Brisk.*

## THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

$\text{♩} = 69$

ANDANTE  
AFFETTUOSO.

*cres.*  
*p*

San - dy, why leaves thou thy Nel - ly to mourn? Thy pre - sence could

ease me, When nae - thing can please me; Now dow - ie<sup>1</sup> I sigh on the

banks of the burn, Or thro' the wood, lad - die, un -

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO' with a quarter note equal to 69 beats. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (p) dynamic and a crescendo (cres.) marking. The melody is in the voice part, with lyrics in Scottish Gaelic. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'San - dy, why leaves thou thy Nel - ly to mourn? Thy pre - sence could ease me, When nae - thing can please me; Now dow - ie<sup>1</sup> I sigh on the banks of the burn, Or thro' the wood, lad - die, un -'.





Tho' woods now are gay, and mornings so clear,  
While lav'rocks are singing,  
And primroses springing;  
Yet none of them pleases my eye or my ear,  
When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some sparena<sup>2</sup> to tell,  
I'm fash'd<sup>3</sup> wi' their scorning,  
Baith ev'ning and morning;  
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,  
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysel'.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,  
But quick as an arrow  
Haste here to thy marrow,  
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,  
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and play.

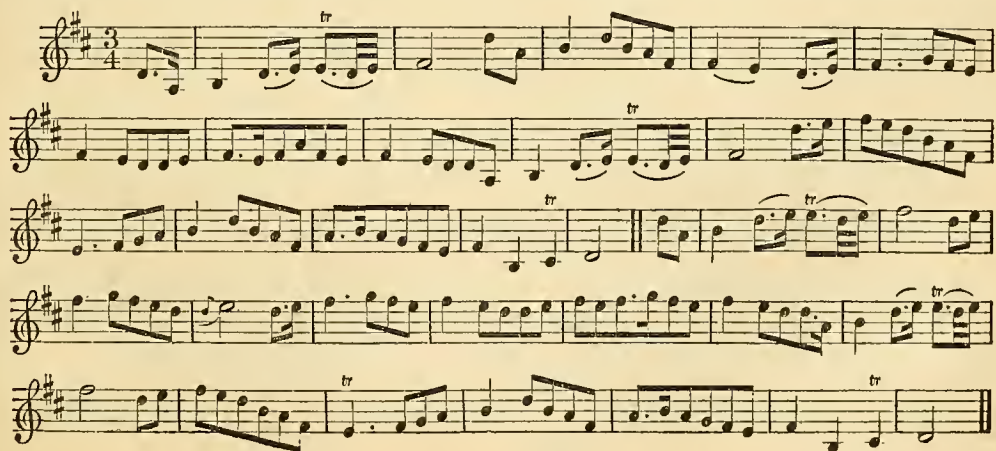
<sup>1</sup> Sadly.

<sup>2</sup> Hesitate not.

<sup>3</sup> Troubled.

"THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE." Mr. Stenhouse's note is as follows: "This fine old tune is inserted in the Orpheus Caledonius in 1725, adapted to a long ballad written by Ramsay, beginning 'As early I walk'd on the first of sweet May,' which is likewise printed in his Tea-Table Miscellany. In the Museum, the air is adapted to a song of two (?) stanzas, also written by Ramsay, beginning 'O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?' Dr. Blacklock communicated to Mr. Johnson a copy of the original verses to the same air, which are printed in the Museum after those of Ramsay. It ought to be observed here, that this old melody consisted only of *one strain*, and it is so printed in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius. The second strain, which is only a repetition of the first, an octave higher, was added by Adam Craig in 1730; but it could only be intended for instrumental music. Few voices have a natural compass of more than twelve notes. When a tune exceeds this compass, the singer has recourse to the *false alto*, which requires great skill and management to produce even a tolerable effect. It would be much better, therefore, to leave out the *second strain* altogether in singing this song, as the compass of the *first* is sufficiently extensive, and the tune quite long enough without any second part." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. pages 141, 142. We have omitted the second strain of the air, and have also simplified the last notes in the first and ninth measures, which, in all the versions we have seen, contain an affected instrumental flourish.

For the satisfaction of the reader, we subjoin the air as it appears in the second volume of Johnson's Museum, No. 154.



## THE CAULD CAULD WINTER'S GANE, LUVE.

AIR, "MY WIFE HAS TA'EN THE GEE."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 104$   
MODERATO  
CON  
ESPRESSIONE.

The

could could winter's gane, luve, Sae bitter and sac snell;¹ And spring has come a - gain, luve, To

deck yon lee - some dell. The buds burst frae the tree, luve; The

birds sing by the shaw;² But sad sad is my dow - ie heart, For

*poco rall.*

ye are far a - wa'!

*dim. p*

*colla voce.* *mf a tempo.*

I thocht the time wad flee, luv,  
 As in the days gane bye;  
 While I wad think on thee, luv,  
 And a' my patience try;  
 But O! the weary hours, luv,  
 They wadna flee awa,  
 And they ha'e borne me nocht but dule,<sup>3</sup>  
 Sin'<sup>4</sup> ye ha'e been awa'.

Waes me! they're sair to bide, luv,  
 The dirdums<sup>5</sup> ane maun dree,<sup>6</sup>  
 The feelings wunna hide, luv,  
 Wi' saut tears in the e'e:  
 And yet the ills o' life, luv,  
 Compared wi' joys are sma'—  
 Sae will it be when ye return  
 Nae mair to gang awa'.

<sup>1</sup> Sharp; piercing.<sup>2</sup> A wood.<sup>3</sup> Grief.<sup>4</sup> Since.<sup>5</sup> Noisy vexations.<sup>6</sup> Endure.

"THE CAULD CAULD WINTER'S GANE, LUVE." With regard to the author of this song we have been favoured with the following information:—"The words are by Mr. William Train of Haddington, son of Mr. Joseph Train of Loch-Vale Cottage, Galloway—the friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. W. Train was born at Newton Stewart, in Galloway, on 9th August 1816. He studied for the Law; but, in 1838, became Cashier of the Southern Bank of Scotland in Dumfries—an establishment since merged in the Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank. He was, thereafter, for several years, an Inspector of an English Bank, and now holds the office of Government Surveyor of Stamps and Taxes for East-Lothian. Mr. Train compiled a Memoir of his father, which is prefixed to Mr. Train, senior's, History of the Isle of Man, and several of his poetical pieces have appeared in different works. The above verses were published in 'The Book of Scottish Song,' by Messrs. Blackie of Glasgow."

About the middle of last century a clever and humorous song, beginning, "A friend o' mine came here yestreen," was composed to the air, "My wife has ta'en the gee," and appears in Herd's Collection, 1769, without any author's name. It appears again in Johnson's Museum, vol. v. p. 422, with the air communicated by Burns, and called "My wife has ta'en the gee," and which is evidently borrowed from an older air called "The Miller," given, pp. 8, 9, of the second volume of this work, to Burns' words, "Mary Morrison." In Gow's Fifth Collection of Reels and Strathspeys, p. 32, we find an air called, "My wife has ta'en the gee," communicated to Gow by the late Alexander Gibson Hunter of Blackness, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh. It is there said to be old, and may have been the air to which the words in Herd were originally sung. It does not resemble "The Miller," or the air sent by Burns to Johnson for the old words. The latter air is the one we have adopted in this work.

## OLD AIR, "MY WIFE HAS TA'EN THE GEE."

*Slowly and distinctly.*



## O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME?

ENGLISH AIR.

ARRANGED BY H. E. DIEDIN.

 $\text{♩} = 96$ ANDANTE  
AMOROSO.

O Nan - cy, wilt thou go with me, Nor sigh to leave the  
 flaunt - ing town? Can si - lent glens have charms for thee, The low - ly cot and  
 rus - set gown? No long - er drest in silk - en sheen, No long - er deck'd with  
 jew - els rare, Say, canst thou quit each court - ly scene, Where thou wert fair - est

of the fair? Say, canst thou quit each court - ly scene, Where thou wert fair - est

of the fair? Where thou wert fairest, Where thou wert fairest, Where

*mf* *p*

*ad lib.*

thou wert fair - est of the fair.

*sf* *colla voce* *p*

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,  
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?  
 Say, canst thou face the scorching ray,  
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?  
 O can that soft and gentle mien  
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear;  
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?  
 O Nancy! canst thou love so true,  
 Through perils keen with me to go;  
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
 To share with him the pang of woe?

Say, should disease or pain befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care;  
 Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?  
 And when at last thy love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath;  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay  
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear;  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

"O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME?" These words, by Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, were set to music by Thomas Carter, an Irish musician, and sung at Vauxhall by Mr. Vernon, in 1773. We have inserted this very popular song for the purpose of proclaiming that it belongs to England, though a slightly Scotified version of it has been repeatedly published as a Scottish song. Those who prefer singing the latter, can easily make the alterations for themselves.

## AGAIN REJOICING NATURE SEES.

AIR, "I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MYRE."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

♩ = 60  
ANDANTE.



vain to me the vio - lets spring; In vain to me, in glen or shaw, The  
ma - vis and the lint - white sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team;  
Wi' joy the tentie<sup>1</sup> seedman stauks;  
But life to me's a weary dream,  
A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims;  
Among the reeds the ducklings cry;  
The stately swan majestic swims;  
And every thing is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slaps,<sup>2</sup>  
And o'er the moorland whistles shrill;  
Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step,  
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,  
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,  
And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,  
A woe-worn ghaist, I hameward glide.

Come, winter, with thine angry howl,  
And raging bend the naked tree;  
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,  
When Nature all is sad like me.

<sup>1</sup> Watchful; attentive.

<sup>2</sup> To shut the gates of the sheepfold.

"AGAIN REJOICING NATURE SEES." Allan Cunningham has the following Note on this song in his work called "The Songs of Scotland," &c., vol. iv. p. 32:—"I have removed from this fine song the idle encumbrance of an adopted chorus; it interrupted the flow of the narrative, and was at open war with the sentiment of each verse. The chorus was joyous and the song mournful. It is one of the earliest printed lyrics of Burns." Mr. George Thomson also omits the chorus in his Collection, as well as the fourth stanza. The latter omission is required, in order to have an even number of stanzas to the air. Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This old melody is inserted in a manuscript music-book, which, from an inscription, appears to have belonged to a 'Mrs. Crockat, in 1709,' now in the Editor's possession. The old song began,—

'I wish my love were in a myre,  
That I might pu' her out again.'

The remainder of this ditty, I believe, is lost." See Museum Illustrations, vol. i. p. 41. In the Museum, the words given to this air are, first, Ambrose Philips' translation of Sappho's Ode, "Blest as the immortal gods is he;" and, second, anonymous verses from Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, beginning, "O lovely maid, how dear's thy power."

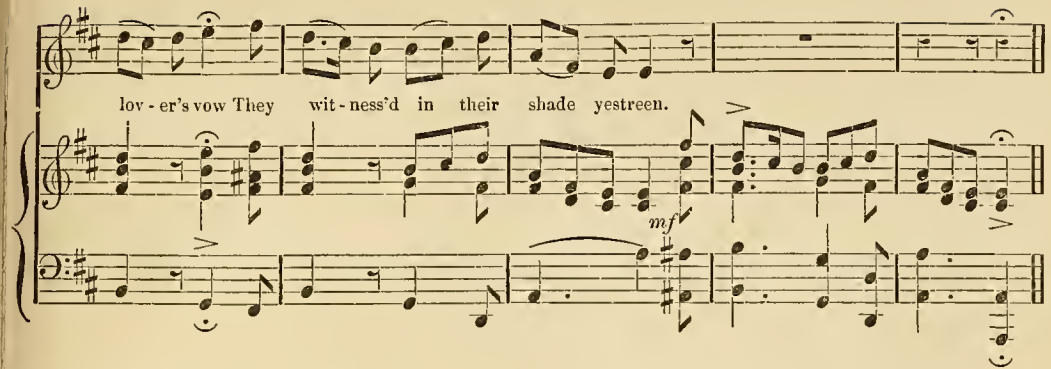
## O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

AIR, "THE WEE WEE MAN."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 50$   
 ANDANTE  
 NON  
 TROPPO.

O bon - nie was yon  
 ro - sy brier, That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man, And bon - nie she, and  
 oh, how dear! It shad - ed frae the ev'n - ing sun. Yon rose-buds in the  
 morn - ing dew, How pure, among the leaves sae green; But pur - er was the



All in its rude and prickly bow'r,  
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair;  
But love is far a sweeter flow'r  
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,  
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;  
And I the world nor wish nor scorn,  
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

"O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER." These words were written by Burns, and sent by him to his friend Mr. Alexander Cunningham of Edinburgh, in a letter to Mr. George Thomson, in June or July 1795. Regarding this Mr. Cunningham, and the lady who so cruelly jilted him, some interesting particulars are given in the second volume of Blackie's edition of Burns' Works, page 140. In the letter abovementioned, Burns says: "Do you know that you have roused the torpidity of Clarke at last? He has requested me to write three or four songs for him, which he is to set to music himself. The inclosed sheet contains two songs for him, which please to present to my valued friend Cunningham. I inclose the sheet open, both for your inspection and that you may copy the song 'O bonny was yon rosy brier.' I do not know whether I am right, but that song pleases me, and as it is extremely probable that Clarke's newly roused celestial spark will soon be smothered in the fogs of indulgence, if you like the song, it may go as Scottish verses to the air of 'I wish my love were in the mire;' and poor Erskine's English lines may follow." Mr. George Thomson published the song in the third volume of his Collection, to the air of "The wee wee man." David Herd, in his Collection, 1769, first published the singular fragment of "The wee wee man." It appeared for the first time with the music in Johnson's Museum, No. 370. John Finlay, in his "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads," 1808, vol. ii. page 158, makes the following remark upon the air of "The wee wee man!"—"It is proper to add, that the air to which the fragment is sung is very beautiful, and still popular. If this (and I see no reason for doubt) be contemporary with the original poem, it is perhaps the most ancient of our legendary tunes."

We are not disposed to think the antiquity of this air much greater than that of the Irish "Garry Owen." Both seem to be of the same stock. Besides "The wee wee man," Mr. Finlay publishes a Northumbrian poem beginning "Als y yod on ay Mounday," copied from the Cotton MS. in the British Museum, (Julius A. V. 9.) and containing the original of the Scottish "Wee wee man." Mr. Ellis, in the introduction to his "Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances," has some interesting observations upon the priority of the northern to the southern English dialect. Alluding to Mr. Scott's publication of Thomas of Erceuldoun's Sir Tristrem, Mr. Ellis says, "He has also shown by a reference to ancient charters, that the Scottish minstrels of this early period enjoyed all the privileges and distinctions possessed by the Norman trouvères, whom they nearly rivalled in the arts of narration, and over whom they possessed one manifest advantage in their familiar acquaintance with the usual scenes of chivalry: "... "Ettrick Forest, the Sylva Caledonia beloved by Merlin, whose remains are supposed to have been buried at Drummelzier, was included in the territories of Urien and Ywain. Galloway, according to Mr. Whitaker, was the patrimony of the celebrated Gawain. At Stowe, in the vale of the Gala, (the Wedale, or vallis sanctus of Nennius,) a few miles above Melrose, was the church of St. Mary's, where Arthur, as the British historian assures us, deposited a piece of the true Cross; and at Meikle in Angus, between Coupar and Forfar, tradition still points out the tomb of 'Dame Ganore,' the beautiful Guenever. The Scottish minstrels, therefore, thus surrounded by the memorials of romance, and having easy access to the traditionary tales of Strathclyde and Cumbria, were likely to be considered as the most authentic depositaries of those narratives: "... "the early eminence of the Scottish minstrels is proved by the authority of Robert de Brunne, and by that of Wyntown's Chronicle. As a further confirmation of this opinion, it may be added, that while Erceuldoun, Kendal, and Huechon, poets of the North, are celebrated by our early historians; while every ancient ballad bears testimony to the excellence of the minstrels from 'the North country;' and while our MSS. abound with metrical romances written in the northern dialect, we do not possess one, anterior to the time of Chaucer, which can with certainty be ascribed to a poet of South Britain."



## AY WAKIN', O!

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 46$   
LARGHETTO.

*p*

*rall.*

Ay wa - kin', O! Wa - kin' ay, an' eer - ie; Sleep I can - na get For

*p*

*rall.*

think - in' on my dear - ie. Ay wa - kin', O! Lane - ly night comes on,

*colla voce.*

*rall.*

A' the lave<sup>1</sup> are sleep - in', I think on my bon - nie lad, An' bleer<sup>2</sup> my een wi' greet - in'.<sup>3</sup>

*colla voce.*

Ay wa - kin' O! Wa - kin' ay, an' eer - ie; Sleep I can - na get For

think - in' on my dear - ie. Ay wa - kin', O!

*rall.*

*pp colla voce.*

Ay wakin', O!  
 Wakin' ay, an' eerie;  
 Sleep I canna get  
 For thinkin' on my dearie.  
 Ay wakin', O!  
 Simmer's a pleasant time,  
 Flowers of ev'ry colour;

The water rins o'er the heugh,  
 And I long for my true lover.  
 Ay wakin', O!  
 Wakin' ay, an' eerie;  
 Sleep I canna get  
 For thinkin' on my dearie.  
 Ay wakin', O!

<sup>1</sup> The remainder.

<sup>2</sup> In flame.

<sup>3</sup> Crying.

"AY WAKIN', O!" Allan Cunningham, in his *Songs of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 231, says of "Ay wakin', O!"—"This song is the work of several hands, and though some of it is very ancient, it has been so often touched and retouched, that it is not easy to show where the old ends or the new commences. Most of the chorus is certainly old, and part of the second verse." The words we have adopted are part of those given by Mr. Stenhouse, in vol. iii. pp. 206, 207 of the *Museum*, as "all that is known to exist of the original verses." We give also the four lines added by Burns to the old words. They offer some variety to the singer, who must, however, repeat, before and after them, the four lines, "Ay wakin', O!" &c., in order to suit the music. Mr. Stenhouse gives also a version of what he calls "the ancient air," though he does not tell us where he found it, and, consequently, offers no proof of his assertion. He says: "In Mr. George Thomson's *Collection of Scottish Songs*, the air of 'Ay wakin', O!' is enlarged so as to finish on the key note, and the time changed from triple to common. The time, however, is far better in its native wildness and simplicity: both Tytler and Ritson were of opinion that this air, from its intrinsic evidence, was one of our oldest melodies, and I see no reason to differ from them." The form which the air has assumed within the last thirty years has now taken possession of the popular ear, and we shall not try to displace it. The latter part of the air must remind the reader of the conclusion of "Gala Water," p. 51 of the first volume of this work. In May 1795, Burns wrote for Mr. George Thomson a song "On Chloris being ill," to the tune "Ay wakin', O," beginning—"Long, long the night," and which appears in an altered form in Mr. G. Thomson's *Collection*.—The following is what Mr. Stenhouse gives as "the ancient air:"—

## O! WHY SHOULD OLD AGE SO MUCH WOUND US, O?

AIR, "DUMBARTON'S DRUMS."

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

$\text{♩} = 80$   
 MODERATO.

O! why should old age so much wound us, O? There is no-thing in't

all to con-found us, O; For how hap-py now am I, With my old wife sitting by, And our

bairns and our eyes all a-round us, O. We be-gan in the world wi?



nae - thing, O, And we've jogg'd on and toil'd for the ae thing, O; We made

use o' what we had, And our thankfu' hearts were glad, When we got the bit meat and the

claith - ing, O.

We have lived all our lifetime contented, O,  
 Since the day we became first acquainted, O;  
 It's true we've been but poor,  
 And we are so to this hour,  
 Yet we never pined nor lamented, O.

We ne'er thought o' schemes to be wealthy, O,  
 By ways that were cunning or stealthy, O;  
 But we always had the bliss—  
 And what farther could we wiss?—  
 To be pleas'd wi' ourselves and be healthy, O.

"DUMBARTON'S DRUMS." In his "Scottish Songs," Mr. Robert Chambers has the following note upon the song beginning "Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie, O." "There is an idea very generally prevalent, that by 'Dumbarton's Drums' are meant the drums of the garrison of Dumbarton; and Burns somewhere has the following absurd note upon the subject:—'Dumbarton Drums is the last of the West Highland airs; and from Dumbarton, over the whole tract of country to the confines of Tweedside, there is hardly a tune or song that one can say has taken its origin from any place or transaction in that part of Scotland.' The truth is, that Dumbarton's Drums were the drums belonging to a British regiment, which took its name from the officer who first commanded it, to wit, the Earl of Dumbarton. This nobleman was a cadet of the family of Douglas, and being Commander of the Royal Forces in Scotland during the reigns of Charles the Second and James the Second, he bears a distinguished figure in the dark and blood-stained history of Scotland during that period. He suppressed the rebellion of Argyle in 1685. At the Revolution, he chose to accompany James the Second to France, where he died in 1692.—The song appeared in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724." The song we give instead of that last mentioned, was written by the Rev. John Skinner, the author of "*Tullochgorum*," &c. Want of space compels us to transfer to the Appendix the three last stanzas as well as information regarding the old air.

## WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 116$   
CON SPIRITO.

What's a' the steer,<sup>1</sup> kim-mer?<sup>2</sup>

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and common time. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes a fortissimo (*fz*) section. The tempo is marked as 116 beats per minute, and the performance style is 'CON SPIRITO'.

What's a' the steer! Char - lie he is land - ed, An',

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part maintains the forte (*f*) and fortissimo (*fz*) dynamics.

haith, he'll soon be here; The win' was at his back, Carle, The

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part maintains the forte (*f*) and fortissimo (*fz*) dynamics.

win' was at his back, I care - na, sin' he's come, Carle, We

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The piano part maintains the forte (*f*) and fortissimo (*fz*) dynamics.



I'm right glad to hear't, kimmer,  
I'm right glad to hear't;  
I ha'e a gude braid claymore,  
And for his sake I'll wear't.

Sin' Charlie he is landed,  
We ha'e nae mair to fear;  
Sin' Charlie he is come, kimmer,  
We'll ha'e a jub'lee year.

<sup>1</sup> Disturbance; commotion.

<sup>2</sup> Neighbour; Gossip. (*Commère*.—French.)

<sup>3</sup> The third part of a penny sterling.

"WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?" The air seems to be a transformation of a Strathspey, and the words were probably suggested by verses called "The Lusty Carlin," published in Cromeck's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," 1810, pp. 137, 138, and beginning, "What news to me, Carlin? What news to me? Enough o' news, quo' the lusty Carlin, Best news that God can gi'e." These verses are given as expressing, roughly, the feelings of the peasantry of Scotland, on hearing of the extraordinary escape of Lord Maxwell of Nithsdale from the Tower of London, on 23d February 1715, "dressed in a woman's cloak and hood, which were for some time after called *Nithsdales*." The veritable account of that escape is printed by Mr. Cromeck, from a copy of the original MS. letter by the Countess of Nithsdale to her sister, dated 16th April 1718, from Rome, and in the possession of Constable Maxwell, Esq. of Terreagles, a descendant of the family of Nithsdale. Some verses of a similar tenor to those above alluded to are given by Allan Cunningham in the fourth volume of his edition of Burns' Works, London, 1834. Cunningham gives the word "Cummer" instead of "Carlin," which occurs in the verses quoted by Cromeck. The words and the music here given are reprinted on account of the popularity which they obtained about twenty years ago by the public singing of Miss Stephens, afterwards Countess of Essex. Miss Stephens gave a long lease of popularity to this song, as well as to "We're a' nid noddin'," and other songs, all of which are still popular. Miss Stephens was one of the most admired of modern English singers. A notice of her, published in London in 1824, informs us that she was born in London, and received her first instructions in singing from Lanza, under whose tuition she remained for a considerable time. Lanza's slow and sure Italian method formed her power of voice and her intonation. While still under Lanza, she was brought out as a singer at the Pantheon. It appears that her father, getting impatient of the slowness of Lanza's process of tuition, put her under Mr. Thomas Welsh, who used all means to bring her rapidly forward with *éclat* before the public; and that she made her *début* at Covent Garden Theatre "with brilliant approbation," as the critics then expressed themselves. The quality of her voice was said to be then (1824) more rich and full than that of any other public English singer. "The peculiar bent of her talent seems to be towards ballads and songs of simple declamation; in a word, towards that particular style which is generally esteemed to be purely English, though the formation of the voice may have been conducted upon the principles of Italian teaching." The writer adds, that "there are no other" than the Italian principles of voice training. We must observe that the departure from these old principles, and the rapid *forcing* system generally produced in England, and now in Italy, are the very causes of our having so few good singers. Too often *vox et præterea nihil*! Voices totally untrained and untaught. The late ingenious Doctor W. Kitchiner, in his "Observations on Vocal Music, 1821," pp. 53, 54, speaks as follows of Ballad Music, and of Miss Stephens:—"The *chef-d'œuvre* of difficulty is A PLAIN ENGLISH BALLAD, which is, 'when unadorned, adorned the most,' and, indeed, will hardly admit of any ornament beyond an *Appoggiatura*. This style of song is less understood than any (other?); and though apparently from its simplicity it is very easy, yet to warble a Ballad with graceful expression, requires as much real judgment and attentive consideration of every note and every syllable, as it does to execute the most intricate *Bravura*—the former is an appeal to the heart—the latter merely plays about the ear, and seldom excites any sensation beyond. Who would not rather hear Miss Stephens sing an old Ballad than any *Bravura*?—although her beautiful voice is equally calculated to give every effect to the most florid song." Miss Stephens became Countess of Essex 19th April 1838.\* To the honour of art, she is not the only female performer who has been raised by her own merits to the rank of nobility in Great Britain.

\* George Capel Coningsby, fifth and late Earl of Essex, born 13th November 1757, died without issue 23d April 1839.—See *Lodge's Peerage*, 1844



## ROW WEEL, MY BOATIE, ROW WEEL.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

$\text{♩} = 92$   
 ANDANTE  
 CON  
 ESPRESSIONE.

weel, my boatie, row weel, Row weel, my mer-ry men a', For there's

dool and there's wae in Glen - fio - rich's bowers, And there's grief in my fa - ther's ha'.

*animated.*  
 And the skiff it danced light on the merry wee waves, And it flew o'er the wa - ter sae

blue, And the wind it blew light, and the moon it shone bright, But the boatie ne'er reach'd Al-lan-

*p* *cres.*

dhu. O - hon! for fair Ellen, o - hon! O - hon! for the pride of Strath-

*p*

coe! In the deep, deep sea, In the salt, salt bree, Lord Reoch, thy El - len lies

*pp* *espressivo.*

low.

*p* *cres.* *p* *dim.*

"ROW WEEL, MY BOATIE, ROW WEEL." Want of space here obliges us to refer to the Appendix for a Note on the words and music of this song.

## ROMANTIC ESK!

AIR, "FY, GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 84$   
 MODERATO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The right hand begins with a melody marked *mf*, and the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking and a fermata.

Ro - man - tic Esk! what sweets com - hine To deck ilk bank an'

The first system of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking and a *p* (piano) dynamic. The melody is in G major and common time.

bow'r o' thine! For now the sun, wi' cheer - fu' rays, Glows saft o'er a' thy

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active accompaniment with sixteenth notes in the right hand.

wood - y<sub>c</sub> braes: Where mo-nie a na - tive wild flower's seen 'Mang

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active accompaniment with sixteenth notes in the right hand.



The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'birks, an' briers, an' i - vy green, An' a' the wood - land chor - ists sing, Or'. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal line with 'glee - some flit on wan - ton wing.' and includes dynamic markings 'mf' and 'dim.'.

Save where the lintie, mournfully,  
Sabs sair aneath the rowan-tree,  
To see her nest, an' young anes a',  
By thoughtless riever<sup>1</sup> borne awa'.  
Return, return the mourner's care,  
An' ease the bosom o' despair,  
Nor cleed your little heart in steel,  
For Nature bad' the lintie feel.

How fresh and fair, o' varied hue,  
Ilk tufted haunt o' sweet Bueeleugh!  
What bliss ilk<sup>2</sup> green retreat to hail,  
Where Melville Castle cheers the vale;

An' Mavisbank, sae rural gay,  
Looks bonnie down the woodland brae  
But doubly fair ilk darling scene  
That screens the bowers o' Hawthorndean.

Now tent<sup>3</sup> the Pentlands, westlins seen,  
O'erspread wi' flowery pastures green;  
Where, stretching wide, the fleecy ewes  
Rin bleating round the sunny knowes;<sup>4</sup>  
An' mony a little siller rill  
Steals gurgling down its mossy hill;  
An' vernal green is ilka tree  
On bonnie braes o' Woodhouselee.

<sup>1</sup> Robber.<sup>2</sup> Each.<sup>3</sup> Observe.<sup>4</sup> Little hills.

"ROMANTIC ESK!" The words of this song were written by Richard Gall, of whom we gave a brief account, page 121, of the second volume of this work. Mr. Stenhouse has the following remarks on the air, *Museum Illustrations*, vol. i. p. 15:—"Fy, gar rub her o'er wi' strae. This air is very ancient, but the precise era of its composition is unknown; but it is at least as old as the reign of Queen Mary, as it is inserted in a MS. music book written in the old notation or tablature for the lute, about the beginning of the reign of her son and successor James VI. This fine old tune had remained very long a favourite in England; for, about the beginning of last century, it was adapted to an English song, beginning, 'How can they taste of joys or grief, Who beauty's powers did never prove.' Mr. Gay also selected it as a melody for one of his songs in his 'Musical Opera of Achilles,' beginning, 'Think what anguish,' which was performed at Covent Garden in 1733, after the author's decease. This song was sung by Miss Norsa, in the character of Deidamia." Thomson published this tune to Ramsay's verses in his *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725; and Watts reprinted both in his "Musical Miscellany, vol. v., London, 1731." It is a pity that Mr. Stenhouse did not state what MS. in Tablature he alluded to. If he meant the Skene MS., there is no such air in it. The same remark will apply to the Straloch MS., of the existence of which, however, we doubt whether Mr. Stenhouse was aware. These are the only Scottish MSS. in Tablature extant of the date referred to. Mr. Stenhouse might have observed that the second strain of the air, as given by Watt, vol. v. pp. 76, 77, is not exactly the same as in Johnson. We have taken Johnson's version as the better of the two, and the more generally received.

## BLYTHESOME MAY I SEE THEE.

AIR.—“GU MA SLAN A CHI MI.”

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

 $\text{♩} = 100$ 

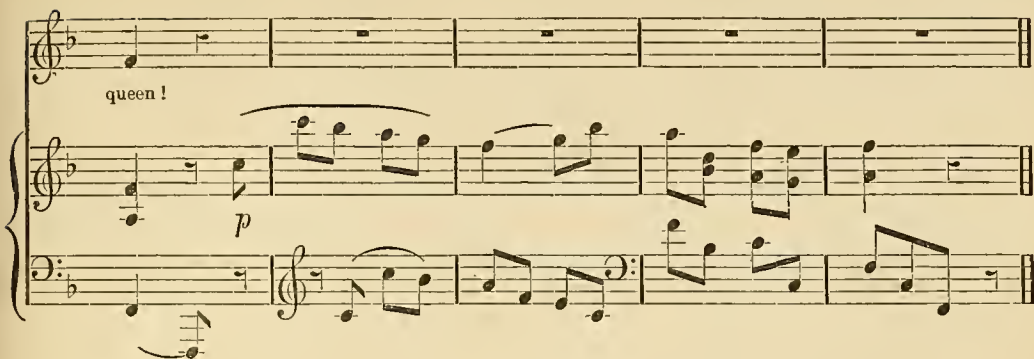
ALLEGRETTO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 2/4 time, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is in the right hand, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Blythesome may I see thee, and mild as morn of May, And bloom - ing fresh as".

The second system continues the song with the lyrics: "ros - es full - blown at break of day; And when thou stray - est gai - ly o'er".

The third system concludes the song with the lyrics: "meads and hillocks green, May love and joy at - tend thee, O fair - est ru - ral".



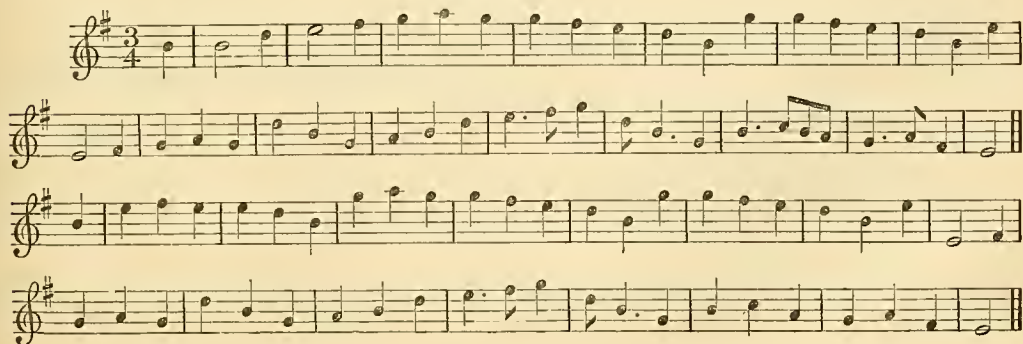
When first I saw thee, lovely as lily of the vale,  
And heard thy mellow warblings commingling with the gale,  
I thought of seraphs hymning, in bowers of bliss above,  
Their hallow'd strains harmonious of purest heavenly love.

'Twas then I first felt rapture, true love, and chaste desire,  
Those tenderest sensations that wishes pure inspire :  
'Twas then I fondly fancied, that such a form divine  
Would yield all earthly joyance, were such an angel mine.

Full blythe then may I see thee, for ay, my winsome maid,  
In every grace and virtue thy mind and frame array'd ;  
Thy guileless spirit playful, as innocently gay,  
Be sprightly as the spring-time, and blooming fair as May.

"BLYTHESOME MAY I SEE THEE." This song, written by the late Alexander Campbell, and set to the Highland air, "*Gu ma slan a chi mi,*" was published in the first volume of his *Albyn's Anthology*, in 1816. He there gives also a Gaelic song to the air, with a prose translation. The Gaelic song he names *Oran Gaoil*. In vol. iii. of Johnson's *Museum*, p. 282, we find another "*Oran Gaoil*," a Gaelic song translated by a lady, set to "an original Highland melody," in triple time,  $\frac{3}{4}$ , and entirely different from the air given by Mr. Campbell. Mr. Stenhouse, in his note upon the song and air in Johnson, says, "The editor has never seen the original Gaelic song; but he has no reason to doubt that there may be such a one, and that the English version is correct enough. It may be remarked, however, that almost every Highland family of rank and fortune have long been in the habit of sending their children to the low country for their education, in which music has always been one of the principal ornamental branches. There cannot be a doubt, therefore, that the airs peculiar to Tweedside, Ettrick, Leader, Yarrow, Gala, &c., have been long as familiar to the Highlanders as to the inhabitants of those Lowland pastoral districts where they had their origin. Many of them too, it is believed, have had the honour of being set to Gaelic verses. That the tune in question, however, is either of Irish or Gaelic extraction, seems to be very doubtful; for the editor has in his possession a very old manuscript, in square notes, in which this identical tune, or at least one very similar to it, is inserted under the name of 'Y<sup>e</sup> Auld Jew,' of which a copy is subjoined."

THE AULD JEW.



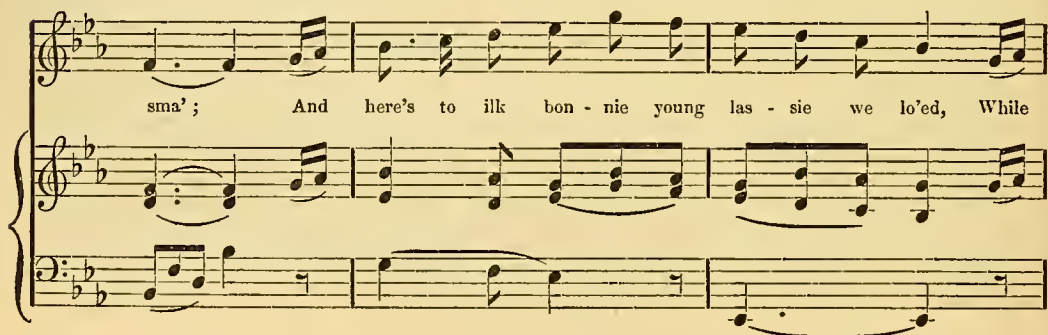
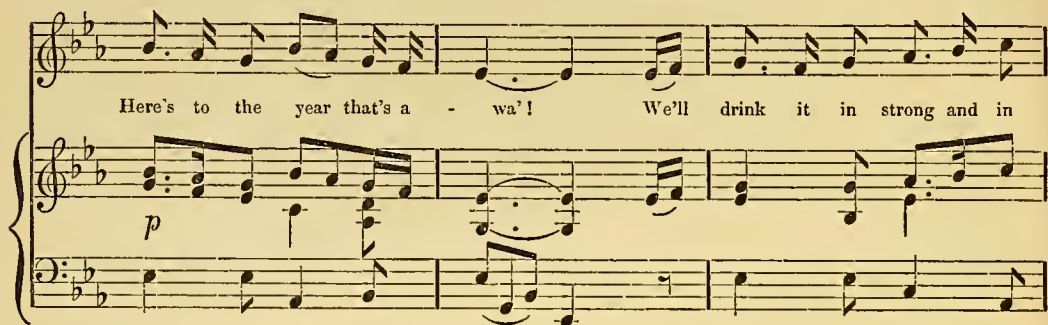


## THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

 $\text{♩} = 52$ 

MODERATO.



las - sie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a - wa'.

*mf*

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note 'las', followed by a quarter note 'sie', a half note 'we', and a quarter note 'lo'ed'. This is followed by a half note 'While', a quarter note 'swift', a half note 'flew', a quarter note 'the', a half note 'year', a quarter note 'that's', a half note 'a', and a quarter note 'wa'.

Here's to the sodger who bled,  
 And the sailor who bravely did fa';  
 Their fame is alive, though their spirits are fled  
 On the wings of the year that's awa'.  
 Their fame is alive, &c.

Here's to the friends we can trust,  
 When the storms of adversity blaw;  
 May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,  
 Nor depart like the year that's awa'.  
 May they live, &c.

"THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'." This song was written by "Mr. Dunlop, late Collector at the Custom-House of Port-Glasgow, and father of Mr. Dunlop, author of *The History of Fiction*." So says Mr. Robert Chambers in his *Scottish Songs*, vol. ii. p. 437. We republish the words given by Mr. Chambers, seeing that in two or three editions of them set to music, several of the lines have been altered. A misprint of "friend" for "friends," in the first line of the last stanza, is here corrected. The history of the air, so far as we can learn, is as follows:—"Mr. Robert Donaldson, printer in Greenock, now in Glasgow, having been reading Dunlop's poems, thought the song so good as to be worthy of an air; and calling upon Mr. W. H. Moore, then organist there, (now in Glasgow,) hummed over to him what he considered might be a melody suited for it. This Mr. Moore remodelled considerably, and published, probably about the year 1820. It was afterwards taken up by some of the public singers, and became very popular. Indeed it is still sung about New-year time, though we cannot say much about either soldier or sailor fighting for their country in these days. Long may it continue so!"

There is another version of the air, which we subjoin on account of its being of less extensive compass than the original.

This musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of a single melodic line. The melody begins with a half note 'las', followed by a quarter note 'sie', a half note 'we', and a quarter note 'lo'ed'. This is followed by a half note 'While', a quarter note 'swift', a half note 'flew', a quarter note 'the', a half note 'year', a quarter note 'that's', a half note 'a', and a quarter note 'wa'.

## THE LAWLAND LADS THINK THEY ARE FINE.

ENGLISH AIR.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

♩ = 60

MODERATO.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'MODERATO' with a quarter note equal to 60 beats per minute. The piano part begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

The Law - land lads tthink they are fine, But O, they're vain and  
 id - ly gan - dy ; How much un - like the grace - fu' mein And  
 man - ly looks of my High - land lad - die ! O my bon - nie High - land lad - die, My



handsome, charm - ing, High - land lad - die! May heaven still guard, and love re - ward, Our

Law - land lass and her High - land lad - die!

*mf*

If I were free at will to choose  
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,  
I'd tak' young Donald without trews,  
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidie.  
O my bonnie, &c.

The bravest<sup>1</sup> beau in burrows town,  
In a' his airs, wi' art, made ready,  
Compared to him, he's but a clown,  
He's finer far in tartan plaidie.  
O my bonnie, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
Than that his love prove true and steady,  
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.  
O my bonnie, &c.

O'er benty<sup>2</sup> hill wi' him I'll run,  
And leave my Lawland kin and daddie;  
Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,  
He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidie  
O my bonnie, &c.

Few compliments between us pass;  
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,  
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,  
Syne<sup>3</sup> rows me in beneath his plaidie.  
O my bonnie, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Gayest.

<sup>2</sup> A hill covered with coarse grass.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards.

"THE LAWLAND LADS THINK THEY ARE FINE." This melody, called "The New Highland Laddie," was composed by the celebrated English composer, Mich. Arne, to an English version of Ramsay's *Highland Lassie*. The words and music appeared in the *Muses' Delight*, p. 66, Liverpool, 1754. The "Old Highland Laddie" is quite a different air, which consisted originally of one strain, and was so published, with Ramsay's verses, in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. It is supposed to be very old, as it appears (according to Mr. Stenhouse) in a MS. collection of airs in 1687. We subjoin it. We omit the fifth stanza of Ramsay's verses, for sufficient reasons. William Napier, in his first collection, 1790, also omits that stanza.

## WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 72$   
MODERATO.

Come all ye jol-ly shepherds That

whistle through the glen, I'll tell ye of a se-cret That courtiers din-na ken. What

is the greatest bliss That the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to woo a bonnie las-sie When the

kye comes hame. When the kye comes hame, When the kye comes hame, 'Tween the



'Tis not beneath the burgoonet,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor yet beneath the crown,  
 'Tis not on couch of velvet,  
 Nor yet on bed of down :  
 'Tis beneath the spreading birch,  
 In the dell without a name,  
 Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
 When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs<sup>2</sup> his nest  
 For the mate he loves to see,  
 And up upon the tapmost bough,  
 Oh, a happy bird is he !  
 Then he pours his melting ditty,  
 And love 'tis a' the theme,  
 And he'll woo his bonnie lassie  
 When the kye comes hame.

When the bluart<sup>3</sup> bears a pearl,  
 And the daisy turns a pea,  
 And the bonnie lucken gowan  
 Has fauldit up his e'e,  
 Then the laverock frae the blue lift  
 Draps down, and thinks nae shame  
 To woo his bonnie lassie  
 When the kye comes hame.

Then the eye shines sae bright,  
 The haill soul to beguile,  
 There's love in every whisper,  
 And joy in every smile;  
 O, who would choose a crown,  
 Wi' its perils and its fame,  
 And miss a bonnie lassie  
 When the kye comes hame ?

See yonder pawky<sup>4</sup> shepherd  
 That lingers on the hill—  
 His yowes are in the fauld,  
 And his lambs are lying still;  
 Yet he downa gang to rest,  
 For his heart is in a flame  
 To meet his bonnie lassie  
 When the kye comes hame.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—  
 What comfort can they gi'e ?—  
 And a' the arts that prey  
 On man's life and libertie !  
 Gi'e me the highest joy  
 That the heart o' man can frame ;  
 My bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
 When the kye comes hame.

<sup>1</sup> A kind of helmet.<sup>2</sup> Builds.<sup>3</sup> The bilberry.<sup>4</sup> Sly, artful.

"WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME." In "Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd, now first collected, Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1831," James Hogg himself writes the following notes upon this song:—"In the title and chorus of this favourite pastoral song, I choose rather to violate a rule in grammar, than a Scottish phrase so common, that when it is altered into the proper way, every shepherd and shepherd's sweetheart account it nonsense. I was once singing it at a wedding with great glee the latter way, ('when the kye come hame,') when a tailor, scratching his head, said, 'It was a terrible affectit way that !' I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again. It is to the old tune of 'Shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't,' with an additional chorus. It is set to music in the Noctes, at which it was first sung, and in no other place that I am aware of." . . . . "I composed the foregoing song I neither know how nor when; for when the, 'Three Perils of Man' came first to my hand, and I saw this song put into the mouth of a 'drunken poet, and mangled in the singing, I had no recollection of it whatever. I had written it off-hand along with the prose, and quite forgot it. But I liked it, altered it, and it has been my favourite pastoral for singing ever since. It is too long to be sung from beginning to end; but only the second and antepenult verses [stanzas] can possibly be dispensed with, and these not very well neither." As we do not think that Hogg improved his song by altering it, we adopt the earlier version. The air to which Hogg adapted his words is not a true version of "The Blathrie o't," but one considerably altered. See Appendix.



## I'LL BID MY HEART BE STILL.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 68$   
ANDANTE  
MESTO.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The time signature is common time (C). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo markings are 'ANDANTE' and 'MESTO'. The first system includes a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: 'I'll bid my heart be still, And check each strug - gling sigh; And there's none e'er shall know My soul's cher - ish'd wo, When the first tears of sor - row are dry.'

*p*

I'll bid my heart be still, And check each strug - gling  
sigh; And there's none e'er shall know My soul's cher - ish'd wo, When the  
first tears of sor - row are dry.

They bid me cease to weep,  
For glory gilds his name;  
Ah! 'tis therefore I mourn—  
He ne'er can return  
To enjoy the bright noon of his fame.

While minstrels wake the lay  
For peace and freedom won,  
Like my lost lover's knell  
The tones seem to swell,  
And I hear but his death-dirge alone.

My cheek has lost its hue,  
My eye grows faint and dim,  
But 'tis sweeter to fade  
In grief's gloomy shade,  
Than to bloom for another than him.

"I'LL BID MY HEART BE STILL." This song was written by the late Mr. Thomas Pringle, author of "African Sketches," &c., who died in 1834. It was published with a Border air in the first volume of Albyn's Anthology, 1816. Mr. A. Campbell's note upon the air is as follows:—"This sweetly rural and plaintive air, like many others of the more ancient Border Melodies, has but one part, or rather one measure (strain). It was taken down by the editor, from the singing of Mr. Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd) and his friend Mr. Pringle, author of the pathetic verses to which it is united. While this sheet was in its progress through the press, the young gentleman last mentioned received from his sister, Miss M. Pringle, Jedburgh, three stanzas of the original Border ditty, which was chanted to the melody here alluded to; and they are here subjoined, as a curious specimen of that quaint play on words which was so much in fashion during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is to the obliging zeal of this young lady for promoting the present work that the editor is indebted for the admirable melody to which Mr. Walter Scott has written 'Jock o' Hazeldean,' and likewise the fine original air to which her brother wrote the 'The Banks o' Cayle.'"—Albyn's Anthology, vol. i. p. 41. The following are the stanzas above alluded to:—

O once my *thyme* was young,  
It flourish'd night and day;  
But by there cam' a false young man,  
And he stole my *thyme* away.

Within my garden gay  
The rose and lily grew;  
But the pride o' my garden is withered away,  
And it's a' grown o'er wi' *rue*.

Farewell, ye fading flowers,  
And farewell, bonnie Jean;  
But the flower that is now trodden under foot  
In time it may bloom again.

I'll plant a bower of *hop*, &c.  
\* \* \* \* \*

In Mr. Chappell's Collection of Ancient English Melodies, No. 95, "The Willow Tree" is an air that resembles this Border melody so much, as to make us believe that one is only a modification of the other.

#### THE WILLOW TREE.



Mr. Chappell says: "This is one of the common ballad tunes, still sung about the counties of Derbyshire, Warwickshire, and Lancashire," &c. He asks if No. 106 of his collection (an air in  $\frac{6}{8}$  time) is the original of this tune, No. 95? The following is that No. 106, called, "Come open the door, sweet Betty."



## A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

AIR, "THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 72$   
 AFFETTUOSO. *p*

A rose - bud by my ear - ly walk, A - down a corn in -

closed hawk,<sup>1</sup> Sa - gent - ly bent its thorn - y stalk, All on a dew - y

morn - ing. Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In

<sup>1</sup> A strip of land left unploughed.



The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'a' its crim - son glo - ry spread, And droop - ing rich the dew - y head, It'. The piano accompaniment features a flowing melody in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'scents the ear - ly morn - ing.' and includes a piano accompaniment marked 'mf'.

Within the bush, her covert nest,  
 A little linnet fondly prest,  
 The dew sat chilly on her breast  
     Sae early in the morning.  
 She soon shall see her tender brood,  
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
     Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeannie fair!  
 On trembling string, or vocal air,  
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
     That tends thy early morning.  
 So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,  
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
 And bless the parent's evening ray  
     That watch'd thy early morning.

"A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK." The subject of this song was Miss Cruickshanks, daughter of William Cruickshanks, one of the masters of the High School, in whose house Burns resided for some time during his visit to Edinburgh in 1787. In Johnson's Museum, No. 189, the words are published with an air composed by Mr. David Sillar, formerly merchant, and afterwards schoolmaster, at Irvine. Burns says, (in *Reliques*), "He is the *Davie* to whom I address my printed poetical epistle in the measure of 'The Cherry and the Slae.'" Sillar's air has no merit except what it derives from the tune of "Johnnie Cope." We have adopted, for Burns' song, an air called "The Shepherd's wife," and which has appeared in several collections. It seems to have been suggested by the air of the same name, No. 362 of Johnson's Museum. We subjoin that air.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in 6/8 time. It consists of three staves of music. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line, and the second and third staves continue the melody.

## FAIR SCOTLAND! DEAR AS LIFE TO ME.

AIR.—"ROTHES' LAMENT," OR, "PINKIE HOUSE."

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

$\text{♩} = 69$   
 MODERATO.

Fair Scot - land! dear as life to me Are thy ma - jes - tie

hills; And sweet as pu - rest me - lo - dy, The mu - sic of thy rills.

The wild - est cairn, the dark - est dell, With - in thy rock - y

strand, Pos - sess o'er me a liv - ing spell; Thou art my na - tive

land!

And thou hast ties around my heart—  
Attraction deeper still;  
The gifted Poet's sacred art,  
The Minstrel's matchless skill:  
Yea, every scene that Burns and Scott  
Have touched with magic hand,  
Is in my sight a hallowed spot,  
Mine own distinguished land!

Loved country! when I muse upon  
Thy dauntless men of old,  
Whose swords in battle foremost shone  
Beside thy Wallace bold,  
And Bruce, who for our liberty  
Did England's sway withstand—  
I glory I was born in thee,  
My own ennobled land!

"FAIR SCOTLAND! DEAR AS LIFE TO ME." "The air of 'Pinkie House' was anciently called 'Rothes' Lament.' Of this old song, the melody and title are all that remain. It was printed in the *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725, adapted to a ballad, one of the earliest compositions of Mr. David Mallet, beginning, 'As Sylvia in a forest lay.'" See *Museum Illustrations*, vol. i. p. 58. In the fifth volume of *Watts' Musical Miscellany*, pp. 174, 175, we find, "Tune, Pinkie House, by David Rizzio. The words by Mr. Mitchell." We have already, in the course of this Work, exposed the error and absurdity, as well as the wilful deception, of ascribing any of our Scottish melodies to David Rizzio. The version of the air as given in *Watts* differs slightly from the current modern versions in the 4th, 8th, 12th, and 15th measures, as shown below.

The words to the air in *Watts* are sad stuff, beginning—"As love-sick Corydon beside a murmur'ing riv'let lay," and proclaiming the griefs of *Corydon* and the cruelty of *Cosmelia* in strains pretty much on a level with Mitchell's other words to the same air—"By Pinkie House oft let me walk." We have chosen for the air three stanzas of an excellent song, written by Mr. Robert White, and published entire in *Blackie's Book of Scottish Song*, p. 90, with the following note: "This beautiful national lyric is the production of Robert White of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and is here printed for the first time. Mr. White, though long resident in England, is a native of Scotland; and the verses were suggested by an inquiry made by Mr. Patrick Maxwell, the editor of Miss Blamire's poems, as to whether or not he was a Scotsman. To Mr. Maxwell, therefore, the public is indebted as the cause of so fine a piece being produced, and we, in particular, have to express our obligations to him for his kindness in forwarding it to 'The Book of Scottish Song,' as well as another beautiful poem by the same author, called 'The Mountaineer's Death,' which will be found in another part of the work." The three stanzas are here published by Mr. White's express permission.



## PEGGY, NOW THE KING'S COME.

AIR, "CARLE, AN THE KING COME."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

 $\text{♩} = 69$ 

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRETTO.' with a quarter note equal to 69 beats per minute. The piano accompaniment starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Peg - gy, now the king's come, Peg - gy, now the king's come, thou may dance, and I shall sing, Peg - gy, since the king's come. Nae mair the haw - kies'. The score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass and chords in the treble. The vocal line is a simple melody with some grace notes. The score ends with a double bar line.

Peg - gy, now the

king's come, Peg - gy, now the king's come, thou may dance, and

I shall sing, Peg - gy, since the king's come. Nae mair the haw - kies<sup>1</sup>

shalt thou milk, But change thy plai - den coat for silk, And be a la - dy

of that ilk,<sup>2</sup> Now, Peg - gy, since the king's come.

<sup>1</sup> Cows. <sup>2</sup> "Of that ilk, of the same; denoting that he who is thus designed has a title the same with his surname."—JAMIESON.

"PEGGY, NOW THE KING'S COME." Air, "Carle, an the king come." Mr. Stenhouse's note is as follows:—"There are two songs to this old air in the Museum, the first, beginning, 'Peggy, now the king's come,' was written by Ramsay for Mause, one of the characters in his *Gentle Shepherd*. The second song, beginning, 'Carle, an the king come,' is partly old and partly modern, the second stanza being written by Burns. The remainder of the verses are said to have been composed during the usurpation of Cromwell. A more complete but modernized copy of the song, however, may be seen in Hogg's *Jacohite Relics*, vol. i." See *Museum Illustrations*, vol. iii. pp. 24, 25. The air of "O'er the moor among the heather," seems to us only a modification of "Carle, an the king come." The picture in verse given by Ramsay, Act II. Scene 3 of *The Gentle Shepherd*, introductory to Mause's song, is pleasingly rustic:—

"A green kail-yard, a little fount,  
Where water poplan springs;  
There sits a wife with wrinkled front,  
And yet she spins and sings."

It appears that after Ramsay had written his *Gentle Shepherd* without songs, he was induced, by the example and the success of Gay's "*Beggar's Opera*," to add songs and music to his own pastoral drama, but without the effect that he expected. There being only one stanza of Mause's song, we subjoin the "old words" as given in *Johnson's Museum*.—

Carle, an the king come,  
Carle, an the king come,  
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,  
Carle, an the king come.

An somebodie were come again,  
Then somebodie maun cross the main,  
And every man shall ha'e his ain,  
Carle, an the king come.  
Carle, an the king come, &c.

I trow we swapped for the warse,  
We ga'e the hoot an' better horse;  
And that we'll tell them at the cross,  
Carle, an the king come.

Carle, an the king come, &c.

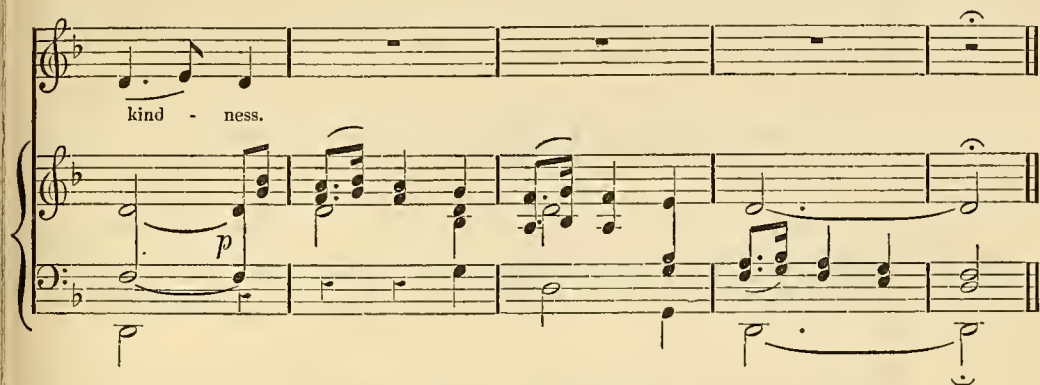
Coggie, an the king come,  
Coggie, an the king come,  
I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom,  
Coggie, an the king come.

Coggie, an the king come, &c.

When George IV. visited Scotland in 1822, Sir Walter Scott wrote a humorous poem, commencing, "Carle, now the king's come," in the same measure as the present song. The allusions being local, and only of temporary interest, we refer to his *Poetical Works* for it. See vol. i. p. 695, edit. 1847.







Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,  
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;  
 But though fell fortune should fate us to sever,  
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,  
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest !  
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter;  
 Sooner the sun in his motion shall falter.

"'Twas NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E." This song was written by Burns in 1795 for Mr. George Thomson's Collection, to the air of "Laddie, lie near me." Burns, in a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated September 1793, acknowledges receipt of a list of twenty songs for Mr. Thomson's Collection; and, with regard to "Laddie, lie near me," says: "Laddie, lie near me' must lie by me for some time. I do not know the air; and until I am complete master of a tune, in my own singing, (such as it is,) I can never compose for it." The remainder of the passage we have already quoted in the note upon "Ca' the yowes to the knowes," vol. i. p. 95, of this work. The air of "Laddie, lie near me" is old. In a note on "What's a' the steer, kimmer?" page 71 of this volume, we had occasion to mention the merits of Miss Stephens as a singer. We then quoted from the late Dr. Kitchener's Observations on Voel Music, and we now extract another interesting passage from the same little work.—

"I hope that this essay will be useful at least in calling the attention of the composers and performers of vocal music to that consideration of the importance of the proper accent and emphasis of the words, which has been the foundation of the fame of all our very great composers and singers, and those who think that the proper pronunciation and expression of the poetry is the *chef d'œuvre* of singing, will judge with candour the observations which are now submitted to them by an amateur, whose zeal for the application of song to the noblest purposes has excited him to write down his sentiments on the subject.—When the incomparable Madame Mara took leave of me on her return to the Continent, I could not help expressing my regret that she had not taken my advice to publish those songs of Handel, (her matchless performance of which gained her that undisputed pre-eminence which she enjoyed,) with the embellishments, &c., with which she enriched them. This inimitable singer replied—'Indeed, my good friend, you attribute my success to a very different source than the real one—it was not what I did, but the manner in which I did it. I would sing six simple notes, and produce every effect I could wish—another singer may sing those very same notes with very different effect. I am sure it was to my expression of the words that I owe everything. People have often said to me—*Madame Mara*, why do you not introduce more pretty things, and passages, and graces, into your songs? I said, these pretty things, &c., are all very pretty, to be sure, but the proper expression of the words and the music is a great deal better.' This, and her extraordinary industry, were the secrets of her undisputed superiority. Her perseverance in her endeavours to please the public was indefatigable. She told me that when she was encoed in a song—which she very often was—on her return home she seldom retired to rest without first inventing a new cadence for the next performance of it. Here is an example for young singers!"—Observations, &c., pp. 14-16. At Bologna, in 1819, the Editor was well acquainted with the late Cavaliere Girolamo Crescentini, then advanced in years, but at one time the greatest singer in Europe. When at the height of his celebrity, he was engaged in the Opera at Lisbon. So far from remaining satisfied with his superiority, or being rendered self-sufficient by the enthusiastic applause of the public, Crescentini, fatigued with his evening's exertions, used to return to his hotel and sit down to his harpsichord, at which he remained till a late hour, singing over again all the most remarkable songs of his part in the Opera, and devising new turns of expression, new embellishments, and new cadences, for the next public performance.

## O THE EWE-BUGHTING'S BONNIE.

AIR.—"THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 56$

LAROHETTO.

*p*

O the ewe - bught-ing's<sup>1</sup> bon - nie,

both e'e - ning and morn, When our blithe shepherds play on the bog - reed and

horn; While we're milk - ing they're lilt - ing<sup>2</sup> sae jo - cund and

The musical score is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both the right and left hands. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

clear; But my heart's like to break when I think on my  
 dear!

O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn,  
 To raise up their flocks i' the fresh simmer morn:  
 On the steep ferny banks they feed pleasant and free—  
 But alas! my dear heart, all my sighing's for thee!

O the sheep-herding's lightsome among the green braes,  
 Where Cayle wimples clear 'neath the white-blossomed slacs,  
 Where the wild-thyme and meadow-queen scent the saft gale,  
 And the cushat croods<sup>3</sup> leesome down in the dale.

There the lintwhite and mavis sing sweet frae the thorn,  
 And blithe lirts the laverock<sup>4</sup> aboon the green corn,  
 And a' things rejoice in the simmer's glad prime—  
 But my heart's wi' my love in the far foreign clime.

<sup>1</sup> *Bught*.—A pen in which the ewes are milked.

<sup>2</sup> Singing or playing cheerfully.

<sup>3</sup> Ringdove coos.

<sup>4</sup> Lark.

"O THE EWE-BUGHTING'S BONNIE." The words which we have adopted for the air of "The Yellow-hair'd Laddie" are the two first stanzas of a song written for that air by the late Thomas Pringle, and published in his *Poetical Works*, London, E. Moxon, 1838, pp. 170, 171. It is necessary to observe that Mr. Pringle's stanzas are of eight lines each, while only four lines are required for each time the air is sung. We are therefore obliged to divide the two stanzas into four. Mr. Pringle's note on the song is as follows:—"The first verse (stanza) of this song is old. It was transcribed by the editor from a fragment in the handwriting of the celebrated Lady Grisell Baillie, inclosed in a letter written from Scotland to her brother Patrick, who was at that time an exile in Holland, along with her father (afterwards Earl of Marchmont) and her future husband, Baillie of Jerviswood. The style is not unlike that of her own sweet song—'O were na my heart light, I wad dee.' The other verses (stanzas) are an attempt to complete the simple ditty in the same pastoral strain.—T. P." We have not given the old words usually sung to this air, because they are not only very mediocre as poetry, but also ill adapted to the accents of the melody. The air seems to be not older than the latter part of the seventeenth century. One of the most artificial versions of it that we have seen is Watts', in 1729, vol. i. p. 106, of his *Musical Miscellany*. One of the best, in several respects, is found in William McGibbon's Collection, oblong folio.



## MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

$\text{♩} = 80$   
 CON SPIRITO.

My wife's a win - some wee thing, She is a hand - some

wee thing, She is a bon - nie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o'

mine. I ne - ver saw a fair - er, I ne - ver lo'ed a

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand part with a treble clef and a left-hand part with a bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'And'. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *sf* (sforzando) and *f* (forte).

dear - er, And neist<sup>1</sup> my heart I'll wear her, For  
 fear my jew - el tine.<sup>2</sup>

O leeze<sup>3</sup> me on my wee thing,  
 My bonnie, blithesome wee thing;  
 Sae lang's I ha'e my wee thing  
 I'll think my lot divine.

<sup>1</sup> Next.

<sup>2</sup> Lose.

Tho' world's care we share o't,  
 And may sae meikle mair o't,  
 Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,  
 And ne'er a word repine.

<sup>3</sup> An expression of strong affection.

"MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING." The air is of uncertain date, but was printed in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. In a letter to Mr. George Thomson, dated 8th November 1792, Burns writes as follows: "If you mean, my dear sir, that all the songs in your collection shall be poetry of the first merit, I am afraid you will find more difficulty in the undertaking than you are aware of. There is a peculiar rhythmus in many of our airs, and a necessity of adapting syllables to the emphasis, or what I would call the feature-notes of the tune, that cramp the poet, and lay him under almost insuperable difficulties. For instance, in the air, 'My wife's a wanton wee thing,' if a few lines smooth and pretty can be adapted to it, it is all you can expect. The following were made extempore to it; and though, on further study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink." The lines referred to by Burns are those we have given to the air. On the difficulty of writing songs to airs we have already made some remarks in the first volume of this work, p. 157, *et passim*.

In addition to the passage just quoted from Burns, we may observe that a very common fault of those who compose music to poetry, is neglect of the true accent and emphasis. Walker, in his Rhetorical Grammar, says,—“In verse, every syllable must have the same accent, and every word the same emphasis, as in prose: for though the rhythmical arrangement of the accent and emphasis is the very definition of poetry, yet if this arrangement tends to give an emphasis to words which would have none in prose, or an accent to such syllables as have probably no accent, the rhythmus, or music of the verse, must be entirely neglected. Thus the article *the* ought never to have a stress, though placed in that part of the verse where the ear expects an accent.” Sheridan says, “A good articulation consists in giving every letter in a syllable its due proportion of sound, according to the most approved custom of pronouncing it; and in making such a distinction between the syllables of which words are composed, that the ear shall without difficulty acknowledge their number, and perceive at once to which syllable each letter belongs. A good articulation is to the ear in speaking what a fair and regular hand is to the eye in writing; and exactness in sounding the words rightly, corresponds to propriety in spelling; in both cases the understanding can comprehend what is offered to it with ease and quickness, and without being obliged to have recourse to painful attention. As *accent* marks the syllable in a word on which the greatest stress is laid, so emphasis points out the most significant word in the sentence. . . . Were there no accents, words would be resolved into their original syllables; were there no emphasis, sentences would be resolved into their original words; and in this case, the hearer must be at the pains himself, first, of making out the words, and afterwards their meaning,” &c. We shall resume this subject.

## WHERE HA'E YE BEEN A' THE DAY?

AIR, "BONNIE LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 80$

ALLEGRETTO.

*p*

*rall. assai.*

Where ha'e ye been a' the day, Bon - nie lad - die,

Highland lad - die? Saw ye him that's far a - way, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie?

On his head a bon - net blue, Bon - nie lad - die, Highland lad - die; Tar - tan plaid and



High - land trews, Bon - nie lad - die, Highland lad - die ?

*p*

*rall.*

When he drew his gude braid sword,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Then he gave his royal word,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 That frae the field he ne'er would flee,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 But we his friend would live or dee,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Weary fa' the Lawland loon  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 Wha took frae him the British crown,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;  
 But blessings on the kilted clans,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,  
 That fought for him at Prestonpans,  
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

"WHERE HA'E YE BEEN A' THE DAY?" In James Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, second series, No. 105, p. 202, occurs a song beginning, "Geordie sits in Charlie's chair," to be sung to the air which is given to No. 63 of the same volume, called "The Highland Laddie." Hogg's version of the air differs from the one we have adopted. The song, No. 105, is horribly ludicrous, but we cannot give it entire, on account of the extreme coarseness of some of the stanzas. A modification of it is published in Mr. George Thomson's Collection, with two introductory stanzas not in Hogg's edition. The stanza beginning, "Weary fa' the Lawland loon," is the second in Hogg's copy. As an additional song, we give below the first and fourth stanzas (the best, and long enough for singing) of a humorous song published anonymously in Blackie's *Book of Scottish Song*, p. 262. Mr. Stenhouse, in his note on "The Highland Laddie," (No. 468 of Johnson's Museum,) quotes two songs from a "Collection of loyal songs, poems, &c., 1750," and says,—“The air to which the foregoing songs are adapted is very spirited. It appears without a name in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, Book i. p. 36, under a slow air called 'The Highland Laddie.' But the old appellation of the air was 'Cockle Shells,' and (it) was known in England during the usurpation of Cromwell, for it is printed in Playford's 'Dancing Master,' first edition, in 1657.” Mr. Stenhouse seems to confound together two very dissimilar airs, as we will show by printing them in the Appendix, there being no room for them at the end of this Note. "Cockle Shells" is evidently the old version of the air which we have given above to the words beginning, "Where ha'e ye been a' (the) day?" but has nothing in common with the tune in Oswald to which Mr. Stenhouse refers. The air of "Cockle Shells" has a starting-note, and concludes on the *sixth* of the key; while the modern versions of the same air, under the name of "The Highland Laddie," or "Highland Laddie," omit the starting-note, and close upon the *fifth* of the key; thus destroying characteristic features of the melody. The tune called "The Lass of Livingston," is another version of "Cockle Shells."

To ha'e a wife and rule a wife,  
 Taks a wise, taks a wise man;  
 But to get a wife to rule a man,  
 O that ye can, O that ye can.  
 So the wife's that's wise we aye maun prize,  
 For they're few ye ken, they're scarce ye ken;  
 O Solomon says ye'll no fu' ane  
 In hundreds ten, in hundreds ten.

Sae he that gets a guid, guid wife,  
 Gets gear aneugh, gets gear aneugh;  
 An' he that gets an ill, ill wife,  
 Gets cares aneugh, gets fears aneugh.  
 A man may spen', an ha'e to the en',  
 If his wife be ought, if his wife be ought;  
 But a man may spare, an aye be bare,  
 If his wife be nought, if his wife be nought.

## THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

AIR.—“THERE'S FEW GUDE FELLOWS WHEN JAMIE'S AWA'.”

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 92$   
 LARGHETTO  
 DOLOROSO.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'LARGHETTO DOLOROSO' with a quarter note equal to 92 beats. The piano part begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic and includes a *pp* (pianissimo) section in the final system. The vocal line includes the lyrics: 'By yon cas - tle wa', at the close o' the day, I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey; And as he was sing - ing, the tears down came, There'll ne - ver be peace till Jam - ie comes'.

By  
 yon cas - tle wa', at the close o' the day, I heard a man  
 sing, tho' his head it was grey; And as he was sing - ing, the  
 tears down came, There'll ne - ver be peace till Jam - ie comes

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,  
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars :  
We daurna weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,  
And now I greet<sup>1</sup> round their green beds in the yird :  
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,  
Since I tint my bairns, and he tint<sup>2</sup> his crown :  
But till my last moments my words are the same—  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

<sup>1</sup> Weep.

<sup>2</sup> Lost.

"THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME." These words were written by Burns for Johnson's Museum, where they appear, No. 315, to a modification of the tune, "There are few good fellows when Jamie's awa'," published by James Oswald in his first "Collection of curious Scots Tunes," dedicated to Frederick Prince of Wales, in 1742. In the Reliques, Burns mentions that this tune is sometimes called, "There's few good fellows when Willie's awa' ;" but he had never been able to meet with anything else of the song than the title. Mr. Stenhouse, in his note upon the song and air in Johnson's Museum, does not advert to the differences between the air in the Museum and the air given by Oswald. The chief differences are in the sixth, tenth, thirteenth, and fourteenth measures, as appears from Oswald's version here subjoined. The  $\sharp E$  introduced in the tenth measure of the air in Johnson is harsh and erroneous; so that we have preserved the  $\flat E$ , which is found in both Oswald and McGibbon. The latter gives the chord of D major, decidedly, in the sixth and fourteenth measures. As Oswald's and McGibbon's versions have been superseded by Johnson's, we have adopted the latter, with the exception of the  $\sharp E$  abovementioned. The second strain of the air in Oswald, McGibbon, and Johnson, being merely a repetition of the first an octave higher, and therefore beyond the compass of any ordinary voice, we have given the first strain only.

From p. 36 of Oswald's Collection abovementioned :—





## HAPPY'S THE LOVE THAT MEETS RETURN.

AIR, "MARY SCOTT."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

♩ = 80

ANDANTE  
LENTAMENTE.

*rall.* Hap - py's the love that meets re - turn, But

mine meets on - ly slight and scorn; O that I

ne'er had seen you tower, That shel - ters Yar - row's

fair - est flow - er! 'Mang circling hills, that guard her hame, The

This system consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "fair - est flow - er! 'Mang circling hills, that guard her hame, The".

bon - nie loch's clear wa - ters gleam, And there lives

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "bon - nie loch's clear wa - ters gleam, And there lives".

she whom nane can mar - row, Ma - ry Scott, the

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "she whom nane can mar - row, Ma - ry Scott, the".

flow'r o' Yar - row!

*p* *rall.*

This system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "flow'r o' Yar - row!". The piano part includes dynamic markings *p* (piano) and *rall.* (rallentando).

"HAPPY'S THE LOVE THAT MEETS RETURN." From want of space here, the remaining stanzas, as well as the Note on this song and air, are transferred to the Appendix.

## I WISH I WAR WHERE EELIN LIES!

AIR.—"FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL."

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

$\text{♩} = 63$   
 LENTO  
 ED  
 ESPRESSIVO.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo and performance instructions are Lento and Espressivo, with a metronome marking of 63 beats per minute. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a forte (*sf*) section towards the end.

**System 1:** The vocal line begins with the lyrics "I wish I war where". The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

**System 2:** The vocal line continues with "Ee - lin lies, For nicht and day on me scho cries, Oh!".

**System 3:** The vocal line continues with "that I war where Ee - lin lies, On fair Kirk - con - nel".

**System 4:** The vocal line concludes with "lee!". The piano accompaniment ends with a forte (*sf*) dynamic.



Curse<sup>1</sup> on the hand that shot the shot,  
Likewise the gun that ga'e the crack;  
Fair Eelin in my arms scho lap,  
And deit for love of me.

O think na ye my heart was sair  
To see her lie, and speak na mair!  
There did scho swoon, wi' mickle care,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I loutit down, my sword did draw;  
I cuttit him in pieces sma';  
I cuttit him in pieces sma'  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I wish I war where Eelin lies,  
For nicht and day on me scho cries;  
I wish I war where Eelin<sup>2</sup> lies,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

O Eelin fair, without compare,  
I'll mack a garland of thy hair,  
And wear the same for evermair,  
Until the day I dee.

I wish my grave war growin' green,  
A winding-sheet put o'er my een,  
And I in Eelin's arms lyin'  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

O Eelin chast, thou wast modest;  
War I with thee I wad be blest;  
Where thou lies low, and tak's thy rest,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

<sup>1</sup> Wae may be sung instead.

<sup>2</sup> Eelin for Helen is the spelling purposely used throughout by Mr. Sharpe.

"I WISH I WAR WHERE EELIN LIES." In his note upon "I wish I were where Helen lies," Mr. Stenhouse says:—"There are various editions of this ballad in Pinkerton's *Scottish Poems*, Sir Walter Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, and other collections, but they all differ more or less from one another, and the several airs to which the words have been adapted are also dissimilar. All of them are evidently modern, and totally different from the simple and plaintive little air to which the editor has always heard the ballad sung in the south of Scotland." *Museum Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 143. We subjoin the air given by Johnson in his *Museum*, No. 155. We know not who will hesitate to prefer to its meaningless melody and absurd embellishments the simple and expressive air which we have adopted for the words, and for which we are obliged to the kind attention of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., of Hoddam. The words are those given by Mr. Sharpe in his note upon No. 155 of Johnson's *Museum*, as "the genuine words which he has heard sung hundreds of times in Annandale." On the 20th January 1849, the Editor received from that gentleman the following communication:—

"23, DRUMMOND PLACE, *Friday night*.

"DEAR SIR,—I inclose the music you wished for, to do with what you please. This is the Annandale air, which either is very pretty and expressive, or I am too partial to the music of my early days. I think ——— praises the common fal-de-ral printed with the words. I never could make head or tail of it!—Believe me, dear sir, most faithfully yours,

"CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE."

In the additional Illustrations to Johnson's *Museum*, vol. ii. pp. 208-211, Mr. Sharpe gives a long note upon the ballad. We refer to the Appendix for that note, and for some further information which has been obtained for us by Patrick Maxwell, Esq.

No. 155 of Johnson's *Museum*.



## THE PEARL OF THE FOUNTAIN.

AIR, "THE ISLAND OF MULL."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 104$   
 ANDANTE  
 NON  
 TROPPO.

The  
 pearl of the fountain, the rose of the valley, Are sparkling and lovely, are stainless and mild; The  
 pearl sheds its ray 'neath the dark wa-ter gai-ly, The rose opes its blossoms to bloom on the wild.  
 The pearl and the rose are the emblems of Ma-ry, The maid of Glen-connel, once

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE NON TROPPO' with a quarter note equal to 104 beats. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the vocal melody starting with a whole note rest, followed by a half note and a quarter note. The piano accompaniment begins with a series of chords and eighth notes. The second system contains the first line of lyrics. The third system contains the second line of lyrics. The fourth system contains the third line of lyrics. The score ends with a final cadence in the piano part.

love - ly and gay; A false lov - er woo'd her, ye dam - sels be wa - ry, Now

seath'd is the blos - som, now dimm'd is the ray.

You have seen her when morn brightly dawn'd on the mountain,  
 Trip blythely along, singing sweet to the gale;  
 At noon, with her lambs, by the side of yon fountain;  
 Or wending, at eve, to her home in the vale.

With the flowers of the willow-tree blent are her tresses,  
 Now, woe-worn and pale, in the glen she is seen  
 Bewailing the cause of her rueful distresses,—  
 How fondly he vow'd—and how false he has been.

"THE PEARL OF THE FOUNTAIN." The air is found in Part Fourth, p. 10, of Neil Gow and Sons' Complete Repository, under the name of "The Island of Mull, by the Earl of Eglintoun." The words are published in Blackie's Book of Scottish Song, p. 359, with the name of "Munro" prefixed as their author. We are unable to obtain any information regarding this "Munro," even from Mr. Blackie himself. In a collection called "The Harp of Renfrewshire," Glasgow, 1820, we find song 204, beginning, "Thou must not linger, lovely one," ascribed to J. Munro; probably the same who wrote the song we here republish. From a passage in the introduction to "The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire," 1846, pp. v. vi., it appears that the late Earl of Eglinton was not only a promoter of music, but also a first-rate performer on the violin and harp, and the composer of several popular dance tunes, among which "The Ayrshire Lasses" is still a favourite. He is understood to have been the author of a collection of music, published "by a young gentleman," about the end of last century, when he was Major Montgomery.

Referring to remarks upon accent and emphasis in Note, p. 93, and Note, p. 97, *supra*, we resume the subject for a moment for the sake of illustration. In Handel's noble Oratorio, "The Messiah," we find instances of wrong emphasis and accent, such as the following:—"He shall feed his flock;" "He was despised." In the latter song the emphasis is thrown four times upon the word *mān*, while the words should be sung "*ā mān ōf sōrrow*." In the Chandos Anthems, also, *passim*, there are many similar faults. For instance, in the first of these, the words "that thē Lōrd is King," are thus wrongly accented, instead of "thāt thē Lōrd is King." Even Purcell, so accurate in general, makes a great mistake in "Fair'est isle." Dr. Arne was remarkably correct in his accent and emphasis. We have not space to give more examples; but what we have said is enough for intelligent readers. We have purposely selected these instances from Handel, because he was one of the greatest composers that ever existed; and because his works are now becoming better known and more deeply admired in England than they were during his lifetime. His errors in setting English words to music were excusable in a foreigner imperfectly acquainted with that language; but the same excuse cannot be extended to those English composers who so frequently misplace both accent and emphasis in their vocal compositions.



## MY MITHER'S AY GLOWRIN' OWER ME.

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

$\text{♩} = 72$   
ALLEGRETTO

*pp*

My

mither's ay glow-rin' ower me, Though she did the same be-fore me; I

can-na get leave to look at my love, Or else she'd be like to de-vour me.

Right fain wad I tak' your of-fer, Sweet sir, but I'll tine my

toch - er;¹ Then Sandy you'll fret, And wyte² your poor Kate, Whene'er you keek in your toom³

cof - fer.

*pp* *cres.* *mf.*

For though my father has plenty  
Of silver, and plenishing dainty,  
Yet he's unco sweir⁴  
To twine wi' his gear;⁵  
And sae we had need to be tenty.⁶

Tutor my parents wi' caution;  
Be wylie in ilka motion;  
Brag weel o' your land,  
And there's my leal⁷ hand,  
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

¹ Dowry.

² Blame.

³ Empty.

⁴ Unwilling.

⁵ Part with his money.

⁶ Watchful.

⁷ Faithful.

"MY MITHER'S AY GLOWRIN' OWER ME." Mr. Stenhouse's note upon No. 172 of Johnson's Museum is as follows:—"This humorous little song, beginning, 'My mother's ay glowrin' ower me,' was also written by Allan Ramsay, as a sequel to his 'Young Laird and Edinburgh Katy.' It was first printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724. The verses are adapted to an ancient tune, in triple time, called *A Health to Betty*, which originally consisted of one strain, and is printed in this simple style in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius* in 1725. This tune appears to have been one of those which were introduced into England about the union of the crowns; for it is one of those collected and published by old John Playford, in his 'Dancing Master,' printed in 1657. The second strain is a modern addition." See Museum Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 169. In the older versions of the air, the seventh of the key is minor throughout. The imperfect close upon the second of the key is a peculiarity not often found in minor airs of any country. We have adopted the modern version of the air, which has become familiar to the public. The song mentioned above, to which Ramsay wrote as a sequel "My mither's ay glowrin' ower me," is not entirely his; the first stanza being the first of an old song not suited for modern singing. The first stanza, subjoined, tells enough to explain "Katy's answer" to "The Young Laird."

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,  
Coming down the street, my jo?  
My mistress in her tartan screen,  
Fu' bonnie, braw, and sweet, my jo.  
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night  
That never wish'd a lover ill,  
Since ye're out of your mither's sight,  
Let's tak' a walk up to the hill.

## WILL YOU GO TO SHERIFFMUIR?

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 88$   
MODERATO.

Will ye go to She - riff - muir,

Bauld John o' In - nis - ture? There to see the no - ble Mar,

And his High - land lad - dies. A' the true men o' the north,

An - gus, Hunt - ly, and Sea - forth, Scour - ing on to cross the Forth,



The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "Wi' their white cock - a - dies." The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The first staff of the piano part has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano part includes dynamic markings: *ff* (fortissimo) and *fz* (forzando). There is a fermata over the eighth measure of the piano part.

There you'll see the banners flare,  
There you'll hear the bagpipes rair,  
And the trumpets deadlly blare,  
Wi' the cannon's rattle.

There you'll see the bauld M'Craws,  
Cameron's and Clanronald's raws,  
And a' the clans, wi' loud huzzas,  
Rushing to the battle.

There you'll see the noble Whigs,  
A' the heroes o' the brigs,  
Raw hides and wither'd wigs,  
Riding in array, man.  
Riv'n hose and raggit hools,  
Sour milk and girnin' gools,<sup>1</sup>  
Psalm-beuks and cutty-stools,  
We'll see never mair, man.

Will ye go to Sheriffmuir,  
Bauld John o' Innisture?  
Sic a day, and sic an hour,  
Ne'er was in the north, man.  
Siccan sights will there be seen;  
And, gin some be nae mista'en,  
Fragrant gales will come bedeen,<sup>2</sup>  
Frae the water o' Forth, man.

<sup>1</sup> Grinning mouths. (?)

<sup>2</sup> Quickly.

"WILL YE GO TO SHERIFFMUIR?" These words, with the air, form song lxxxix. of Hogg's *Jacobite Relics of Scotland*, 1819, pp. 149, 150. His note upon the song is as follows:—"For this truly original song I am indebted to my valuable correspondent Mr. John Graham. It has never before been published, but the air has long been popular, and I have often heard the first verse of the song sung, perhaps the first two, I am not certain. Had I only rescued six such pieces as this from oblivion, I conceive posterity should be obliged to me; not on account of the intrinsic merit of the songs, but from the specimens left them of the music and poetry of the age, so ingeniously adapted to one another. I have no conception who 'Bauld John o' Innisture' was. The other four noblemen mentioned in the first verse were among the principal leaders of the Highland army. It is likely, from the second stanza, where only three of the clans are mentioned, that some verses have been lost. These registers of names, in which the north-country songs abound, are apt to be left out by a Lowland singer; and if the song be preserved only traditionally, as this appears to have been, they can scarcely be retained with any degree of precision." *Idem*, p. 297. In R. A. Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, vol. i. p. 18, the two first stanzas only of the above song are given, and the author is said to be unknown. Mr. R. Chambers, in his *Collection of Scottish Songs*, 1829, vol. ii. p. 551, gives the two first stanzas only, and ascribes them to Tannahill. We do not find them in Tannahill's poetical works. The name of the tune, Mr. Chambers says, is, "We'll awa' to Sherramuir, to haud the Whigs in order." The battle of Sheriffmuir was fought on Sunday the 13th November 1715, between the rebel troops under the Earl of Mar and the royalist troops commanded by the Duke of Argyle. The field of battle is a common about two miles from the village of Dunblane. The conflict was sanguinary, the loss of killed on the side of the rebels being estimated at seven or eight hundred, and on the side of the royalists five or six hundred. The battle seems to have been a confused *mêlée*, as may be gathered from the ballad written at the time, in which the following lines occur:—

"There's some say that we wan,  
Some say that they wan,  
Some say that nane wan at a', man;  
But o' ae thing I'm sure,  
That at Sheriffmuir,  
A battle there was that I saw, man;  
And we ran, and they ran,  
And they ran, and we ran,  
And we ran, and they ran awa', man."

## IN THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

 $\text{♩} = 100$ 

MAESTOSO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a forte dynamic marking (*f*) and features a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic foundation with longer note values.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a half rest followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics for this system are: "In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome, From the heath-covered mountains of".

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a more active eighth-note pattern. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system. The lyrics for this system are: "Sco - tia we come; Where the Ro - mans en - dea - vour'd our coun - try to gain, But our".

The third system concludes the song. The vocal melody ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues for a few measures after the vocal line ends. The lyrics for this system are: "an - ces - tors fought, and they fought not in vain. Such our love of li - ber - ty, our".

coun - try, and our laws, That like our an - cestors of old, we stand by freedom's cause; We'll

bravely fight, like heroes bright, for honour and applause, And de - fy the French, with all their arts, to

*f* *colla voce.*

al - ter our laws.

*f*

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,  
 No luxurious tables enervate our race;  
 Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,  
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.  
 Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,  
 So are we enraged when we rush on our foes:  
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,  
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.  
 Such our love, &c.

"IN THE GARB OF OLD GAUL." Mr. Stenhouse, in his note on No. 210 of Johnson's Museum, says that this song was composed by the late Sir Harry Erskine of Torry, Baronet, and that it was printed in Herd's Collection. 1769 and 1776. Mr. David Laing corrects this by stating that "the writer of this song was Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Erskine, Baronet, but not of Torry, as erroneously stated at p. 202. He was the second son of Sir John Erskine of Alva, and succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his elder brother. He was Deputy-Quartermaster-General, and succeeded his uncle, the Hon. General St. Clair, in the command of the Royal Scots, in 1762. He was long a distinguished member of the House of Commons. He died at York, when on his way to London, 9th of August 1765," &c. Mr. Laing also states that the song was previously printed in "The Lark," 1765. See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 298. We give here the three most tolerable stanzas of this very trashy song; the others will be found in the Appendix. Mr. Stenhouse further says that "the air was composed by the late General John Reid, Colonel of the 88th Regiment of Foot, who has bequeathed a considerable sum for establishing a professorship of music in the University of Edinburgh." For further information respecting General Reid and his endowment of the music professorship, see Appendix.



## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

AIR, "CROCHALLAN."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

 $\text{♩} = 66$ 

ANDANTE

CANTABILE.



My heart's in the High - lands, my heart is not here ; My

The first system of the song includes a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "My heart's in the High - lands, my heart is not here ; My". The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

heart's in the Highlands, a - chas - ing the deer. A - chas - ing the

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "heart's in the Highlands, a - chas - ing the deer. A - chas - ing the". The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

wild deer, and follow - ing the roe, My heart's in the Highlands where -

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment on this page. The vocal line includes the lyrics "wild deer, and follow - ing the roe, My heart's in the Highlands where -". The piano accompaniment provides the final harmonic support.



Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,  
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;  
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;  
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

"MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS." In his note upon No. 259 of Johnson, Mr. Stenhouse says:—"The first half stanza of this song (says Burns) is old—the rest is mine." See *Reliques*. Mr. C. K. Sharpe's additional note on the same No. of Johnson is as follows:—"I subjoin the pretty words of the old song, which was a favourite with Sir Walter Scott, from a stall copy in my possession." Instead of the air "*Faillte na moisg*," to which the song is adapted in Johnson's Museum, we have adopted the much finer Gaelic air called "*Crochallan*," in R. A. Smith's Minstrel, but named "*Crodh Chailean*" by Captain Fraser in his collection.

#### THE STRONG WALLS OF DERRY.

The day I first landed, it was on Irish ground,  
The tidings came to me from fair Derry town,  
That my love was married, and to my sad woe;  
And I lost my first love by courting too slow.

(Chorus.)

Let us drink and go hame, drink and go hame,  
If we stay any longer we'll get a bad name;  
We'll get a bad name, and we'll fill ourselves fou,  
And the strong walls of Derry it's ill to go through.

When I was in the Highlands it was my *use*<sup>1</sup>  
To wear a blue bonnet, the plaid, and the trews,  
But now since I'm come to the fair Irish shore,  
Adieu to Valenderry and bonnie Portmore.

Let us, &c.

O, bonnie Portmore, thou shines where thou stands,  
The more I look on thee, the more my heart warms,  
But when I look from thee my heart is full sore,  
When I think on the lily I lost at Portmore.

Let us, &c.

O Donald, O Donald, O! where have you been?  
A-hawking and hunting; gar make my bed clean,  
Go make my bed clean, and stir up the straw,  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Let us, &c.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;  
A-chasing the deer, and following the doe,  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Let us, &c.

There is many a word spoken, but few of the best,  
And he that speaks fairest lives longest at rest;  
I speak by experience—my mind serves me so,  
But my heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Let us, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Due in the original. Sir Walter Scott has written on the margin, "*Use*, perhaps."

## WHEN MERRY HEARTS WERE GAY.

AIR, "DONALD AND FLORA."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

♩ = 69

ANDANTE.

*rall.*

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE' with a quarter note equal to 69 beats per minute. The first system includes a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking. The piano accompaniment begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

When mer - ry hearts were gay, Care - less of

aught but play, Poor Flo - ra slipt a - way, Sadd'ning to Mo - ra;<sup>1</sup> Loose flow'd her

yel - low hair, Quick heav'd her bo - som bare, As thus to the troubled air She

<sup>1</sup> "Mora is the name of a small valley in Atholl, so named by the lovers."





“ Loud howls the stormy west,  
Cold, cold is winter's blast;  
Haste then, O Donald! haste,  
Haste to thy Flora!  
Twice twelve long months are o'er,  
Since on a foreign shore  
You promis'd to fight no more,  
But meet me in Mora.

“ Where now is Donald dear?  
Maids cry with taunting sneer,  
Say, is he still sincere  
To his lov'd Flora?  
Parents upbraid my moan;  
Each heart is turn'd to stone—  
Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone,  
Friendless in Mora!

“ Come then, O come away!  
Donald, no longer stay;  
Where can my rover stray  
From his lov'd Flora?  
Ah! sure he ne'er can be  
False to his vows and me:  
Oh, Heaven! is not yonder he  
Bounding o'er Mora?”

“ Never, ah wretched fair!”  
(Sigh'd the sad messenger,)  
“ Never shall Donald mair  
Meet his lov'd Flora!

Cold as yon mountain snow,  
Donald, thy love, lies low,  
He sent me to soothe thy wo,  
Weeping in Mora.

“ Well fought our gallant men  
On Saratoga's plain;  
Thrice fled the hostile train  
From British glory.  
But ah! though our foes did flee,  
Sad was each victory:  
Youth, love, and loyalty,  
Fell far from Mora.

“ Here take this love-wrought plaid,  
Donald, expiring, said;  
Give it to yon dear maid  
Drooping in Mora.  
Tell her, O Allan, tell,  
Donald thus bravely fell,  
And that in his last farewell  
He thought on his Flora.”

Mute stood the trembling fair,  
Speechless with wild despair;  
Then, striking her bosom bare,  
Sigh'd out—“ Poor Flora!  
Ah, Donald! ah, well-a-day!”  
Was all the fond heart could say:  
At length the sound died away,  
Feebly, in Mora.

“ WHEN MERRY HEARTS WERE GAY.” “ This fine ballad,” says Mr. Stenhouse, “ is the composition of Hector Macneil, Esq., author of the celebrated poem of ‘ Will and Jean,’ and other popular works. Mr. Macneil told me that he wrote this song to commemorate the death of his friend Captain Stewart, a gallant officer (betrothed to a young lady in Atholl) who fell at the battle of Saratoga in America, in the year 1777. On this unfortunate occasion the British troops were commanded by General Burgoyne. The words are adapted to a fine old Gaelic air. In the Museum the song is printed as it was originally written; but the author has subsequently altered and corrected some of the stanzas. The reader is therefore presented with an accurate copy of this lyrical composition; and, upon comparing it with the copy inserted in the Scots Musical Museum, he will be enabled to discover the late improvements made on it by its author.” *Museum Illustrations*, vol. iii. p. 238. The Editor of this work does not participate in Mr. Stenhouse's admiration of this song; but, on the contrary, thinks it very childish and pithless. Besides, the words are ill-adapted to the music in respect of accent and emphasis; and the ballad is too long for the patience of singer and hearers. The three first stanzas will probably be found quite enough for most listeners.

## AT POLWART ON THE GREEN.

AIR, "POLWART ON THE GREEN."

ARRANGED BY G. F. GRAHAM.

$\text{♩} = 92$   
ALLEGRETTO. *p* *cres.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note G, and a half note F. The left staff is in bass clef and begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note G, and a half note F. The tempo is marked ALLEGRETTO and the dynamics are piano (p) and crescendo (cres.).

At Pol - wart on the green, If you'll meet me the

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The vocal melody begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note G, and a half note F. The piano accompaniment begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note G, and a half note F. The dynamics are marked piano (p).

morn, Where lass - es do con - vene To dance a - bout the thorn;

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal melody begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note G, and a half note F. The piano accompaniment begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note G, and a half note F.

A kind - ly wel - come you shall meet Frae her wha likes to

The third system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal melody begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note G, and a half note F. The piano accompaniment begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note G, and a half note F.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a grand staff bracket. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked with a wavy line at the top. The lyrics are: "view A lov - er and a lad com - plete, The lad and lov - er you." The score includes dynamic markings: *sf* (sforzando) at the beginning of the piano part, *p* (piano) for the piano part, *cres.* (crescendo) for the piano part, and *f* (forte) for the piano part. The piano part features a prominent bass line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

Let dorty<sup>1</sup> dames say na,  
 As long as e'er they please;  
 Seem caulder than the snaw,  
 While inwardly they bleeze :  
 But I will frankly show my mind,  
 And yield my heart to thee :  
 Be ever to the captive kind  
 That longs na to be free.

<sup>1</sup> Saucy, malapert.

"AT POLWART ON THE GREEN." "Mr. Chalmers claims this song, beginning 'At Polwart on the Green,' as the production of Allan Ramsay. Burns, on the other hand, asserts it to have been written by a Captain John Drummond McGregor, of the family of Boehaldie. I should rather think that Mr. Burns had been misinformed; for Mr. Chalmers was at very great pains to procure authentic information relative to those songs in the Tea-Table Miscellany which were *de facto* written by Ramsay, and the Editor of the present work has a copy of the Orpheus Caledonius in 1733, where the letter R, in a pretty old hand, is prefixed to this song in the Index, to denote that it was written by Ramsay. Ramsay published it in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, and the first four lines of the first verse (stanza), and the concluding lines of the last, are printed in Italics, to show that they belonged to a much older song to the same air. Thomson adapted Ramsay's version of the song to the original air in his Orpheus Caledonius in 1725. Polwarth is the name of a small village in Berwickshire; in the middle of it are two ancient thorn-trees, a few yards distant from each other, around which it was formerly the custom for every newly married pair, and the company invited to the wedding, to dance in a ring. From this circumstance originated the old song of 'Polwarth on the Green.' The air, under the title of *Polwarth on the Green*, is inserted in Mrs. Crockett's book, written in 1709, and in Craig's *Old Scottish Airs*, in 1730. Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in the Opera of 'Polly,' beginning, 'Love now is nought but art;' printed, but not acted, in 1729." See Mr. Stenhouse's note in *Museum Illustrations*, vol. ii. pp. 176, 177. We have adopted the first and second stanzas only of the song, for reasons that will strike every reader acquainted with the whole three stanzas.



## O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA', WILLIE.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 72$   
ALLEGRETTO.

Kenmure's on, and a - wa', Willie, O Kenmure's on, and a - wa'; And

Kenmure's lord's the brav - est lord That ev - er Gal - loway saw.

Suc - cess to Kenmure's band, Willie, Suc - cess to Kenmure's band! There's

no a heart that fears a Whig, That rides in Kenmure's band.

Ritornel for the first two verses. To conclude.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,  
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;  
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,  
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.  
 O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,  
 O Kenmure's lads are men;  
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,  
 And that their foes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,  
 They'll live or die wi' fame;  
 But soon, wi' sounding victorie,  
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.  
 Here's him that's far awa', Willie,  
 Here's him that's far awa';  
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best,  
 The rose that's like the snaw.

"O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'." "The hero of this ballad," says Mr. Stenhouse, "was the Right Honourable William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, commander-in-chief of the Chevalier's forces in the south-west of Scotland in 1715. Having left Kenmure at the head of about two hundred horsemen, and formed a junction with the troops under the command of General Forster, he marched as far as Preston in Lancashire. Here, however, his lordship surrendered himself a prisoner at discretion, and was appointed to be conducted, with many of his unfortunate followers, to London, in 1715. Arriving at Highgate, each of the prisoners was placed on horseback, with his arms firmly pinioned, and a foot-soldier holding the reins of his bridle. On the 9th of that month, General Tatton, who commanded the detachment, left Highgate with the prisoners, and proceeded to London, drums beating a victorious march, and the mob strengthening the chorus with the horrid din of marrow-bones, cleavers, and warning-pans. In this disgraceful triumph were the unhappy captives led through the streets of the city, amidst the hootings and insults of a barbarous rabble, and conducted to the several prisons assigned to receive them. Lord Kenmure and several other noblemen were committed to the Tower. He was afterwards tried, and (very unjustly, as some thought) beheaded on Tower-hill, 24th February 1716. Burns transmitted the ballad, in his own handwriting, with the melody to which it is adapted, to Mr. Johnson. Cromek, in his 'Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song,' printed in 1810, has inserted three additional stanzas, which he pretends are of equal merit and antiquity with those in Ritson's *Scottish Songs* (copied from the *Museum*), but they are evidently spurious and modern. They are here annexed, however, for the reader's inspection.

'There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,  
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap;  
 He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blede  
 Afore the battle drap.

'He kiss'd his ladie's hand, Willie,  
 He kiss'd his ladie's hand;  
 But gane's his ladie-courtesie,  
 When he draws his bludie brand.

'His ladie's cheek was red, Willie,  
 His ladie's cheek was red;  
 When she saw his steely jupes put on,  
 Which smell'd o' deadly fend.'

It might rather have been supposed that the lady's cheeks would have assumed a pale in place of a red colour, situated as she was; and as to the expressions, *ruddie heart's blede* and *ladie courtesie*, they seem inexplicable." See *Museum Illustrations*, vol. iv. pp. 338, 339.

## BANNOCKS O' BEAR-MEAL.

AIR, "THE KILLOGIE."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 116$   
 RISOLUTO  
 ED  
 ANIMATO.

Bannocks o'

bear-meal, and bannocks o' bar-ley; Here's to the Highland-man's

bannocks o' bar-ley. Wha in a brul-zie<sup>1</sup> will first cry a

par-ley! Ne-ver the lads wi' the bannocks o' bar-ley.

<sup>1</sup> Fight



Bannocks o' bear-meal, and bannocks o' bar - ley; Here's to the Highland - man's

*mf.*

ban - nocks o' bar - ley.

*f*

The second verse commences at the sign ♫:

Wha, in his wae days, were loyal to Charlie?  
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.  
 Bannocks o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley,  
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.

"BANNOCKS O' BEAR-MEAL." Mr. Stenhouse's note is as follows: "This fine old tune was originally called 'The Killogie,' but the words beginning, 'A Lad and a Lassie lay in a Killogie,' are inadmissible. In 1688, Lord Newbottle, eldest son of William Ker, Earl of Lothian, afterwards created Earl of Ancrum and Marquis of Lothian, wrote a satirical song on the Revolution, which was adapted to the same air. It was called 'Cakes of Crowdy.' A copy of this curious production may be seen in the first volume of Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*. Another song to the same tune, beginning, 'Bannocks of bear-meal, and bannocks of barley,' is still sung, but it possesses little merit. Burns wrote the stanzas in the *Museum* in the Jacobite style, in which he interwove the latter title of the song with the new words. Cromeck, in his 'Nithsdale and Galloway Songs,' has the following remark:—'In the Scots Musical Museum there is but one verse and a half preserved of this song. One is surprised and incensed to see so many fine songs shorn of their very best verses for fear they should exceed the bounds of a page. The Editor (Cromeck) has collected the two last heart-rousing verses, which he believes will complete the song.' Here they are:

And claw'd their back at Falkirk's fairly,  
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?  
 Wha, when hope was blasted fairly,  
 Stood in ruin wi' bonnie Prince Charlie,  
 An' 'neath the Duke's bluidy paws dreed fu' sairly,  
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?

If Cromeck, or his Nithsdale friends who furnished him with the *old songs* for that work, had only looked into the *Museum*, they would have observed that the chorus is repeated to the *first* strain of the air, and the two remaining lines to the *last*, so that Burns' words are quite complete, and require the tune to be sung twice over. Nay more, they would have discovered that there was plenty of room on the plate, had Burns chosen to write a verse or two more. It is therefore to be hoped, for the credit of our bard, that his verses will never be united to the trash that Cromeck has endeavoured to palm upon the country as the remnant of what he calls a heart-rousing old song. It is a curious fact, that Oswald has inadvertently copied the air twice in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*. In the third volume of that work, it is printed under the title of 'Bannocks of bear-meal;' and, in the sixth volume, it again appears under the name of 'There was a Lad and a Lass in a Killogie,' from the first line of the old indelicate words alluded to." See *Museum Illustrations*, vol. v. pp. 419, 420. In an additional note upon the same song, *ib.*, pp. \*456, \*457. Mr. Laing takes up the defence of Cromeck, but we have not room to quote what he says.

## O WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL.

AIR, "MY LOVE IS LOST TO ME."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

♩ = 76  
ANDANTE  
ESPRESSIVO.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo and mood are marked 'ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO' with a quarter note equal to 76 beats. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *rall.* (rallentando). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

*p* *rall.*

O were I on Par - nas - sus hill, And had o' He - li -

con my fill, That I might catch po - et - ic skill To sing how dear I

love thee. But Nith maun be my Mu - se's well, My

Muse maun be thy bon-nie sel'; On Cor-sin-con I'll glow'r and spell, And  
 write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay;  
 For, a' the lee-lang simmer's day,  
 couldna sing, I couldna say,  
 How much, how dear I love thee.  
 I see thee dancing ower the green,  
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,<sup>1</sup>  
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—  
 By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day—a-field, at hame—  
 The thoughts of thee my breast inflame!  
 And aye I muse and sing thy name—  
 I only live to love thee.  
 Though I were doom'd to wander on.  
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
 Till my last weary sand was run,  
 Till then—and then I'll love thee.

<sup>1</sup> Finely formed.

"O WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL." Mr. Stenhouse has the following note upon this song and air:—"This song was written by Burns in 1789, on purpose for the Museum. It is adapted to the fine plaintive tune of 'My love is lost to me,' which was composed by Oswald, and published in the fifth volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 25. Mrs. Burns is the lady alluded to by our poet." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 241. J. G. Lockhart, Esq., in his Life of Burns, says,—“He brought his wife home to Elliesland about the end of November (1788); and few house-keepers start with a larger provision of young mouths to feed than did this couple. Mrs. Burns had lain-in this autumn, for the second time, of twins, and I suppose 'sonsy, smirking, dear-bought Bess,' accompanied her younger brothers and sisters from Mossiel. From that quarter also Burns brought a whole establishment of servants, male and female, who, of course, as was then the universal custom amongst the small farmers, both of the west and of the south of Scotland, partook at the same table of the same fare with their master and mistress. Elliesland is beautifully situated on the banks of the Nith, about six miles above Dumfries, exactly opposite to the house of Dalzwinton, and those noble woods and gardens amidst which Burns' landlord, the ingenious Mr. Patriek Miller, found relaxation from the scientific studies and researches in which he so greatly excelled. . . . The poet was accustomed to say that the most happy period of his life was the first winter he spent at Elliesland, for the first time under a roof of his own, with his wife and children about him; and in spite of occasional lapses into the melancholy which had haunted his youth, looking forward to a life of well-regulated, and not ill-rewarded industry. It is known that he welcomed his wife to her roof-tree at Elliesland, in the song 'I ha'e a wife o' my ain, I'll partake wi' naeboddy,' &c." . . . "Another song was composed in honour of Mrs. Burns, during the happy weeks that followed her arrival at Elliesland—'O were I on Parnassus hill,' &c. In the next (the third) stanza, the poet rather transgresses the limits of connubial decorum; but, on the whole, these tributes to domestic affection are among the last of his performances that one would wish to lose." Lockhart's Life of Burns, chap. vii.



## THOU BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIE-LEA.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 112$   
 LENTO  
 E  
 CANTABILE.

Thou bon - nie wood of Craig - ie - lea, Thou

hon - nie wood of Craig - ie - lea, Near thee I pass'd life's ear - ly day, And

won my Ma - ry's heart in thee. The broom, the brier, the birk - en bush, Bloom

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "bon - nie o'er thy flow' - ry lea; And a' the sweets that ane can wish Frae". The piano accompaniment features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The second system begins with the instruction *poco rall.* and the lyrics "na - ture's hand, are strew'd on thee." The piano accompaniment continues with a more expressive, slower feel, marked *colla voce.* and *pp* (pianissimo).

The following stanzas begin at the mark §:

Far ben thy dark green plantings' shade,  
The cushat croodles am'rously;  
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,  
Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,  
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!  
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,  
Then, O in pity let them be!  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety show'rs,  
Frae aff the Norlan hills sae hie,  
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie how'rs,  
As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Though fate should drag me south the line,  
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,  
The happy hours I'll ever mind,  
That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

"THOU BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIE-LEA." The words of this song were written by Robert Tannahill. The air, which has been very popular, was composed by James Barr, a professional musician in Kilbarchan, who afterwards went abroad. In a Bacchanalian song of Tannahill's, called "The Five Friends," James Barr is thus commemorated in the fourth stanza:—

"There is blithe Jamie Barr, frae St. Barchan's toun,  
When wit gets a kingdom, he's sure o' the crown;  
And we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,  
We're a' noddin fu' at e'en."

In "The Poems and Songs of Robert Tannahill," edited by Mr. Philip A. Ramsay, Glasgow, 1838, we find that R. A. Smith says of this air,—"It is a very pleasing and natural melody, and has become, most deservedly, a great favourite all over the *West Kintra side*. I think this little ballad possesses considerable merit; one of its stanzas strikes me as being particularly beautiful:—

'When winter blaws in sleety show'rs,' &c.

'Harp,' Essay, p. xxxvii.

The scenery here so finely described, lies to the north-west of Paisley. Since Tannahill's time its beauty has been sadly impaired by the erection of a most unpoetical object, the gas-work."

## WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

$\text{♩} = 72$   
ALLEGRETTO.

*f*

The

bride she cam' out o' the byre, An', O, as she dighted her cheeks, Sirs,

*p*

I'm to be mar - ried the night, And ha'e nei - ther blan - kets nor sheets; Ha'e

nei - ther blan - kets nor sheets, Nor scarce a cov - er - let too, The



bride that has a' to borrow, Has e'en right muckle a - do. Woo'd and married and a',

Mar - ried and woo'd and a', And was nae she ve - ry weel off That was

woo'd and mar - ried and a'?

Out spake the bride's father,  
As he cam' in frae the plough;  
O, haud your tongue, my dochter,  
And ye'se get gear enough;  
The stirk stands i' th' tether,  
And our bra' bawsint yade,  
Will carry ye hame your corn—  
What wad ye be at, ye jade?  
Woo'd and married and a', &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,  
What deil needs a' this pride?  
I had nae a plack in my pouch  
That night I was a bride;  
My gown was linsy-woolsy.  
And ne'er a sark ava;  
And ye ha'e ribbons and buskins,  
Mae than ane or twa.  
Woo'd and married and a', &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,  
As he came in wi' the kye;  
Poor Willie wad ne'er ha'e ta'en ye  
Had he kent ye as weel as I;  
For ye're baith prond and saucy,  
And no for a poor man's wife;  
Gin I cauna get a better,  
I'se ne'er tak' ane i' my life.  
Woo'd and married and a', &c.

Out spake the bride's sister,  
As she came in frae the byre;  
O gin I were but married,  
It's a' that I desire:  
But we poor folk maun live single,  
And do the best that we can;  
I dinna care what I should want  
If I could but get a man.  
Woo'd and married and a', &c.

"Woo'd AND MARRIED AND A'." Want of space here compels us to transfer our remarks upon this song and air to the Appendix.

## THE BLUDE RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.

AIR, "TO DAUNTON ME."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 84$   
MODERATO.

*mf* *mf* *dim.*

The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, The sim-mer li-lies

*p* *p*

\*

bloom in snaw, The frost may freeze the deep-est seas, But an auld man shall ne-ver

*mf*

daun-ton me. To daun-ton me, and me sae young, Wi' his fause heart and

*mf*

flatt'ring tongue, That is the thing you ne'er shall see, For an auld man shall ne - ver  
daun - ton me.

*p* *mf* *mf* *dim. p*

For a' his meal and a' his maut,  
For a' his fresh beef and his sant,  
For a' his gowd and white monie,  
An auld man shall never daunton me.  
To daunton me, &c.

His gear<sup>1</sup> may buy him kye and yowes,  
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;  
But me he shall not buy nor fee,  
For an auld man shall never daunton me.  
To daunton me, &c.

He hirples<sup>2</sup> twa-fauld as he dow,  
Wi' his toothless gab<sup>3</sup> and his auld beld pow,  
And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e—  
That auld man shall never daunton me.  
To daunton me, &c.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Riches.<sup>2</sup> To walk lamely.<sup>3</sup> Mouth.<sup>4</sup> This last stanza may as well be omitted in singing.

"TO DAUNTON ME." This air is to be found in Book I. of Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, a work published in London not earlier probably than 1755, although 1740 is often incorrectly given as the date of its publication. The words, with the exception of a part of the chorus, were written by Burns, in 1787, for Johnson's Museum. From the illustrations to that work we quote the following Jacobite song, which is there said to have appeared "in a very rare and curious little book, entitled, 'A Collection of Loyal Songs, Poems, &c.,' printed in the year 1750, pp. 70 and 71." As each stanza contains only six lines, it will be necessary, in singing it, to begin the air at this mark (\*), so as to have four instead of eight bars in the first strain.

To daunton me, to daunton me,  
Do you ken the things that would daunton me?  
Eighty-eight and eighty-nine,  
And a' the dreary years since syne,  
With Cess, and Press, and Presbytry—  
Gude faith, these had liken to ha'e daunton'd me.

But to wanton me, but to wanton me,  
Do you ken the things that would wanton me?  
To see good corn upon the rigs,  
And banishment to a' the Whigs,  
And right restored where right should be;  
O! these are the things that would wanton me!

But to wanton me, but to wanton me;  
And ken ye what maist would wanton me?  
To see King James at Edinbrough cross,  
With fifty thousand foot and horse,  
And the usurper forc'd to flee—  
O this is what maist would wanton me!



## THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.

AIR, "O GIN YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 112$   
 ALLEGRETTO.

There was a lad was

born in Kyle, But what - na day, o' what - na style, I

doubt its hard - ly worth the while To be sae nice wi' Ro - bin.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system features a vocal line with the lyrics 'Ro - bin.' and a piano accompaniment that includes dynamic markings *f* and *cres.*

For Ro - bin was a rovin' boy, A rant - in', rovin' in',  
 ran - tin', rovin' in', Ro - bin was a rovin' boy; O ran - tin', rovin' in'  
 Ro - bin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but aue  
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,  
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'  
 Blew hansel in on Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

The gossip keekit<sup>1</sup> in his loof,<sup>2</sup>  
 Quo' scho, wha lives will see the proof,  
 This waly<sup>3</sup> boy will be nae coof,<sup>4</sup>  
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

He'll ha'e misfortunes great and sma',  
 But ay a heart aboon them a';  
 He'll be a credit till us a',  
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

But sure as three times three mak' nine,  
 I see by ilka score and line,  
 This chap will dearly like our kin',  
 So leeze me on thee, Robin.

For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Looked.

<sup>2</sup> Palm of the hand.

<sup>3</sup> Large, thriving.

<sup>4</sup> Fool.

"THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE." This song was written by Burns; but the sixth stanza is omitted for obvious reasons. The old air of "O gin ye were dead, gudeman," consisted of one strain only. The second strain was taken from one of Oswald's variations of the original air, published in the fourth volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion. The air appears from evidence to be of an older date than 1549.

## O MOUNT AND GO.

AIR, "THE CAPTAIN'S LADY."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 88$   
ALLEGRETTO.

*p* *f*

O mount and go, Mount and make you ready ; O mount and go, And be the Captain's la - dy.

When the drums do beat, And the can - nons rattle, Thou shalt sit in state, And

*mf*

see thy love in bat - tle. O mount and go, Mount and make you rea - dy ;



O mount and go, And be the Captain's lady.

The second verse begins at the mark §

When the vanquish'd foe  
Sues for peace and quiet,  
To the shades we'll go,  
And in love enjoy it.  
O mount and go, &c.

"O MOUNT AND GO." Mr. Stenhouse's note upon No. 233 of Johnson's Museum is as follows:—"The Captain's Lady.' This curious old air may be seen in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and other collections, under the title of 'Mount your Baggage.' In the Caledonian Country-dance Book, published about a century ago, by John Walsh of London, it is called, 'The Cadie Laddie.' The verses in the Museum, beginning, 'O mount and go,' were communicated by Burns; and although he does not acknowledge them, I have good reason to believe they were his own. The old ditty begins—

I will away,  
And I will not tarry;  
I will away,  
And be a Captain's lady.  
A Captain's lady  
Is a dame of honour;

She has her maids  
Ay to wait upon her—  
To wait upon her,  
And get all things ready.  
I will away,  
And be a Captain's lady.

In the third volume of Gow's Complete Repository, the reader will find the subject of this curious old melody, with a slight variation, transformed into a strathspey, called '*Dalry House*.'" See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 219. The air given in Johnson, No. 233, consists, in the first strain, of three measures and three measures, of four crotchets; and the same rhythm goes on in the twelve measures of the second strain. Though airs in this kind of rhythm occur, it depends upon the places of the cadences, perfect or imperfect, whether or not the effect of the rhythm may be satisfactory to the ear. In this case, we think that the composer of the air has mistaken its true rhythm, and has thrown into common time, and a halting rhythm, what should have been written in triple time, with a regular rhythm of two measures and two measures. We refer to Johnson, No. 233. In Mr. R. A. Smith's Scottish Minstrel, vol. ii. p. 74, we find a version of the air, still in common time, in which the halting rhythm is maintained in the first strain, but is changed in the second strain into four measures of regular rhythm. Mr. Smith has thrown the air into six strains, of which the fourth is merely a variation of the first; but we do not approve of these changes. In the present work the air has been thrown into  $\frac{3}{4}$  time; the *ritmo zoppicante* of the original has thus been got rid of, and the effect rendered more satisfactory to both singer and hearer. We subjoin the first two strains of the air, as given by R. A. Smith:—

## FAR OVER YON HILLS.

AIR, "THE LAMENT OF FLORA MACDONALD."

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

$\text{♩} = 100$   
 ANDANTE  
 ESPRESSIVO.

Far o - ver yon hills of the

heather sae green, An' down by the Corrie that sings to the sea, The bon-nie young Flo-ra sat

sighing her lane, The dew on her plaid an' the tear in her e'e. She look'd at a boat wi' the

breez-es that swung, A-way on the wave, like a bird of the main; An'

ay as it lessen'd she sigh'd an' she sung, "Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain; Fare -

*con energia.*

weel to my he-ro, the gallant an' young, Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain."

The moorcock that crows on the brows o' Ben-Connal,  
 He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;  
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-Ronald,  
 Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim;  
 The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shores;  
 The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;  
 But, ah! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,  
 Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has he;  
 The conflict is past, and our name is no more,  
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland an' me!

The target is torn from the arm of the just,  
 The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,  
 The claymore for ever in darkness must rust;  
 But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;  
 The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,  
 Have trode o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue:  
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud  
 When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?  
 Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!  
 The crown of thy fathers is tern from thy brow.

"FAR OVER YON HILLS." James Hogg, in his second series of Jacobite Relics, gives this song and air as "The Lament of Flora Macdonald," with the following note:—"I got the original of these verses from my friend Mr. Niel Gow, who told me they were a translation from the Gaelic, but so rude that he could not publish them, which he wished to do on a single sheet, for the sake of the old air. On which I versified them anew, and made them a great deal better without altering one sentiment." In his "Songs," collected in 1831, Hogg reprints this under the title of "Flora Macdonald's Farewell," headed by the following note:—"Was composed to an air handed me by the late lamented Niel Gow, junior. He said it was an ancient Skye air, but afterwards told me it was his own. When I first heard the song sung by Mr. Morison, I never was so agreeably astonished,—I could hardly believe my senses that I had made so good a song without knowing it." In both these notes, the Shepherd's self-complacency is very amusing.



## BENEATH A GREEN SHADE.

AIR, "THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN."<sup>1</sup>

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 76$   
 ANDANTE  
 AMOROSO.

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE AMOROSO' with a quarter note equal to 76 beats. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Be -  
 neath a green shade, a love - ly young swain One ev'n - ing re -  
 clin'd, to dis - cov - er his pain ; So sad, yet so  
 sweetly, he war - bled his woe ! The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the

<sup>1</sup> Also spelled Ballendyne and Ballendine ; pronounced Ballandean.

foun - tains to flow: Rude winds, with eom - pas - sion, could hear him eom -

plain, Yet Chlo - e less gen - tle, was deaf to his

strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,  
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!  
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey;  
 Nor smiled the fair morning more cheerful than they.  
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight;  
 I'm tortured in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes in vain relief I pursue,  
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;  
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair—  
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;  
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same,  
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires;  
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:  
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,  
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.  
 Ah, wretch! how can life thus merit thy care?  
 Since lengthening its moments, but lengthens despair.

"BENEATH A GREEN SHADE." The words were written by Thomas Blacklock, D.D., to the tune of "The Braes of Ballenden." This air has been by some erroneously ascribed to James Oswald, in the fifth volume of whose Caledonian Pocket Companion it appeared; but without any claim from Oswald to its authorship, by means of the asterism affixed to his own compositions in the Index to that work. It appears that the famous Italian singer, Giusto Ferdinando Tenducci, who arrived in Edinburgh on 15th May 1758, and resided there for some time, used to sing "The Braes of Ballenden," and other Scottish songs, with charming effect. These "braes" lie towards the Sidlaw Hills, in the Carse of Gowrie.

## O LEAVE ME NOT!

AIR, "I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 76$   
 ANDANTE  
 ESPRESSIVO.

The first system of music is in G major, 4/4 time. It features a piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is placed at the beginning of the treble staff.

The second system of music continues the piano introduction. It includes the vocal melody line with the lyrics "O leave me not! the ev' - ning hour, So soft, so still, is". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is present.

The third system of music continues the piano introduction. It includes the vocal melody line with the lyrics "all our own; The dew de - scends on tree and flow'r, They breathe their sweets for". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

The fourth system of music continues the piano introduction. It includes the vocal melody line with the lyrics "thee a - lone. O go not yet! the ev' - ning star, The". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is present.



The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics under the first system are: "ris - ing moon, all bid thee stay ; And dy - ing e - choes, faint and far, In -". The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics under the second system are: "vite our ling' - ring steps to stray." The piano part features chords and arpeggiated figures. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) appears in the second system.

Far from the city's noisy din,  
 Beneath the pale moon's trembling light,  
 That lip to press—those smiles to win—  
 Will lend a rapture to the night.  
 Let fortune fling her favours free  
 To whom she will, I'll ne'er repine,—  
 O, what is all the world to me,  
 While thus I clasp and call thee mine?

"O LEAVE ME NOT!" The air, "'I love my love in secret,' is (says Mr. Stenhouse) inserted in Mrs. Crockat's MSS., written in 1709." It appears in the Collections of McGibbon and Oswald. The two songs given to it in Johnson's Museum are both indifferent. The very pretty song which we have selected is found on page 297 of "Rambling Rhymes," by Alexander Smart, new edition, Edinburgh, 1845, dedicated to Lord Jeffrey. Mr. Smart is a native of Montrose. He was first a clock and watch-maker, but this sedentary occupation disagreeing with his health, he became a type-press printer, and is now, and has been for several years, in the respectable printing office of Neil and Co., Edinburgh. His Rambling Rhymes are thus characterized in a kind letter to him from Lord Jeffrey:—"I had scarcely read any of your little book when I acknowledged receipt of it. I have now, however, gone through every word of it, and find I have more to thank you for than I was then aware of. I do not allude so much to the very flattering sonnet you have been pleased to inscribe with my name, as to the many passages of great poetical beauty, and to the still greater number expressive of (and inspired by) those gentle affections, and just and elevated sentiments, which it is so delightful to find in the works of persons of the middling class, on whose time the calls of a necessary, and often laborious, industry must press so heavily. I cannot tell you the pride and the pleasure I have in such indications, not of cultivated intellect only, but of moral delicacy and elegant taste, in the tradesmen and artizans of our country; and you will readily understand, therefore, both why I feel obliged to you for this new and remarkable proof of them, and disposed to do anything in my power to gratify and serve those in whom you take an interest." One of the songs given to this air, No. 204 of Johnson's Museum, was slightly altered by Burns from an old song. We subjoin the first four lines of the first stanza, which will justify our preference of Mr. Smart's words:—

"My Sandy gied to me a ring  
 Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine;  
 But I gied him a far better thing,  
 I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring."

## RED, RED IS THE PATH TO GLORY.

AIR, "STU MO RUN."

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

 $\text{♩} = 84$ ANDANTE  
ESPRESSIVO.

Piano introduction in G minor, 4/4 time. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and crescendo (*cres.*).

First system of the song. The vocal melody begins with a rest followed by the lyrics "Red, red<sup>1</sup> is the path to glo - ry! Thick yon ban - ners". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and crescendo (*cres.*).

Second system of the song. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "meet the sky! O, my Geor - die, death's before ye! Turn and hear my". The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note pattern. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (*mf*).

Third system of the song. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics "bod - ing ery. Joy of my heart, Geor - die, hear me!<sup>2</sup> Joy of my heart,". The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and mezzo-forte (*mf*).

<sup>1</sup> Orig., Bloody red.<sup>2</sup> Orig., Agam.



Turn and see thy tartan plaidie  
Rising o'er my breaking heart;  
O my bonnie Highland laddie!  
Wae was I with thee to part!

Joy of my heart, &c.

But thou bleeds!—O bleeds thou, beauty?  
Swims thine eye in woe and pain?  
Child of Honour! child of Duty!  
Shall we never meet again?

Joy of my heart, &c.

Yes, my darling, on thy pillow  
Soon thy head shall easy lie;  
Soon upon the sounding billow  
Shall thy war-worn standard fly!

Joy of my heart, &c.

Then, again, thy tartan plaidie,  
Then my bosom, free from pain,  
Shall receive my Highland laddie,—  
Never shall we part again!

Joy of my heart, &c.

<sup>1</sup> My own.

"RED, RED IS THE PATH TO GLORY." The air and the words are from the second volume of "Albyn's Anthology," published by Alexander Campbell in 1818, pp. 22, 23. Mr. Campbell's note, p. 23, is as follows:—"Communicated by the learned and ingenious Dr. Robert Couper, late of Fochabers, who wrote the above stanzas to this beautiful old Highland melody, while his friend, the Marquis of Huntly, was wounded in Holland, anno 1799." R. A. Smith, in his *Scottish Minstrel*, vol. v. p. 84, says: "Lady G. Gordon picked up this beautiful air in the Highlands. The verses were written by Dr. Couper, at her desire, on the Marquis of Huntly when in Holland."

We take this opportunity of quoting some passages regarding airs of the Highlands of Scotland, which may be not unacceptable to our Southern neighbours, who are but little acquainted with that music. The Rev. Patrick McDonald, Minister of Kilmore in Argyleshire, in his Preface to his *Collection of Highland Airs*, published in 1781, says:—"In the Highlands of Scotland, the harp has long ceased to be the favourite instrument; and, for upwards of a century, has been seldom heard. The encouragement of the people has been transferred to the bagpipe, an instrument more congenial to the martial spirit of the country." Prefixed to the same collection is a Dissertation written by the Rev. Walter Young, Minister of Erskine in Renfrewshire. Dr. Young says:—"Over all the Highlands there are various songs, which are sung to airs suited to the nature of the subject. But on the western coast, benorth Middle Lorn, and in all the Hebrides, *luinigs* are most in request. These are in general very short, and of a plaintive cast, analogous to their best poetry; and they are sung by the women, not only at their diversions, but also during almost every kind of work where more than one person is employed, as milking cows, and watching the folds, fulling of cloth, grinding of grain with the *quern* or hand-mill, hay-making, and cutting down corn. The men, too, have *iorrams*, or songs for rowing, to which they keep time with their oars, as the women likewise do in their operations, whenever their work admits of it. When the same airs are sung in their hours of relaxation, the time is marked by the motions of a napkin, which all the performers lay hold of. In singing, one person leads the band; but in a certain part of the tune he stops to take breath, while the rest strike in and complete the air, pronouncing to it a chorus of words and syllables generally of no signification. These songs generally animate every person present; and hence, when labourers appear to flag, a *luinig* is called for, which makes them for a time forget their toil, and work with redoubled ardour. In travelling through the remote Highlands in harvest, the sound of these little bands on every side, 'warbling their native wood-notes wild,' joined to a most romantic scenery, has a very pleasing effect on the mind of a stranger. This is a practice both agreeable and useful; it alleviates labour, and preserves regularity and uniformity of application. Indeed, the most polished nations might imitate it with advantage. . . . Like the other peculiarities of the Highlanders, the custom of singing these songs *regularly* at work is declining apace, especially in the eastern countries and the districts which have much intercourse with the Lowlanders. Yet, less than a century ago, it was practised by their forefathers. However wild and artless some of the *luinigs* may be, and however ill others of them are sung by the common people; yet a number of beautiful original ones may still be collected in the Highlands. The greater part of them appear to be adapted to the harp, an instrument which was once in high estimation there." Pp. 10, 11. See Appendix.



## COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

AIR, "JOHNNIE M'GILL."

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 69$   
 ALLEGRETTO.

Come under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa';

drift, an' the snaw; Come un - der my plai - die, and sit down be - side me, There's

room in't, dear las - sie, be - lieve me, for twa. Come un - der my plai - die, and

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking and a *colla voce* instruction. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The third system concludes the piece with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment that includes *p* and *f* (forte) dynamic markings.

sit down be - side me, I'll hap ye frae ev' - ry cauld blast that can blaw; Come  
un - der my plai - die, and sit down be - side me, There's room in't, dear las - sie, he -  
lieve me, for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa;  
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw!  
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;  
Ye might be my gutcher!<sup>1</sup> auld Donald, gae wa'.  
I'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he's young, and he's bonnie.  
He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig<sup>2</sup> and fu' brow!  
Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu', or tichtly,  
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw!

Dear Marion, let that flec stick fast to the wa';  
Your Jock's but a gowk,<sup>3</sup> and has naething ava;  
The haill o' his pack he has now on his back;  
He's thretty, and I am but three score and twa.  
Be frank now and kindly—I'll busk<sup>4</sup> ye aye finely,  
To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae brow;  
A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
And flunkies<sup>5</sup> to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

<sup>1</sup> Grandfather.<sup>2</sup> Nent.<sup>3</sup> Fool.<sup>4</sup> Dress<sup>5</sup> Livery servants.

"COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE." Mr. Stenhouse has the following note upon this song:—"This fine ballad is another production of my late friend, Hector Macneil, Esq., who has frequently been noticed in the course of this work. It is adapted to a lively air called 'Johnnie M'Gill,' after the name of its composer, Mr. John M'Gill, who was a musician in Girvan, Ayrshire. Burns likewise wrote some verses to the same tune, which are inserted in the third volume of the Museum. *Vide Notes on Song No. 207.*" See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. p. 467. The three last stanzas of this song will be found in the Appendix.

## ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

AIR. "THE CARDIN' O' T."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

 $\text{♩} = 92$ 

MODERATO.

*p*

On Cessnock banks there lives a lass, Could I describe her

shape and mien ; The gra - ces of her weel-faur'd face, And the glan - ein' of her

sparklin' een ! She's spot - less as the flow'ring thorn, With flow'rs so white and

*p* *fz*



leaves so green, When pur - est in the dew - y morn; An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een!

*dim. p* *mf* *f*

She's stately like yon youthful ash,  
That grows the cowslip braes between,  
And shoots its head above each bush;  
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,  
When flow'ry May adorns the scene,  
That wantons round its bleating dam;  
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her hair is like the curling mist  
That shades the mountain side at e'en,  
When flow'r-reviving rains are past,  
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,  
When shining sunbeams intervene,  
And gild the distant mountain's brow;  
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush  
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,  
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;  
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,  
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,  
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,  
An' chiefly in her sparklin' een!

"ON CESSNOCK BANKS THERE LIVES A LASS." The air is said by Mr. Stenhouse to be "a lively old Scotch measure, called 'Salt Fish and Dumplings;'" but he does not mention where else it is to be found but in Johnson's Museum. It appears there, No. 427, with two stanzas of very indifferent words by Burns, beginning, "I coft a stane o' haslock woo'," with a chorus, "The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't," &c. The words we have adopted were written by Burns at a date not now ascertainable. In the beautiful edition of Burns' Works, published by Messrs. Blackie & Son of Glasgow, in 1844, the note given upon the song, vol. ii. p. 12, is as follows:—"Cromek recovered this song from the oral communication of a lady in Glasgow, whom the bard early in life affectionately admired. He adds, that it is an early production. It contains more of simile than of passion. The young poet was perhaps desirous to display his ingenuity in likening the object of his affection to the most pleasing objects in nature; he called to mind the freshness of the morning dawn and the twinkling of the dew-drop upon the lawn—the fragrant breeze of evening gently stirring the blossomed bean—the stateliness of the young ash—the spotless purity of the flowering hawthorn—the innocence of the sportive lambkin—and the sweet notes of the thrush as he cheers his mate with his evening song—and to each of these he found a corresponding quality in the lass of Cessnock Banks. Who she was is not known." See Captain Charles Gray's note regarding the true heroine of this song, in Appendix to the second volume of this Work, pp. 169-171. In Messrs. Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," p. 116, they give a version of "Cessnock Banks" from the edition of Burns by Pickering, who offers it as "from the author's own manuscript." The version there printed is rather lengthy for a song, as it consists of thirteen stanzas; therefore we have adopted the shorter song given in their edition of Burns' Works above cited; although even that is too long for singing, and has been shortened by omitting certain stanzas, for which we refer the reader to the Appendix.

## BLINK O'ER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 72$   
MODERATO.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'MODERATO.' with a quarter note equal to 72 beats per minute. The piano part begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

*p*

Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty, It

is a cauld win - ter night, It rains, it hails, and it

thunders, The moon she gi'es nae light. It's a' for the

sake o' sweet Bet - ty That ev - er I tint my way ; O'

las - sie, let me sit be - side thee, Un - til it be

break o' day.

It's Betty shall bake my bread,  
And Betty shall brew my ale;  
And Betty shall be my love,  
When I come o'er the dale.

Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty,  
Blink o'er the burn to me;  
And while I ha'e life, my dear lassie,  
My ain sweet Betty thou's be.

"BLINK O'ER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY." We have adopted the old words of the song instead of those written by Joseph Mitchell, and published with the air in Johnson's *Scottish Musical Museum*. The seventh line of the first stanza contains, in the original, a phrase which is unsuitable to modern taste, and which we have therefore altered. It has been stated that the first line of the song, "Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty," is quoted by Shakespeare in *King Lear*; but we do not find there these *ipsissima verba*, though we find in Act III. Scene 6, Edgar saying,

"Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?"

*Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me."*

With regard to the air, Mr. Stenhouse says nothing of its probable age, nor does he note the discrepancies that are to be found in various versions of it. For example, in the third volume of Watts' *Musical Miscellany*, 1730, we find the air in a different shape from that given to it in Johnson. In Watts the passages are smooth, and have none of "the Scotch *snap*s" (see vol. ii. p. 33, of this work) found in Johnson. Nor are these "Scotch *snap*s" found in the versions of the air given by Oswald and M'Gibbon. Again, the word "burn" cannot be sung as one syllable to the passages given in Johnson and M'Gibbon, while it perfectly suits the single note (a minim) corresponding to it in Oswald's version of the air. We have, therefore, adopted Oswald's passage, and merely smoothed away the "*snap*s" in Johnson, without altering the real notes.



## THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

$\text{♩} = 84$   
ALLEGRO  
MARCATO.

The

*mf* *cres.* *f* *p*

Campbells are co nin', O - ho, O - ho! The Campbells are comin', O - ho, O - ho! The

*f* *p*

Campbells are comin' to bon - nie Lochle - ven; The Campbells are comin', O - ho, O - ho!

Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I

lay, I lay; I look - ed down to bonnie Loch - le - ven, And saw three bon - nie

perches play.

*f* *ff*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one sharp. The tempo is marked with a wavy line above the first staff. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The piano part features dynamic markings *f* and *ff*.

Great Argyle, he goes before,  
He makes the cannons and guns to roar,  
Wi' sonnd o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,  
The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!  
The Campbells are comin', &c.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,  
Their loyal faith and truth to show;  
Wi' banners rattling in the wind,  
The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!  
The Campbells are comin', &c.

"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN', O-HO, O-HO!" Mr. Stenhouse's note on this (No. 299 of Museum) is as follows:—"In the index to the third volume of the Museum, this song is said to have been composed on the imprisonment of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, in the Castle of Lochleven, in 1567. The Earl of Argyle was on the Queen's party at the battle of Langside, in 1568, and, perhaps, the tune may have been the Campbells' quick-march for two centuries past; but, nevertheless, the words of the song contain intrinsic evidence that it is not much above a century old. In all probability it was written about the year 1715, on the breaking out of the rebellion in the reign of George I., when John Campbell, the great Duke of Argyle, was made commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces in North Britain, and was the principal means of its total suppression. I have seen the *tune*, however, in several old collections." See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 291, 292. See also the song "The Clans are coming," in Hogg's second series of Jacobite Relics, and his note upon it, p. 289. We subjoin one from the first volume of James Aird's Selection of Airs, published at Glasgow about 1784. Another, slightly different, is found in Part I. of Gow & Sons Complete Repository.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is a quick march, characterized by its rhythmic pattern and the use of slurs and ties. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## O SPEED, LORD NITHSDALE.

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 60$   
 ANDANTE  
 MESTO.

O

speed, Lord Nithsdale, speed ye fast, Sin' ye maun frae your countrie flee, Nae

mer-cy mot fa' to your share; Nae pi-ty is for thine and thee.

Thy la-dy sits in lone-ly hower, And fast the tear fa's



The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics: "frae ber e'e; And aye she sighs, O blaw ye winds, And bear Lord Nithsdale". The piano accompaniment is in G major and 4/4 time. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics: "far frae me." The piano accompaniment continues with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

Her heart, sae wae, was like to break,  
 While kneeling by the taper bright;  
 But ae red drap cam' to her cheek,  
 As shone the morning's rosy light.  
 Lord Nithsdale's bark she mot na see,  
 Winds sped it swiftly o'er the main;  
 "O ill betide," quoth that fair dame,  
 "Wha sic a comely knight had slain!"

Lord Nithsdale lov'd wi' mickle love;  
 But he thought on his countrie's wrang;  
 And he was deem'd a traitor syne,  
 And forc'd frae a' he lov'd to gang.  
 "Oh! I will gae to my lov'd lord,  
 He may na smile, I trow, bot<sup>1</sup> me;"  
 But hame, and ha', and bonnie bowers,  
 Nae mair will glad Lord Nithsdale's e'e.

<sup>1</sup> Bot, without; as in the old motto, "Touch not the cat bot a glove."

"O SPEED, LORD NITHSDALE, SPEED YE FAST." These verses were written, about the year 1820, by Robert Allan, a poetical weaver of Kilbarchan, in Renfrewshire. Allan was a friend of R. A. Smith, for whom he wrote a number of songs, some of which appeared in the *Scottish Minstrel* and other musical publications. He died at New York, U.S., on 7th June 1841, eight days after his arrival there. Like other poets, he was often in difficulties; and, in order to relieve him upon one occasion, a little piece of curious mystification was practised on the publisher of the *Scottish Minstrel* by R. A. Smith, with the assistance of a rather celebrated poet. The mystification was entirely successful, and the result is very naively narrated by Smith in a letter to his friend. As to the air, it is, in the *Scottish Minstrel*, merely called "Lord Nithsdale;" the author is unknown. It bears some resemblance to "Waly, waly." The song alludes to the escape of Maxwell, Earl of Nithsdale, who was deeply involved in the rebellion of 1715. The first Earl of Nithsdale (or Nithsdale) was created in 1581. The last forfeited the title in 1715. Sir Walter Scott thus describes Nithsdale's escape:—"Lady Nithsdale, the bold and affectionate wife of the condemned Earl, having in vain thrown herself at the feet of the reigning monarch, to implore mercy for her husband, devised a plan for his escape of the same kind with that since practised by Madame Lavalette. She was admitted to see her husband in the Tower upon the last day which, according to his sentence, he had to live. She had with her two female confidants. One brought on her person a double suit of female clothes. This individual was instantly dismissed, when relieved of her second dress. The other person gave her own clothes to the Earl, attiring herself in those which had been provided. Muffled in a riding-hood and cloak, the Earl, in the character of lady's maid, holding a handkerchief to his eyes, as one overwhelmed with deep affliction, passed the sentinels, and being safely conveyed out of the Tower, made his escape to France. So well was the whole thing arranged, that after accompanying her husband to the door of the prison, Lady Nithsdale returned to the chamber from whence her Lord had escaped, and played her part so admirably as to give him full time to get clear of the sentinels, and then make her own exit. We are startled to find that, according to the rigour of the law, the life of the heroic Countess was considered as responsible for that of the husband whom she had saved; but she contrived to conceal herself."—*History of Scotland*.

## WHEN PHŒBUS BRIGHT THE AZURE SKIES.

AIR, "LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW."

ARRANGED BY J. T. SURENNE.

$\text{♩} = 72$   
 ANDANTE  
 ESPRESSIVO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and 'Espressivo', with a quarter note equal to 72 beats. The piano part starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic, followed by a decrescendo to piano (*p*). The voice part enters with the word 'When' on a long note. The lyrics are: 'Phœbus bright the a-zure skies With golden rays en-light'-neth, He makes all na-ture's beauties rise, Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quick'-neth: A-mongst all those he makes his choice, And with delight goes'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line.

When

Phœbus bright the a-zure skies With golden rays en-light'-neth, He

makes all na-ture's beauties rise, Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quick'-neth:

A-mongst all those he makes his choice, And with delight goes

tho - row, With radiant beams the sil - ver streams O'er Leader Haughs and  
Yar - row.

When Aries the day and night  
In equal length divideth,  
Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,  
Nae langer he abideth;  
Then Flora, queen, with mantle green,  
Casts off her former sorrow,  
And vows to dwell with Ceres' sel',  
On Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,  
And shepherds him attending,  
Do here resort their flocks to feed,  
The hills and haughs commending.  
With cur and kent<sup>1</sup> upon the bent,  
Sing to the sun good-morrow,  
And swear nae fields mair pleasure yields,  
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

<sup>1</sup> Shepherd's staff.

An house there stands on Leader-side,  
Surmounting my deservin',  
With rooms sae rair, and windows fair,  
Like Dædalus' contriving;  
Men passing by do often cry,  
In sooth it hath nae marrow,  
It stands as sweet on Leader-side  
As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below, wha lists to ride,  
They'll hear the mavis singing,  
Into Saint-Leonard's banks she'll bide,  
Sweet birks her head o'erhanging;  
The lintwhite<sup>2</sup> loud, and Progne proud,  
With tuneful throats and narrow,  
Into Saint-Leonard's banks they sing  
As sweetly as on Yarrow.

<sup>2</sup> Linnet.

"WHEN PHÆBUS BRIGHT THE AZURE SKIES." In Johnson's Museum the song given to the air of "Leader Haughs and Yarrow," is taken from Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, where it appeared, anonymously, under the title of *Sweet Susan*. It begins, "The morn was fair, saft was the air," but has no great merit, and is destitute of the curious local interest of names and habitations belonging to the district celebrated in the old ballad, which is still sung in the south of Scotland. We have, therefore, given the old ballad entire. As it is too long for singing, in ordinary cases, half of the stanzas may be omitted. Mr. Stenhouse says in his note, "Both the old ballad of 'Leader Haughs and Yarrow' and the tune are said to be the composition of Nicol Burn, a Border minstrel, who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century." Mr. D. Laing observes, "There is no evidence for giving 'Minstrel Burn' the Christian name of Nicol, or making him flourish about the middle of the sixteenth century. His ballad belongs to the first half, or perhaps the middle of the following century. Mr. S. evidently had confounded him with Nicol Burne, a Roman Catholic Priest," &c. See Museum Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 203, 298\*. The air, as given in Johnson's Museum, has certain ornamental flourishes that spoil its simplicity. We have rather followed, in general, the version given by William Napier in his Second Selection of Scots Songs, 1792. See Appendix for the remainder of the ballad.



## SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY?

ARRANGED BY T. M. MUDIE.

$\text{♩} = 50$   
MODERATO.

Saw ye nae my Peg - gy, Saw ye nae my Peg - gy,

Saw ye nae my Peg - gy com - ing o'er the lea? Sure a fin - er creature

Ne'er was form'd by na - ture, So complete each fea - ture, So di - vine is she.



O, how Peggy charms me!  
 Ev'ry look still warms me,  
 Ev'ry thought alarms me,  
 Lest she love not me.

Peggy doth discover  
 Nought but charms all over;  
 Nature bids me love her—  
 That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover  
 To become a rover?  
 No, I'll ne'er give over,  
 Till I happy be!

For since love inspires me,  
 And her beauty fires me,  
 And her absence tires me,  
 Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,  
 Fate seems to detain her;  
 Could I but obtain her  
 Happy would I be!

I'll lie down before her,  
 Bless, sigh, and adore her;  
 With faint looks implore her,  
 Till she pity me!

"SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY?" Burns, in his Remarks on Scottish Song, says of this one:—"This charming song is much older, and indeed superior to Ramsay's verses, 'The Toast,' as he calls them. There is another set of the words much older still, and which I take to be the original one; but though it has a very great deal of merit, it is not quite ladies' reading. The original words, for they can scarcely be called verses, are still older, and are familiar, from the cradle, to every Scottish ear.

'Saw ye my Maggie,  
 Saw ye my Maggie,  
 Saw ye my Maggie  
 Linkin' o'er the lea?

'High kilted was she,  
 High kilted was she,  
 High kilted was she,  
 Her coat aboon her knee.

'What mark has your Maggie,  
 What mark has your Maggie,  
 What mark has your Maggie,  
 That ane may ken her be?' &c.

Though it by no means follows that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song, yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be the old verses. The two songs in Ramsay, one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fireside circle of our peasantry, while that which I take to be the old song is in every shepherd's mouth. Ramsay, I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his Collection."

Mr. Stenhouse says in his note upon this song and air, No. 11 of Johnson's Museum:—"In Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany we find his song, called 'The Toast,' to the same tune, '*Saw ye my Peggy?*' but he left out both of the old songs under this title to which Burns alludes. The first of these two songs is still extant, but the words are not fit to be sung in a drawing-room. The other, which is likewise older than Ramsay's time, was not inserted in any regular collection of Scottish songs till that of David Herd in 1769, from whence it was copied into Johnson's Museum. The melody, however, is inserted in the old manuscript music-book, in the editor's possession, before alluded to, and was also printed in the first edition of the Orpheus Caledonius, 1725." We must remark that "the old manuscript music-book" which Mr. Stenhouse so often refers to as being in his possession, is never particularly described. This seems an unaccountable omission. We do not know what became of Mr. Stenhouse's library after his death. Perhaps it may strike the reader that this air, "*Saw ye nae my Peggy?*" bears resemblance in its second strain to "Peggy, now the king's come." The two last strains of the air, as given in Johnson's Museum, and other works, have been converted by the arranger into the prelude and ritornel, because we consider them to be mere modern additions of no great merit.

## O I HA'E SEEN THE WILD FLOWERS BLAW.

COMPOSED BY T. M. MUDIE.

 $\text{♩} = 69$ ANDANTE  
ESPRESSIVO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in treble clef, starting with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and finally a quarter note E5. The left hand plays a bass line in bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4, then a half note D4, and finally a quarter note E4. The tempo is marked 'Andante Espressivo' with a quarter note equal to 69 beats.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and finally a quarter note E5. The piano accompaniment in the right hand starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and finally a quarter note E5. The left hand plays a bass line in bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4, then a half note D4, and finally a quarter note E4. The tempo is marked 'Andante Espressivo' with a quarter note equal to 69 beats.

O I ha'e seen the wild flow'rs blaw On gen - tle spring's re -

The second system of the song features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and finally a quarter note E5. The piano accompaniment in the right hand starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and finally a quarter note E5. The left hand plays a bass line in bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4, then a half note D4, and finally a quarter note E4. The tempo is marked 'Andante Espressivo' with a quarter note equal to 69 beats.

turn - ing; O I ha'e seen the sere leaves fa', And na - ture clad in

The third system of the song features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and finally a quarter note E5. The piano accompaniment in the right hand starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and finally a quarter note E5. The left hand plays a bass line in bass clef, starting with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4, then a half note D4, and finally a quarter note E4. The tempo is marked 'Andante Espressivo' with a quarter note equal to 69 beats.

mourn - ing; But then, oh, then! my heart was light, I knew nor care nor



sor - row ; For Fan - cy paint - ed a' things bright, And

Hope smiled on the mor - row.

*p*

Now wae's my heart! the flowers may blaw,  
 And fleeting seasons vary,—  
 I only mark the leaves that fa'  
 Around the grave o' Mary!

The moaning w'nds o' winter rise,  
 And on the ear come swelling;  
 And crisp an' could the cranreuch<sup>1</sup> lies  
 Upon her lonely dwelling!

<sup>1</sup> Hoar frost.

"O I HA'E SEEN THE WILD FLOWERS BLAW." The author of the words of this song is Captain Charles Gray, R.M., who has contributed several excellent songs to this work. In 1811 he published a volume of "Lays and Lyrics," many of which found their way into various Collections of Scottish Song which have appeared since that time. This song was originally written for the second volume of "Albyn's Anthology," and set to a Gaelic air. The words are here inserted by the kind permission of their author. He is a native of Anstruther, in Fifeshire; a town which has produced several remarkable men: among others, the Rev. Dr. Chalmers and William Tennant, LL.D., author of "Anster Fair," and to whom Captain Gray dedicated his little volume, as to a friend and school-fellow. After a long and honourable service in the Royal Marines, he retired from his profession at the end of 1840; published a second edition of his Lays and Lyrics at the close of 1841, and ever since then has resided chiefly in Edinburgh. In a wide circle of friends, Scottish, English, and Irish, he is well known and appreciated for his poetical talent—for his gaiety and good-humour—for his kindness of heart, and for his honourable character. Although his health has not of late been so good as his friends could wish, he has shown no lack of poetical feeling in his song "Through the wood, lassie," written a few months ago, and inserted in the Appendix to the third volume of this Work, p. 169. The author of the music to "O I ha'e seen the wild flowers blaw," is Mr. Thomas Mollison Mudie, a talented professional musician, at present resident in Edinburgh. Mr. Mudie is well known by his clever compositions, both vocal and instrumental. His sacred songs are among his best published works. He was a favourite pupil of Doctor Crotch, late Professor of Music at the University of Oxford, and of Cipriani Potter, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music in London, where he received his musical education.

## THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK.

ARRANGED BY FINLAY DUN.

$\text{♩} = 66$   
 ALLEGRO  
 MARCATO.

It's up wi' the

Souters o' Sel-kirk, And down wi' the Earl o' Hume; And here is to

a' the braw lad-dies, That wear the sin-gle sol'd shoon.

It's up wi' the Sou-ters o' Sel-kirk, For they are baith trus-ty and

leal; And up wi' the lads o' the For-est,<sup>1</sup> And down wi' the

Merse<sup>2</sup> to the deil.

*f*

It's fye upon yellow and yellow,  
 And fye upon yellow and green;  
 But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,  
 And up wi' the single sol'd shoon.  
 It's up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,  
 For they are baith trusty and leal;  
 And up wi' the men o' the Forest,  
 And down wi' the Merse to the deil

<sup>1</sup> Selkirkshire, otherwise called Utrick Forest.

O! mitres are made for noddles,  
 But feet they are made for shoon,  
 And fame is as sib to Selkirk,  
 As licht is true to the moon.  
 There sits a souter in Selkirk.  
 Wha sings as he draws his thread,  
 There's gallant souters in Selkirk,  
 As lang's there's water in Tweed.

<sup>2</sup> Derwickshire, otherwise called the Merse.

"THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK." In a very long note, of more than seven pages, upon No. 438 of Johnson's Museum, Mr. Stenhouse avails himself of Sir Walter Scott's "Disertation" (as the latter calls it) on the song called "The Souters of Selkirk," in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Sir Walter says that "the song relates to the fatal battle of Flodden, in which the flower of the Scottish nobility fell around their sovereign, James IV. The ancient and received tradition of the burgh of Selkirk affirms, that the citizens of that town distinguished themselves by their gallantry on that disastrous occasion. Eighty in number, and headed by their town-clerk, they joined their monarch on his entrance into England. James, pleased with the appearance of this gallant troop, knighted the leader, William Brydone, upon the field of battle, from which few of the men of Selkirk were destined to return. They distinguished themselves in the conflict, and were almost all slain. The few survivors, on their return home, found, by the side of Lady-Wood Edge, the corpse of a female, wife to one of their fallen comrades, with a child sucking at her breast. In memory of this latter event, continues the tradition, the present arms of the burgh bear, a female, holding a child in her arms, and seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish Lion; in the back-ground a wood." See *Border Minstrelsy*. Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Stenhouse, by documentary evidence, refute Ritson's assertion that the Souters of Selkirk could not, in 1513, amount to eighty fighting men; and also Dr. Johnson's Aberdeen story, that the people learned the art of making shoes from Cromwell's soldiers. Scottish Acts of Parliament are quoted relative to "Sowters" and "eordoners," *i.e.*, shoemakers, and the manufacture and exportation of boots and shoes, long before Cromwell was born. Also, it is shown that the appellation of "Souters" is given to the burgesses of Selkirk, whether shoemakers or not, "and appears to have originated from the singular custom observed at the admission of a new member, a ceremony which is on no account dispensed with. Some hog-bristles are attached to the seal of his burgess ticket; these he must dip in wine, and pass between his lips, as a tribute of his respect to this ancient and useful fraternity."—Stenhouse. Sir Walter Scott, when made Sheriff-Depute of Selkirkshire, went through this ceremony, and became a Souter of Selkirk. The yellow and green, mentioned in the second stanza of the song, are the liveries of the house of Home. Mr. Stenhouse states that the original melody (of which, and of the words, he gives versions) is a bagpipe tune, which he heard sung and played by the Border musicians in his younger days. See Appendix.



## GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.

ARRANGED BY J. T. SUBENNE.

$\text{♩} = 112$   
MODERATO.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'MODERATO.' with a quarter note equal to 112 beats per minute. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano), and articulation marks like accents and slurs. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Good night, and joy - be

wi' ye a', Your harm - less mirth has cheer'd my heart; May life's fell blasts out -

o'er ye blow! In sor - row may ye nev - er part! My spi - rit lives, but

strength is gone, The moun - tain - fires now blaze in vain: Re -

mem - ber, sons, the deeds I've done, And in your deeds I'll live a - gain!

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, and features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 2/4 time, and features a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a treble line with chords and single notes.

*Concluding Symphony.*

The musical score for the concluding symphony is in G major, 2/4 time. It features a piano accompaniment with a bass line and a treble line. The bass line has a steady eighth-note rhythm, while the treble line has a more melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece ends with a final chord in G major.

When on yon muir our gallant clan  
 Frae boasting foes their banners tore,  
 Who show'd himsel' a better man,  
 Or fiercer waw'd the red claymore?  
 But when in peace—then mark me there,  
 When thro' the glen the wanderer came,  
 I gave him of our hardy fare,  
 I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear,  
 Be canty, but be good and leal;<sup>1</sup>  
 Your ain ills ay ha'e heart to bear,  
 Anither's ay ha'e heart to feel;  
 So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,  
 I'll see you triumph ere I fa';  
 My parting breath shall boast you mine,  
 Good night, and joy be wi' you a'.

<sup>1</sup> Loyal; honest.

"GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'." These words were written by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., of Auchinleck, and published by him, anonymously, in a pamphlet containing some others of his songs, at Edinburgh, in 1803. The title of the song is "The old Chieftain to his sons." Of the air, Mr. Stenhouse says:—"This beautiful tune has, time out of mind, been played at the breaking up of convivial parties in Scotland. The principal publishers of Scottish Music have also adopted it, as their farewell air, in closing their musical works." There is a fragment of a song called "Armstrong's Goodnight," which Sir Walter Scott gave in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," with the following notice:—"The following verses are said to have been composed by one of the Armstrongs, executed for the murder of Sir John Carmichael of Edrom, Warden of the Middle Marches. The tune is popular in Scotland, but whether these are the original words will admit of some doubt—"

'This night is my departing night,  
 For here nae langer must I stay;  
 There's neither friend nor foe o' mine  
 But wishes me away.

What I have done thro' lack of wit,  
 I never, never can recall;  
 I hope ye're a' my friends as yet,  
 Goodnight, and joy be wi' ye all!

Sir John Carmichael, the Warden, was murdered 16th June 1600, by a party of borderers, at a place called Raes-knows, near Lochmaben, whither he was going to hold a Court of Justice. Two of the ringleaders in the slaughter, Thomas Armstrong, called *Ringan's Tam*, and Adam Scott, called *The Pecket*, were tried at Edinburgh, at the instance of Carmichael of Edrom. They were condemned to have their right hands struck off, thereafter to be hanged, and their bodies gibbeted on the Borough Moor; which sentence was executed 14th November 1601." See *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. i. p. 105. edition of 1802. For words by Miss Baillie, see Appendix.





## APPENDIX.

UNDER this head we purpose giving—1st, Additional observations upon the Songs and Melodies contained in this volume; 2d, The old Songs which have been superseded in the text by modern verses; 3d, Additional modern Songs to a few of the airs; 4th, Some of the old airs mentioned in the Notes, and a few others illustrative of questions discussed *passim*.

“O DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.”—Pp. 6, 7.

MR. STENHOUSE gives the following note on this song:—“Hector Macneill, Esq., informed the editor that he wrote the whole of this song except the last verse, which the late Mr. John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, took the liberty to add to it, and to publish as a sheet song. ‘It was on this account, (Mr. Macneill added,) that I did not include this song in collecting my poetical works for the uniform edition in two volumes, which has been given to the public.’ For a similar reason he omitted another song, likewise written by him, beginning, *My love’s in Germany, send him hame, send him hame*. The song of *Dinna think, bonnie lassie*, is adapted to a dancing tune, called *Clunie’s Reel*, taken from Cumming of Granton’s Reels and Strathspeys.” See Museum Illustrations, vol. vi. p. 485.

In Miss Blamire’s Poetical Works, edited by Patrick Maxwell, Esq., we find, pp. 246, 247, a song by that lady, the first stanza of which runs thus:—

“O dinna think, my bonny lass, that I’m gaun to leave thee!  
I nobbet gae to yonder town, and I’ll come and see thee;  
Gin the night be ne’er sae dark, and I be ne’er sae weary, O!  
I’ll tak’ a staff into my hand, and come and see my dearie, O!”

Mr. Maxwell says, (p. xlvi. of Memoir of Miss Blamire,) when discussing the authorship of this song,—“Now, I wish to impute no motive beyond what the amiable author in question (Macneill) has stated; but I cannot help thinking that there must have been some impression lurking in his memory, that he had heard some part of the song before he began to work it out on his own plan.” We have omitted the eight lines added by John Hamilton, and also some lines of useless repetition, such as, “Dinna gang, my bonnie lad,” &c. We must observe that the two lines in the first stanza,—

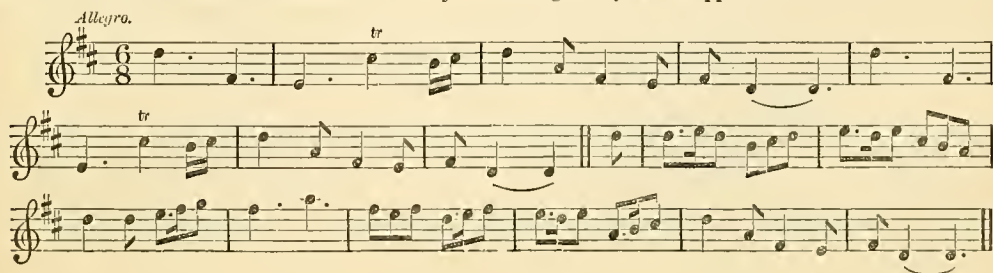
“Oure the muir, and through the glen, ghaists mayhap will fear ye,  
O stay at hame, it’s late at night, and dinna gang and leave me,”

form a different reading given in another publication; while in Johnson these two lines are:

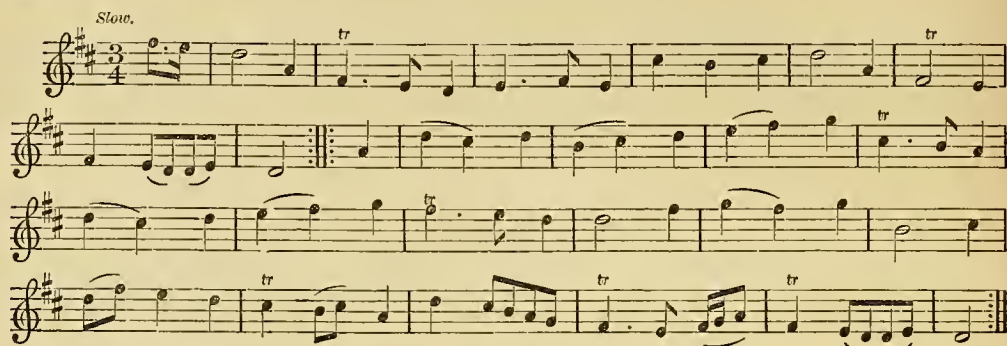
“Far’s the gate ye ha’e to gang, dark’s the night and eerie,  
O stay this ae night wi’ your love, an’ dinna gang and leave me.”

“THE DEUKS DANG O’ER MY DADDIE.”—Pp. 8, 9.

MR. WILLIAM CHAPPELL inserts this air as an English one, in his “Collection of National English Airs,” No. 135, under the name of “Buff Coat,” or “Excuse me.” He says, (p. 111 of his letterpress,) “This tune is in the seventh, (1686) fifteenth, eighteenth, and other editions of *The Dancing-Master*, and was introduced into the following ballad operas,—*The Lottery*, *An old man taught Wisdom*, *The intriguing Chambermaid*, *Polly*, and *The Lover’s Opera*. It has been claimed as Irish by T. Moore, under the title of ‘My Husband’s a Journey to Portugal gone,’ but in the opinion of Dr. Crotch, Mr. Wade, and others, ‘It is not at all like an Irish tune,’ nor have we yet met with any old copy of it under that name.” We freely confess our belief that the air is not of Scottish origin; while, at the same time, we think that the common Scottish version of it is better than the English one, in point of melodic structure and animated movement. We subjoin the air given by Mr. Chappell.—



In James Oswald's first "Collection of curious Scots Tunes," dedicated to Frederick Prince of Wales, we find (pp. 32, 33,) "The denkes dang ower my deddie," in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, *slow*, with variations; the last of these being a "Gig" in  $\frac{3}{8}$  time, and in the very form of the tune generally known. The following is the air in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time as given by Oswald:—



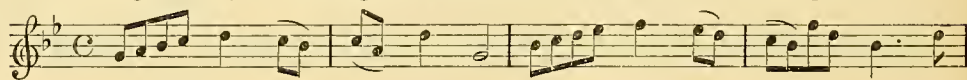
"NANCY'S TO THE GREEN-WOOD GANE."—Pp. 14, 15.

THE following are the old words to the air :—

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>There Nancy's to the greenwood gane,<br/>         To hear the gowd-spink chatt'ring,<br/>         And Willie he has follow'd her,<br/>         To gain her love by flatt'ring :<br/>         But a' that he cou'd say, or do,<br/>         She geck'd and scorned at him,<br/>         And ay when he began to woo,<br/>         She bade him mind wha gat him.</p> <p>"What ails ye at my dad," quo' he,<br/>         "My minny, or my aunty ?<br/>         With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,<br/>         Lang kail, and ranty tanty :<br/>         Wi' bannocks o' good barley-meal,<br/>         O' thae there was right plenty,<br/>         Wi' chapped stocks fu' butter'd weel;<br/>         And was na that right dainty ?</p> <p>"Although my father was nae laird,<br/>         'Tis daffin' to be vaunty,<br/>         He keepit ay a good kail-yard,<br/>         A ha' house, and a pantry :<br/>         A gude blue bannet on his head,<br/>         An owrlay 'bout his craigie,<br/>         And ay, until the day he died,<br/>         He rade on good shank's nagie."<sup>1</sup></p> <p>"Now wae and wonder on your snout !<br/>         Wad ye ha'e bonnie Nancy ?<br/>         Wad ye compare ye'ssell to me ?<br/>         A docken till a tansie !</p> | <p>I ha'e a wooer o' my ain ;<br/>         They ca' him souple Sandy ;<br/>         And weel I wat his bonnie mou'<br/>         Is sweet like sugar-candy."</p> <p>"Wow, Nancy, what needs a' this din'<br/>         Do I no ken this Sandy ?<br/>         I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin<br/>         Was Rab the beggar-randy ;<br/>         His minny, Meg, upon her back,<br/>         Bare baith him and his billy ;<br/>         Will ye compare a nasty pack<br/>         To me your winsome Willie ?</p> <p>"My gutcher left a gude braid sword,<br/>         Tho' it be auld and rusty ;<br/>         Yet ye may tak' it on my word,<br/>         It is baith stout and trusty ;<br/>         And if I can but get it drawn,<br/>         Which will be right uneasy,<br/>         I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,<br/>         That he shall get a heezy."</p> <p>Then Nancy turn'd her round about,<br/>         And said, "did Sandy hear ye,<br/>         Ye wadna miss to get a clout ;<br/>         I ken he disna fear ye :<br/>         Sae hand ye'r tongue, and say nae mair,<br/>         Set somewhere else your fancy ;<br/>         For, as lang's Sandy's to the fore,<br/>         Ye never shall get Nancy."</p> |
|--|---|

"WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH."—Pp. 16, 17.

THE following is the air, "Two furlongs from Edinburgh town," referred to in the Note, p. 17 :—



<sup>1</sup> Mr. C. K. Sharpe says, "that in an old MS. copy of this ballad in his possession, the line stands, 'He rode an ambling nagie,' which certainly coincides better with the rest of the description." Riding on shank's nagie means walking on foot. *Muscum*, vol. i. p. 120\*.



“ANNIE LAURIE.”—Pp. 24, 25.

On the 14th December 1848, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. of Hoddam, was so obliging as to send the following interesting communication to the Editor of this work :—

“SIR,—In the last number of the *Songs of Scotland*, there is a note respecting the song of Annie Laurie, which makes me imagine that the following details may interest you. I long ago wrote down these verses from the recitation of Miss Margaret Laurie of Maxwellton, my father’s first cousin, she and he being the children of sisters, daughters of the Lord Justice-Clerk Alva. By and by, I put some queries to my cousin Peggy, in a letter from Hoddam Castle; and this is her answer verbatim,—

‘DUMFRIES, September 10, 1812.

‘MY DEAR SIR,—I received yours, but I am afraid I can give but a very imperfect account of what you wish to know. I have heard that the admirer of Annie Laurie was a Douglas of Fingland, and ancestor to your friend, Miss Douglas of Holmhill, and that he was the poet who made the song; but this I certainly know, he was not a successful lover, as she was married to Fergusson of Craigdarroch, and was grandmother to the late Mr. Fergusson of Craigdarroch, and aunt to my father; and I have heard she was very handsome, but I know no more of the history. With best wishes to you and all at Hoddam Castle, in which my sister joins, believe me to be your affectionate cousin,

‘MARGARET LAURIE.’

“It appears to me that the song has been injured by altering ‘lay down my head,’ into ‘lay me down,’—but what will not a pleasure in altering produce? and who, awful Dr. Johnson, can set bounds to human presumption? The phrase of ‘laying down the head to die,’ was formerly very common, both in Scotland and England. Wood, in his *History of Oxford Writers*, talking of Speaker Lenthall, says,—‘At length after a great deal of moyling, turmoyleing, perfidiousness, and I know not what, he laid down his head, and died at his house at Burford.’

“Miss Laurie never heard anything about the music of the song. . . . Very faithfully yours,

“CHAS. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.”

“George Farquhar Graham, Esq.”

“AIKEN DRUM.”—Pp. 26, 27.

THE following is the additional song referred to in Note, p. 27 :—

The piper came to our town,  
To our town, to our town,  
The piper came to our town,  
And he play’d bonnilie.  
He play’d a spring, the laird to please,  
A spring brent new frae ’yont the seas;  
And then he ga’e his bags a wheeze,  
And play’d anither key.  
And wasna he a rogy,  
A rogy, a rogy,  
And wasna he a rogy,  
The piper o’ Dundee?

He play’d “The Kirk,” he play’d “The Queer,”  
“The Mullin Dhu,” and “Chevalier,”  
And “Lang away, but welcome here,”  
Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.  
And wasna, &c.

It’s some gat swords, and some gat naue,  
And some were dancing mad their lane,  
And mony a vow o’ weir was ta’en  
That nicht at Amubrie.  
There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,  
And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,  
And brave Carnegie, wha but he,  
The piper o’ Dundee.

He play’d “The Welcome ower the Main,”  
And “Ye’se be fou and I’se be fain,”  
And “Auld Stuarts back again,”  
Wi’ muckel mirth and glee.

And wasna he a rogy,  
A rogy, a rogy,  
And wasna he a rogy,  
The piper o’ Dundee?





A' day when we ha'e wrought enough,  
 When winter frosts and snaw begin,  
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,  
 At night when you sit down to spin,  
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring :  
 And thus the weary night will end,  
 Till thê tender kid and lambkin bring  
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,  
 And gowans glent on ilka field,  
 I'll meet my lass among the broom,  
 And lead you to my summer shield.  
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,  
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,  
 We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,  
 And gar the langest day seem short.

“THROUGH THE WOOD, LADDIE.”—Pp. 56, 57.

We insert, with much pleasure, the following song by Captain Charles Gray, R.M., to the air “Through the wood, laddie.” Had Captain Gray's words reached us in time, they would, from their superiority, have taken place of the old verses :—

How welcome to me is the fast-fading day !  
 The mist o'er the fountain ;  
 The cloud on the mountain,  
 The moon peeping forth as she knew not her way ;—  
 Then through the wood, lassie, together we'll stray.

When the lamp o' the lover hangs far i' th' west,  
 And shines there sae clearly,  
 I lo'e that star dearly,  
 It minds me o' joys I sae aft ha'e possess'd,  
 When through the wood, lassie, I hied to the tryst.

What mak's me sae lightsome ? I never think lang,—  
 While ithers seem weary,  
 My heart's aye sae cheery,  
 I rival the robin the green leaves amang ;  
 'Tis the name o' my Katy that flows in my sang !

'Tis love that enlivens the toils o' the day ;  
 'Tis love that delights me,  
 When gloamin' invites me,  
 Wi' thee, my fond fair one, by streamlets to stray ;—  
 Then through the wood, lassie, come, let us away !

“O ! WHY SHOULD OLD AGE SO MUCH WOUND US, O ?”—Pp. 68, 69.

The following are the three last stanzas of this song :—

What though we canna boast of our guineas, O,  
 We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies, O ;  
 And these, I'm certain, are  
 More desirable by far,  
 Than a pock full of poor yellow steenies, O.  
 We have seen many a wonder and ferlie, O,  
 Of changes that almost are yearlie, O,  
 Among rich folks up and down,  
 Both in country and in town,  
 Who now live but scrimply and barely, O.  
 Then why should people brag of prosperity, O ?  
 A straitened life, we see, is no rarity, O ;  
 Indeed, we've been in want,  
 And our living been but scant,  
 Yet we never were reduced to need charity, O.

In this house we first came together, O,  
 Where we've long been a father and mother, O ;  
 And though not of stone and lime,  
 It will last us a' our time ;  
 And I hope we shall never need anither, O.  
 And when we leave this habitation, O,  
 We'll depart with a good commendation, O ;  
 We'll go hand in hand, I wiss,  
 To a better house than this,  
 To make room for the next generation, O.  
 Then why should old age so much wound us, O ?  
 There is nothing in't all to confound us, O ?  
 For how happy now am I,  
 With my auld wife sitting by,  
 And our bairns and our oyes all around us, O.

“ROW WEEL, MY BOATIE, ROW WEEL.”—Pp. 72, 73.

THIS song was first published under the name of “Ellen Boideachd,” (Beautiful Ellen,) by John M'Fadyen, Music-seller, 15, Wilson Street, Glasgow. The words were written by Walter Weir, house-painter, an intelligent man and a learned Gaelic scholar. The subject of the words is taken from an old Gaelic story which the author got from his mother. The air was composed by R. A. Smith.

“THE LAWLAND LADS THINK THEY ARE FINE.”—Pp. 80, 81.

WE subjoin some information regarding the “Michael Arne” alluded to in the Note, p. 81. Michael Arne, son of the celebrated English composer, Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne, was remarkable for an early development of musical talent. When only about eleven years old, he was an excellent harpsichord player, and is said to have then composed the air of “The Highland Laddie,” which was published by Welsh in “The Flowret, a new Collection of English Songs sung at the Publick Gardens, composed by Master Arne.” The common version of the air is

that which we have given. It differs slightly, in two notes, from the original version given by Mr. Chappell in his Collection of National English Airs. It is said that, at one time, Michael Arne abandoned his profession; built a laboratory at Chelsea, and addicted himself to chemical experiments in pursuit of the philosopher's stone: but that, afterwards, his good genius, getting the better of his evil one, induced him to resume his successful musical occupations.

"WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME."—Pp. 82, 83.

THE air given by Hogg resembles one in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, to words beginning "O bonnie lassie, blink over the burn," said to have been written by the Rev. James Honeyman, minister of Kinneff, in Kincardineshire, and to have been set to music by an itinerant teacher of music, who visited that district. For these words, see Blackie's Book of Scottish Song, p. 298. We here subjoin "The blathrie o't," referred to in Note, p. 83. It is No. 33 of Johnson's Museum, and is also found in a simpler form in McGibbon's Collections.

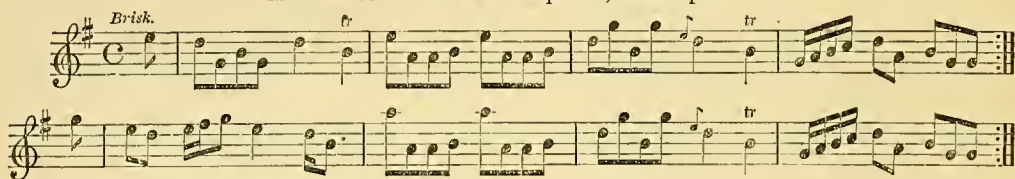


"The blathrie o't," was, in the year 1721, considered in Scotland as an old air.

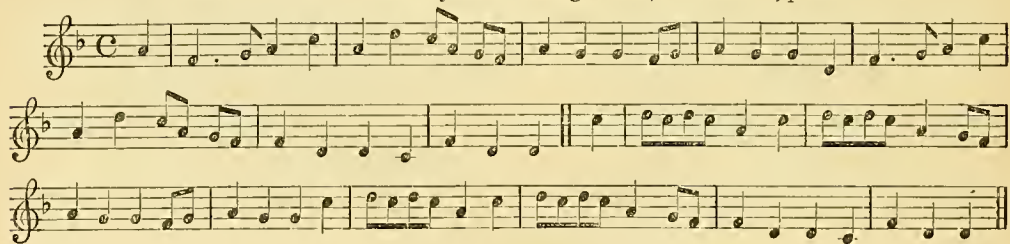
"WHERE HA'E YE BEEN A' THE DAY?"—Pp. 98, 99.

We here subjoin the two airs referred to in the Note, p. 99.

Air from Oswald's Pocket Companion, Book i. p. 36.



"COCKLE SHELLS." From Playford's Dancing Master, Edition 1721, p. 304.



"HAPPY'S THE LOVE THAT MEETS RETURN."—Pp. 102, 103.

We subjoin the remaining stanzas of this song, and the Note referred to p. 103, *supra*.

Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,  
Her love the gods above must share;  
While mortals with despair explore her,  
And at a distance due adore her.  
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,  
Revive and bless me with a smile:  
Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a  
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,  
My Mary's tender as she's fair;  
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,  
She is too good to let me languish,  
With success crown'd, I'll not envy  
The folks who dwell above the sky;  
When Mary Scott's become my marrow,  
We'll make a paradise of Yarrow.



NOTE.—This is an old Border air, originally of one strain only. The second strain, which is ill adapted for singing, was added at the commencement of last century, and appeared in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725. The words are by Allan Ramsay, but do him little credit. Mr. Stenhouse says,—“I have frequently heard the old song, in my younger days, sung on the banks of the Tweed. It consisted of several stanzas of four lines each; and the constant burden of which was, ‘Mary Scott's the flower o' Yarrow.’ This celebrated fair one was the daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, in the county of Selkirk. The old tower of Dryhope, where Mary Scott was born, was situated near the lower extremity of Mary's lake, where its ruins are still visible. She was married to Walter Scott, the laird of Harden, who was as renowned for his depredations, as his wife was for her beauty. . . . One of her descendants, Miss Mary Liliass Scott of Harden, equally celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments, is the Mary alluded to in Crawford's beautiful song of ‘Tweedside.’ Sir Walter Scott says, that the romantic appellation of the ‘Flower of Yarrow,’ was in later days, with equal justice, conferred on the Miss Mary Liliass Scott of Crawford's ballad. It may be so, but it must have been confined to a very small circle indeed, for though born in her neighbourhood, I never once heard of such a circumstance, nor can I see any justice whatever in transferring the appellation of the ‘Flower of Yarrow’ to her descendant, who was born on the banks of the Tweed.” Mr. Stenhouse proceeds to say, that the old air of the “Flower of Yarrow,” “was afterwards formed into a reel or dancing tune, to which my late esteemed friend, Hector McNeil, Esq., wrote a very pretty song, beginning ‘Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you.’ But, in the first number of Mr. Gow's Repository, which was published a few years ago, this tune is called ‘Carrick's Rant,’ a strathspey; and the compiler of this collection asserts, that ‘the old Scotch song (he must certainly mean the air) of Mary Scott, is taken from this tune.’ The converse of this supposition is the fact; for Carrick's Rant is nothing else than *Clunie's Reel*, printed in Angus Cumming's Collection. But the tune of Mary Scott was known at least a century before either Clunie's Reel or Carrick's Rant was even heard of.” See *Museum Illustrations*, vol. i. pp. 77, 78.

---

“I WISH I WAR WHERE EELIN LIES.”—Pp. 104, 105.

WE subjoin the Note and the information referred to at p. 105, *supra*. Mr. C. K. Sharpe's note upon this ballad is as follows:—

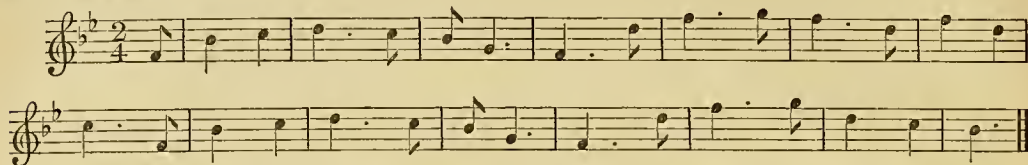
“The period when this tragedy took place is quite uncertain, though Stewart Lewis, in the preface to his poem of *Fair Helen*, attempts to settle it. As he resided long in the vicinity of Kirkconnel, and consequently was well versed in the details illustrative of the ballad, his preface, which was printed at Aberdeen, 1796, is here given verbatim.

“Helen Irving, a young lady of extraordinary beauty and uncommon qualifications, was descended from the ancient and respectable family of Kirkconnel, in Annandale, at present in the possession of Sir William Maxwell of Springhall, Baronet. She had for some time been courted by two gentlemen, whose names were Bell and Fleeming. Bell was proprietor of Blackwood-house, properly Blacket-house; and Fleeming of Fleeming-hall, situate near Mossknow, at present in the possession of Captain Graham. Bell one day told the young lady, that if he at any time afterwards found her in Fleeming's company, he would certainly kill him. She, however, had a greater regard for Fleeming; and being one day walking along with him on the pleasant romantic banks of the Kirtle, she observed his rival on the other side of the river, amongst the bushes. Conscious of the danger her lover was in, she passed betwixt him and his enemy, who, immediately firing, shot her dead, whilst she leaped into Fleeming's arms, whom she endeavoured to screen from the attempts of his antagonist. He drew his sword, crossed the river, and cut the murderer in pieces. A cairn or heap of stones was raised on the place where she fell, as a common memorial in similar incidents, from the earliest times among Celtic colonies, and continues over Scotland to this day. She was buried in the adjacent churchyard of Kirkconnel; and the poor, forlorn, disconsolate Fleeming, overwhelmed with love and oppressed with grief, is said to have gone abroad for some time; returned, visited her grave, upon which he stretched himself and expired, and was buried in the same place. On the tomb-stone that lies over the grave, are engraven a cross with a sword, and ‘Hic jacet Adamus Fleeming,’ cut on the stone amongst the north side of the cross. Although at present there is not a person to be found in that part of the country of the surname of Fleeming, yet the parish annexed to Kirkconnel still retains the name of Kirkpatrick Fleeming. At what time the proprietors of this name failed in the parish of Kirkpatrick Fleeming, is not known; and as there is no date upon the stone above mentioned, the precise time of this event cannot be determined. It only seems highly probable either to have terminated in the reign of King James V., or to have ushered in that of the unfortunate Queen Mary; for it is commonly said that fair Helen was aunt to Margaret of Hoddam, who was married to Carruthers of Holmains, to whom she had a daughter, also named Helen, who was married to Ronald Bell of Gosebridge, (now Scotsbridge;) and by the tombstone of ‘Helen Carruthers, in Middlebie churchyard, it appears that she died in 1626; so that she, who died in 1626, may, without any stretch of chronology, be granted (grand) niece to her who lived in the beginning of Queen Mary's reign.’

“This statement,” (says Mr. Sharpe,) “is not confirmed by the pedigree of the Holmains family, very fully made out by Dr. Clapperton of Lochmaben; but such traditions are generally found to contain a considerable degree of truth. As the original ballad has been interpolated, and often murdered more barbarously than its theme, I subjoin the genuine words, which I have heard sung hundreds of times in Annandale, but never with any additional verses. I have endeavoured to spell the words as the singers pronounced them.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The air to which these verses were sung, was totally different from that usually printed, as well as the newer edition by Mr. Stenhouse." (C.K.S.) The words given by Mr. Sharpe in his note are those printed with the air pp. 104, 105, of this volume. This is the air given by Mr. Stenhouse as that "to which he always heard the ballad sung in the south of Scotland" :—



Regarding the monuments of this tragedy, the Editor of this work was favoured with the following letter, of 6th March 1849, from Patrick Maxwell, Esq., 5, Archibald Place, Edinburgh :—"Yesterday, I received the answer to the queries I sent last week to my friends in Dumfriesshire, concerning Fair Helen's *pillar* and Fleeming's *tombstone*. You may recollect, I doubted that there was any *cross* on the tombstone, and that the *cross* alluded to by Sir Walter Scott was the *pillar* once in the form of a cross, which tradition has always said was erected on the spot where the innocent being fell into the arms of her lover, Fleeming, after being shot by his rival, Bell. Well, after some forty years since I was in Kirkcubright, my memory seems to be tolerably accurate, for there is still the cross-pillar, with one arm of the cross broken off, and Fleeming's tombstone with the sword upon it, but both sword and inscription now almost defaced. One correspondent writes to me thus : 'I have sent you the draft and size of the two stones at Kirkcubright. There is nothing on the stones, but a sword and some letters that cannot be made out, and there is nothing on the pillar. *There is no cross on either of the stones.*' My friend is somewhat obscure in the latter part of his note, but I presume means that there is no ENGRAVING of a cross upon the pillar. Yet the pillar is *cruciform*, as you will see from the following draft of it, which I copy from the one he has had the kindness to send to me." Then follow the drawings of the remains of the cruciform pillar, and of the tombstone. The remains of the pillar 7 feet in length, by 12 inches in breadth. The remaining arm of the cross, to the left of the spectator, 11 inches in breadth, the upper part of the pillar projecting beyond that arm, 10 inches broad. The tombstone four feet and a half long, 19 inches broad at one extremity, and 16 inches at the other.

"IN THE GARB OF OLD GAUL."—Pp. 112, 113.

REFERRING to the Note, p. 113, the following are the remaining stanzas of the song. We subjoin from a copy of the will, some information regarding General Reid's endowment of the Edinburgh Professorship of Music :—

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,  
Are swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,  
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,  
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,  
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;  
But when our claymores they saw us produce,  
Their courage did fail and they sued for a truce.

Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,  
May our councils be wise and our commerce increase,  
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,  
That our friends still prove true and our beauties prove kind.

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country and our laws,  
And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedom's cause,  
That they like our ancestors bold, for honour and applause,  
May defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

General John Reid died in the beginning of the year 1807. His will is dated 19th April 1803, and the codicil to it 4th March 1806. He states that he is "the last representative of an old family in Perthshire, which, on his decease, will be extinct in the male line." He left his whole property to certain trustees in London, for the life-tenant use of his daughter, Susanna Robertson, the wife of John Stark Robertson; and, after her death, for the purposes set forth in his will and codicil, from which we here quote the following passages :—"And as to, for, and concerning all and every my said personal estate in the kingdom of Great Britain. (save and except the said £1400 three per cent. Consolidated Bank Annuities,) my Will and meaning is, that my said trustees shall stand possessed



thereof, upon trust, in the first place, for establishing and endowing a Professorship of Music in the College and University of Edinburgh, where I had my education, and passed the pleasantest part of my youth : And in the next place, for the purpose also, after completing such endowment as hereinafter is mentioned, in making additions to the Library of the said University, or otherwise in promoting the general interest and advantage of the University in such way and manner as the Principal and Professors thereof, for the time being, shall, in their discretion, think most fit and proper. And in order properly to carry my Will and intention in this respect into full effect, I direct my said trustees, and the survivors and survivor of them, and the executors and administrators of such survivor, to sell, lay out, transfer, assign, and otherwise dispose of my said last mentioned personal estate, at the sight and with the privity and approbation of the Principal and Professors of the said University for the time being, as may be for that purpose deemed necessary, in such way and manner as will most effectually establish and perpetually secure a fund for the endowment of a Professorship of Music as aforesaid, and the maintenance in all time thereafter in the said University of a Professor of the Theory of Music—an art and science in which the Scots stand unrivalled by all the neighbouring nations in pastoral melody, and sweet combination of sounds. And my Will and meaning is, that in the event of the establishment of such Professorship as aforesaid, the Principal and Professors of the said University do and shall, within six months next after such an event shall have taken place, by a Public Ordinance of the University, make a declaration of what, in their estimation, the annual and perpetual salary to be allowed to such Professor of Music ought to amount to, the same not being less than £300 of good and lawful money of Great Britain : And that upon such declaration being so made as aforesaid, and notice thereof in writing given to my said Trustees, or to the survivors or survivor of them as aforesaid, and due provision made for securing the payment of such yearly salary, after the amount thereof has been ascertained in manner aforesaid, they my said Trustees, or the survivors or survivor of them, or the executors or administrators of such survivor, shall and do, by such instrument or instruments as may by the Law of Scotland be in such case requisite, make over the residue of my said last mentioned personal estate to the Principal and Professors of the said University, for the purposes aforesaid ; and by the same instrument declare, that the power and right of presentation or nomination of such Professorship, and the superintendence, care, and management of the said fund, shall on their decease be vested in, and be perpetually enjoyed in all time thereafter, by the Principal and Professors of the said University for the time being ; and that in case of misbehaviour or neglect properly to discharge his or their duty on the part of any Professor or Professors of the Theory of Music to be from time to time appointed as aforesaid, the Principal and Professors of the said University for the time being, or the major part of them, shall have power in their discretion to dismiss such Professor or Professors, and to elect another or others in his or their place : And generally, to establish from time to time such rules and regulations which may, in their opinion, contribute to give stability, respectability, and consequence to the establishment, and thereby carry my intentions into effect.” In the codicil, the passage which relates to the Professorship of Music is as follows :—“ After the decease of my daughter Susanna Robertson, she dying without issue, I have left all my property in the funds, or in Great Britain, to the College of Edinburgh, where I had my education, as will be found more particularly expressed in my Will ; and as I leave all my music-books (particularly those of my own composition) to the Professor of Music in that College, it is my wish that in every year after his appointment, he will cause a concert of music to be performed on the 13th of February, being my birth-day, in which shall be introduced one solo for the German flute, hautbois, or clarionet, also one march, and one minuet, with accompaniments, by a select band, in order to show the taste of music about the middle of the last century, when they were by me composed, and with a view also to keep my memory in remembrance ; the expense attending the concert to be defrayed from the general fund left by me to the College, and not from the salary to be paid to the Professor of Music, from which there is to be no diminution.” It appears that, in June 1834, the whole of the residuary personal estate of General John Reid amounted to £73,590, 12s. three per cent. Consolidated Bank Annuities.

In June 1838, intelligence of the death of Mrs. Susanna Robertson, General Reid's daughter, reached Edinburgh, and his munificent bequest became available to the College. It will be seen from the terms of the Will which we have quoted, that the endowment of a Professorship of Music in Edinburgh College was a *pet object* of General Reid, and holds the most prominent place in his Will. The majority of the *Senatus Academicus*, however, did not seem to think the Professorship of much importance, since they at once fixed the Professor's salary at the *lowest* sum permitted by General Reid, viz., £300 per annum. In 1803, when General Reid made his Will, a salary of £300 per annum in Edinburgh was about equivalent to one of twice that amount in 1838. Regarding that Professorship, General Reid expresses his anxiety that every means should be used to “contribute to give stability, respectability, and consequence, to the establishment, and thereby carry my intentions into effect.” How far his intentions regarding the Professorship have been carried into effect, the public has been long since informed by Edinburgh and London Newspapers. The disposal of the residue of General Reid's bequest, will, no doubt, be explained to the public at some future time. It is proper to mention that the Provost and Town Council of Edinburgh, the Patrons of the University, have no powers whatever under General Reid's Will ; although they possess the sole power of appointing the Principal and fourteen of the Professors, and a joint power in the election of seven other Professors. Nine Professorships are in the gift of the Crown.

In this place we may appropriately introduce some extracts from the bulky volumes of Burney, showing what Professorships of Music have been instituted in England. Dr. Burney, in his *History of Music*, vol. iii. pp. 106-108, writes as follows :—“ The prosperous reign of Queen Elizabeth was perhaps not rendered more illustrious by the musical productions of Tallis, Bird, and Morley, than (by) the performance of Dr. John Bull, whose abilities on the



organ and virginal seem to have been truly wonderful. This great musician was born about 1563, in Somersetshire. His Music-master was William Blitheman, organist of the Chapel Royal to Queen Elizabeth, in which capacity he was very much celebrated. Bull, on the death of his master, in 1591, was appointed his successor in the Queen's Chapel; and in 1596, at the recommendation of Her Majesty, he had the honour of being the first that was appointed Music Professor to Gresham College. And though unable to compose and read his lectures in Latin, according to the founder's original intention, such was his favour with the Queen and the public, that the executors of Sir Thomas Gresham, by the *ordinances*, bearing date 1597, dispensed with his knowledge of the Latin language, and ordered 'The solemn Musick lecture to be read twice every week, in manner following, *viz.*, the theoricque part for one half-hour, or thereabouts; and the practise, by concert of voices or instruments, for the rest of the hour; whereof the first lecture *should* be in the Latin tongue, and the second in English. But because at this time, Mr. Dr. Bull, who is recommended to the place by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, being not able to speak Latin, his lectures are permitted to be altogether in English, so long as he shall continue in the place of Music lecturer there.<sup>1</sup> At first, application was made to the two Universities, by the Lord Mayor and corporation of London, jointly with the Mercers' Company, left trustees of this institution, to nominate two persons in all the liberal arts fitly qualified to read lectures in their several faculties; but this application was not continued, as some jealousy seems to have been awakened at Oxford and Cambridge, lest this new College should be prejudicial to those ancient seats of learning. What effect this liberal foundation had on other faculties, let the friends and patrons of each particular science say; but as to Music, it is hardly possible to read the lives of the Professors, without lamenting that the design of so noble an institution, established on such an extensive plan, should be so entirely frustrated as to become wholly useless to that city and nation, for whose instruction it was benevolently intended. Dr. Bull, the only person on the list of Music Professors who seems to have been able to inform by theory, or amuse by practice, those who attended the musical lectures, resigned his Professorship in 1607. So that, except about nine years from the date of the establishment to the present times,<sup>2</sup> it does not appear that the science of sound, or practice of the musical art, has been advanced by subsequent Professors: For in the following list, given by Dr. Ward, up to the year 1740, including Dr. Clayton, elected 1607; John Taverner, 1610, who was no relation of the musician of that name, mentioned in the second volume; Richard Knight, 1638; William Petty, 1650, afterwards the famous Sir William Petty; Dr. Thomas Baynes, 1660; William Perry, 1681; John Newry, 1696; Dr. Robert Shippen, 1705; Dr. Edward Shippen, his brother, 1710; John Gordon, 1723; and Thomas Brown, 1739; though all men of learning and abilities in other faculties, yet no one of them had ever distinguished himself, either in the theory or practice of music; nor are any proofs remaining that they had ever studied that art, the *arcana* of which they were appointed to unfold! What an abuse of reason and munificence does it seem, that those who had never meditated on the art, or been taught themselves, should be fixed upon to teach and direct the studies of others!"—Pp. 106, 107. . . . Dr. Burney says, page 108, "In 1613 he quitted England, and entered into the service of the Archduke, in the Netherlands. He afterwards seems to have settled at Lubeck, at which place many of his compositions in the list published by Dr. Ward are dated; one of them as late as 1622, the supposed year of his decease. Dr. Bull has been censured for quitting his establishment in England; but it is probable that the increase of health and wealth was the cause and consequence. Indeed he seems to have been praised at home, more than rewarded; and it is no uncommon thing for one age to let an artist starve, to whom the next would willingly erect statues. The Professorship of Gresham College was not then a sinecure.<sup>3</sup> His attendance on the Chapel Royal, for which he had forty pounds per annum, and on the Prince of Wales, at a similar salary, though honourable, were not very lucrative appointments for the first performer in the world, at a time when scholars were not so profitable as at present; and there was no *public playing* where this most wonderful musician could display his abilities, and receive their due applause and reward."

The next Music professorship of which Dr. Burney treats is the one at Oxford. "About the end of this reign," (James I.) "a *Music-lecture*, or Professorship, was founded in the University of Oxford, by Dr. William Heyther. It is imagined he was stimulated to this act of beneficence by the example and precepts of his friend Camden, who having a few years before his decease determined to found a history-lecture in the same University, despatched his friend Heyther on a mission thither, with the deed of endowment properly executed, and addressed to the Vice-Chancellor Dr. Piers.<sup>4</sup> It was in consequence of this embassy that Heyther obtained his degree of Doctor in Music, with little expense and trouble; and perhaps it was in gratitude for the kindness he received from the University upon this occasion, as well as in imitation of his learned friend Camden, that he endowed the professorship, which is both theoretical and practical. At the time of this endowment, in order to promote the practice of the art, 'he gave to the music-school an harpsicon, a chest of viols, and divers music-books, both printed and manuscript.'" . . . "But of his" (Camden's) "friendly regard for Dr. Heyther, he gave ample testimony at his decease, by appointing him his executor, and bequeathing to him and his heirs an estate of £400 a year, for the term of ninety-nine years, he and they paying to the history-professor £140 per annum; at the expiration of which term the estate was to vest in the University."—*Ibid.*, pp. 359, 360. The Oxford Professorship of Music became nearly a sinecure,

<sup>1</sup> Ward's *Lives of the Professors of Gresham College*, Preface, p. viii. See Burney's Note.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Burney's third volume of his *History of Music*, from which we quote, was published in 1789.

<sup>3</sup> We understand that it is not *now* a sinecure, since the appointment, a few years ago, of Mr. Edward Taylor.—EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup> See note by Dr. Burney on this, with a copy of Piers' letter, in return, to Camden, 18th May 1622, in which he states that the University had made Heyther, or Heather, a Doctor of Music, as well as Orlando Gibbons.

and seems to have exercised little or no influence on the progress of music in Great Britain. The late talented Dr. Crotch endeavoured to render that professorship useful; but the public did not respond to his efforts.

It is now many years since the Editor of this work wrote earnestly to promote the cultivation of music not only in Scotland, but throughout Great Britain. In a short Essay on Music, subjoined to his "Account of the First Edinburgh Musical Festival in 1815," (Edinburgh, Blackwood, 1816.) he advocated the founding of an "Academy of Music," in England. He quotes here some passages from the third section of that Essay, pp. 164-166, from which it will be seen that the promoters and founders of The Royal Academy of Music in London, (one of whom was Sir George Clerk, Bart., of Pennicuik, a distinguished amateur of music,) did not think the writer's suggestion unworthy of attention; since upon it followed the institution of The Royal Academy of Music in London, in the year 1822. "The continental musicians continue to preserve their superiority over all others, from the very same causes which have raised the professors of other arts, and also men of letters, in Great Britain, to so high a place in the scale of European excellence. The musicians of Italy and Germany are *long*, and *regularly*, and *assiduously* instructed, by the best masters, in every branch of their profession. When the composers of our island undergo a similar course of discipline, it may reasonably be hoped that they will not be found inferior to those whose powers are often not naturally superior, but are rendered infinitely so by judicious cultivation. If an academy of music were formed in England upon a liberal and extensive plan, having men of science and education to deliver lectures upon the history, the theory, and the practice of musical composition; having two or three of the best foreign vocal and instrumental composers and performers for the more private and particular instruction of the students, and having a full and well-arranged library, containing the best ancient and modern compositions of all kinds; if, in this academy, prizes were distributed to the most promising students, and a fund appropriated to enable them to visit such places abroad as might contribute to finish and complete the course of musical education which they had gone through at home; and if, at certain periods, great public concerts were to be given, in which the talents of the students, in performance and in composition, might be fairly brought forward;—if all these things were done, the art of musical composition would rise in this island, in a few years, to a degree of excellence sufficient to command the respect of all the rest of Europe. The great advancement of the arts and sciences in general, forms an admirable and prominent feature in the present state of Great Britain; while, at the same time, the science of music, by some unaccountable neglect, is so far from having kept pace with other sciences in improvement, that it is positively in a state of retrogradation, and labouring under a rapid and melancholy decline. I have written earnestly upon this subject, because I possess enough of national pride to wish that, if possible, Great Britain should be as much superior to other countries in music, as she is in almost every other respect; although I confess I have not enough of national prejudice to make me insensible to her great inferiority (generally speaking) to Italy, Germany, and *now* even France, in the art of musical composition." These passages were published in the beginning of the year 1816, when copies of the work were sent to Sir George Clerk, Bart., and other influential amateurs of music in Scotland and England. The work was fortunate enough to be most favourably received by amateurs and professional musicians in both countries; and, in 1822, its author was gratified to hear that the Royal Academy of Music had been established in London. As a Scotsman, he thinks it necessary, now, to state these facts for his own credit, as well as that of his country. He has had the pleasure of seeing his talented friends Cipriani Potter, P. Spagnoletti, and others, appointed to the highest places as teachers in that Academy. With regard to jealousies and dissensions that have arisen in the Academy, and complaints against the founders and patrons—all of which have been stated *pro* and *con* in English journals—the writer of the work above quoted has nothing to do. He has only to express his sincere desire for the success and prosperity of the Academy—the first institution of the kind ever formed in England, and the formation of which he suggested in 1816.

---

"RED, RED IS THE PATH TO GLORY."—Pp. 142, 143.

REFERRING to the Note, p. 143, we conclude the quotations that were there interrupted. Dr. Young, speaking of the frequent union of poetical and musical talents in the ancient Highland bards, (pp. 10, 11, of his Dissertation,) says, "The last person who possessed them in an eminent degree, was Roderick Morison, or Dall, who, in the end of the last century, acted both as bard and harper to the Laird of M'Leod.<sup>1</sup> He was born a gentleman, and lived on that footing in the family. Like Demodocus, he was blind, and like him, he graced his poetry with the music of the harp. It is believed he was the last performer on that instrument in the Hebrides."

The Preface to the Rev. Mr. M'Donald's Collection of Highland Airs, contains a passage regarding their structure and character which we here quote, as that work is now rarely met with:—"It was originally intended by the publisher that the pieces in this collection should have appeared without any harmonical accompaniment. These airs often differ considerably, in their form and structure, from the music to which parts are commonly set.<sup>2</sup> The progressions of the fundamental bass do not always observe the same laws. It seemed, therefore, scarcely possible to adapt an accompaniment to them, which would not, in many cases, violate the established rules of

<sup>1</sup> "John Break, *i.e.*, freckled. He was one of the last chieftains that had in his retinue, bard, harper, piper, fool, &c., all of them excellently and liberally provided for. After he died, Dunvegan Castle was abandoned by his son, a measure which the poor neglected bard lamented in an excellent elegy on his master, which was printed in a late collection."

<sup>2</sup> See explanation of TONALITY, given p. 164 of the first volume of the present work.—EDITOR.



counterpoint, and so give disgust to the regular musician. To have made such alterations in the melody, as might enable them to admit of a regular accompaniment, was inconsistent with that fidelity which the publisher was bound to maintain. As their fundamental harmonies are often ambiguous, and even the keys are sometimes but obscurely marked, or imperfectly established, the proper accompaniment is not so clearly indicated as it commonly is in the regular music of the moderns;<sup>1</sup> different men will adopt different systems with regard to it, and a bass which may satisfy one person will be considered as false or improper by another. There is a certain model according to which basses are generally constructed; and no bass will be tolerated that does not, in some degree, conform to it. There was reason, however, to apprehend that basses, constructed after this model, might not suit a kind of music which differed, in several respects, from that which originally suggested it; and that in place of heightening and displaying its native spirit and expression, they might rather have a tendency to impair and counteract them. It seemed, therefore, the safest course to publish the simple melody, and leave it to masters, or others, who might wish to perform particular airs, to frame an accompaniment agreeably to their own taste and fancy. The publisher, however, was frequently solicited by many respectable subscribers to his work, to depart from that resolution. It was alleged that the airs would not be received or attended to, if they were published in that naked form; and it was suggested that many persons might wish to play them upon the harpsichord, who had not musical knowledge sufficient to enable them to compose a bass, or had not the opportunity of a master to assist them. He was desirous of complying with the wishes and fulfilling the expectations of the subscribers, as far as lay in his power. A middle course has, therefore, been followed. Basses, chiefly for the pianoforte, are added to such airs as were most regular in their structure, or seemed most capable of bearing an accompaniment. The rest are printed without basses. The publisher gratefully acknowledges the assistance he has received from his friends, in this part of the work, to which his own skill and practice in music was scarcely adequate. The airs which differ most in their structure from the modern music, and to which it is most difficult to adopt a regular bass, are those which appear to be in the minor mode. It has often been matter of surprise to modern theorists that so great a proportion of the ancient airs of every country should be in this mode, which they are accustomed to conceive as artificial and unnatural.<sup>2</sup> Such persons do not perhaps consider, that, in those ancient airs, the fundamental of the flat series<sup>3</sup> is never constituted as a key-note by means of its sharp 7th, (major 7th,) "as it invariably is in the modern music; and that, therefore, properly speaking, many of them are not in the minor mode. As this sharp 7th" (major 7th) "in music of the flat series" (minor scale) "stands in a distant relation to the original key-note from whence that series is derived, the introduction of it may be considered as, in some degree, artificial and unnatural. It probably was never thought of until keyed-instruments had been invented, and some progress had been made in the science of counterpoint.<sup>4</sup> A person who has not been conversant with such music, cannot be easily reconciled to it, or be made to sing it in tune.<sup>5</sup> That the 6th of the scale, however, should frequently occur in connexion with the key-note and its 3d, is exceeding natural, and would probably take place in the very first attempts which were made to combine musical tones (sounds.) The 6th is naturally a soft complaining note, the key-note is grave and solemn, and the third is also tender and pathetic. These, therefore, will, in the earliest times, be the prevailing notes in plaintive music; and these are the notes which give the chord of lesser 3d.<sup>6</sup> The 5th, being more bold and commanding, will be occasionally introduced to give relief to the other notes, and to heighten their effect by means of the contrast. Accordingly, these notes comprehend almost the whole compass of many ancient airs.<sup>7</sup> The other degrees of the scale, where they occur, are used chiefly as passing or connecting notes, and may possibly have been the improvements of a later period. Of these intermediate degrees, the 2d, as it connects the key-note and 3d, will be most frequently introduced; and as in its character and effect it resembles the 5th, it will sometimes appear as a principal note. Many airs of this form will be found in the following collection. In particular, the airs No. 12, 13, 53, 69, 70, 93, 135, may be mentioned. These airs appear to be, partly at least, in the minor mode. The effect which they have upon the hearer is similar to what is produced by that mode; and yet the fundamental of that mode is never regularly established as a key-note. The 5th being always natural," (perfect,) "cannot properly be considered as a note in the leading chord of a regular cadence upon the 6th; but must commonly be referred to the key-note as its fundamental.<sup>8</sup> The 7th and 4th of the original scale do not at all appear in them. These were probably the degrees" (of the scale) "of latest invention. They are seldom found in very ancient music, that is more purely in the major mode. Passages by semitones, which give such delight and are so anxiously sought after in the modern music, are scarcely known in

<sup>1</sup> See the same explanation of TONALITY, and consult pp. 165, 166, of the second volume, and the present volume *passim*.—EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup> These modern theorists must have had very little acquaintance with the ancient TONALITIES of ecclesiastical and of secular music which prevailed throughout Europe for so many centuries. See the explanation of TONALITY referred to, *supra*, and also the Editor's "Essay on the Theory and Practice of Musical Composition," 1838, pp. 68, 69, and pp. 76, 77.—EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Macdonald's language is sometimes obscure. He means here by "flat series," the "minor scale."—EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup> A shrewd guess, borne out by musical history.—EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup> That is, a person accustomed to modern Tonalities.—EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Macdonald should have said, "which give the chord of  $\frac{6}{5}$  on the key-note, with the minor third." The common chord of the key-note in the minor scale is  $\frac{5}{3}$ , with minor third, of course, which distinguishes it from the common chord on the key-note of the major scale  $\frac{5}{3}$  with major third.—EDITOR.

<sup>7</sup> See remarks, *infra*, upon Hindû scales.—EDITOR.

<sup>8</sup> This is obscurely expressed. Mr. Macdonald must surely mean that in such a series as the following, ascending,  $\overset{1}{C}$ ,  $\overset{2}{D}$ ,  $\overset{3}{E}$ ,  $\overset{4}{F}$ ,  $\overset{5}{G}$ ,  $\overset{6}{A}$ ,  $\overset{7}{B}$ , the fifth note, G, cannot be the *sensible* note of a cadence upon A, since that note G  $\frac{5}{3}$  would require to be made G  $\frac{6}{5}$  in such a case.



ancient music. They were, probably, first introduced in music of the flat series" (minor mode). "When men had been accustomed to hear the 6th, in connexion with the key-note and 3d, they would come, in time, to consider it occasionally as a governing fundamental, or key-note. The 7th would then be introduced as a passing note, be-twixt it and the original key-note, now the lesser 3d; and the fourth of the original scale would be introduced as its 6th, it bearing the same relation to the original key-note, or lesser 3d of the flat series," (minor scale,) "that the 6th bears to the 3d of the original sharp series," (major scale,) "viz., the relation of perfect 4th. In the beginning of the air, No. 11, the 7th occurs between the key-note and the 6th, which, in that part of the tune, has the appearance of being the governing fundamental. When that air comes to be more decidedly in the major mode, that note is no longer found. In No. 14, the 4th is introduced. In the airs No. 16 and 17, both these degrees of the scale are introduced; and accordingly, the flat series seems to be more clearly established in these airs than it is in the others that have been mentioned. If a bass is to be set to the airs of the simple form above described, that may proceed by anything like regular fundamental progressions, it must in general be constructed in the major mode. The 6th must be considered as 3d in the chord of the 4th, and must have the 4th for its bass note, rather than its octave," (i.e., the octave of the 6th.) "Of this an instance is given in the air No. 135. This, however, is liable to objections. A degree of the scale is introduced into the bass, which does not occur in the melody; and the impression of the flat series is counteracted. When the 6th happens to be the concluding note, as in No. 13, the close upon the 4th becomes exceedingly awkward.<sup>1</sup> The other airs that have been mentioned, in which the minor mode seems to be more clearly established, may admit of a bass in that mode. Here, however, the chord of the 5th, which must occur in every regular cadence upon the key, never fails to suggest to one who has been accustomed to modern music, the idea of the sharp 7th," (major 7th,) "of that mode. That note, however, is never expressed in genuine ancient music; on the contrary, the flat 7th" (minor 7th) "often precedes the close. What has been chiefly aimed at in setting basses to some of the following airs, is to give specimens of the different methods in which an accompaniment may be adapted to such music. It is left to performers, either to take them as they are, or to fashion them according to their own taste or system. Some of those airs will probably produce their happiest effect, when sung or played in a simple expressive manner, without accompaniment, or at most with a few octaves sounded to the emphatical notes, such as we may suppose were struck upon the harp in former times. Any regular accompaniment that can be set to them, will, perhaps, weaken, in some degree, their native expression, by giving them a modern, artificial appearance. It is like superadding the ornaments of the Grecian architecture to the square castle of an old baron. To others of them, the best accompaniment is, perhaps, the bagpipe bass, or the continual repetition of the key-note. A few of these are marked, the key-note being written at the beginning of them. Lastly, in some of the airs, especially those of the flat series, it may be proper to use the sharp in place of the natural 7th, and to alter a few notes, when they are to be accompanied by a bass. This may sometimes be done, without materially changing the character or expression of the melody;" and the music will thus be made to sound better to a modern ear. In the air, No. 18, the sharp 7th is once or twice introduced to favour the bass. The first part of the air, No. 62, is printed twice. The first is the original set; in the other the sharp 7th is used, and a few notes are changed. By this means it is made to admit a fuller and more regular bass."—Pp. 5, 6, of Macdonald's Collection, 1781.

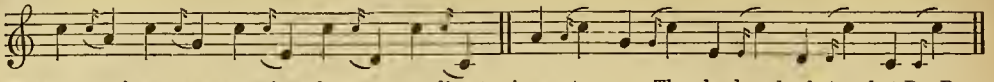
In another part of the Preface to Macdonald's Collection, we are told that, "He never thought his copy of an air accurate, until, upon playing it from his notes, the singer acknowledged that it was, as nearly as he could judge, the very tune which he had sung. He did not conceive that he was authorized to alter or improve the pieces, according to his own ideas. He leaves that to others. A few appoggiaturas, or grace-notes, are occasionally added, in order to give some idea of the style and manner in which the airs are performed. Of these, however, the publisher has been sparing, for the reasons hinted above. They" (the *appoggiature*) "are often taken from the preceding note.—This is perhaps suggested by nature, to enable the voice to pass, with more ease and certainty, to that which follows. The notes which are used as appoggiaturas are not only the next in degree, above or below the principal note, but are frequently two, three, or more degrees distant from it. These last are, for the most part, below the principal note, and ascend to it; they are often, however, above it, and descend. The former are used in modern music, the latter are perhaps peculiar to this kind of music, and, in some degree, characteristic of it. They are often necessary to give it its true expression and effect, particularly those" (*appoggiature*) "that are at the interval of a lesser third. Such grace-notes may occasionally be introduced in the following airs, in many places where they are not marked, more especially when they can be taken from the preceding note. In singing, these grace-notes are, for the most part, executed rapidly; so that, though their effect is felt, they are but obscurely perceived. It is difficult to express them well upon an instrument."—P. 4 of Preface to Macdonald's Collection, 1781.

By means of the following examples in musical notation, our readers may be able to comprehend, at a glance,

<sup>1</sup> In several of Wood's Songs of Scotland, the reader will see in what manner the arrangers have avoided the above-mentioned awkwardness of the 4th, and have overcome the difficulty without destroying the ancient tonality of the airs. See, for example, "The bridegroom grat," vol. i. pp. 20, 21; "Morag," vol. i. pp. 46, 47; "John o' Badenyon," vol. ii. pp. 24, 25; and "Stu mo run," vol. iii. pp. 142, 143.—EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup> Not at all. Such alterations change the essential characteristics of these old melodies, and merely modernize them. Nobody thinks of "doing" into modern English the rude old Songs and Ballads of our ancestors. Let these old things remain in their primitive forms. Then we know what they were, and they help to show the state of art in remoter times.—EDITOR.

the *appoggiature* to which Mr. Macdonald alludes. We take the incomplete scale of C major, the 4th and 7th being omitted :—



These *appoggiature* are sometimes longer, according to circumstances. They lead us back to what Dr. Burney calls “the Scotch *snap*,” which characterized most of the imitations of Scottish melody in the last century, and to which we have alluded, *passim*, in the Notes upon the present work. We must refer our readers to Mr. Macdonald’s work for the musical examples which he cites in the preceding quotations. Want of space precludes us from giving them.

As the Collection is now scarce, we have thought fit to put these quotations upon record here, because they contain the ideas of Scottish Highland musicians, in 1781, regarding the structure of their own peculiar airs, and the way in which they ought to be harmonized. It was published by subscription, and the numerous list of subscribers, English, Scottish, and Irish, occupies seven closely-printed folio pages of the volume. This shows the interest excited by the work, sixty-eight years ago, throughout the united kingdom. These quotations, amidst their occasional obscurities of language, contain some valuable materials for the musical historian; and so we leave them in the hands of our readers, to many of whom they will be nationally interesting.

In an article entitled “Memoirs of Music,” which the Editor of this work wrote for “The New Edinburgh Review,” and which was published in April 1822, he gave some account of a species of lute, called the *Vīna*, or *Bin*, (pronounced *Been*.) the most ancient and curious musical instrument of Hindustān. A figure of the instrument will be found in Père Mersenne’s work, entitled “*Musicorum, Libri xii.*” &c., Paris, 1652, folio. The *Bin* is capable of producing complete diatonic and chromatic scales, and also scales containing much smaller intervals than semitones. We refer to the abovementioned article for details. In the same article Hindū scales are touched upon, and some of their peculiarities noticed. We have little space here to say anything on the subject, but we cannot avoid noticing that among the various Hindū scales, some have one variable sound in ascending or descending; some two, some three, and some four: while, in others, two or more sounds are altogether omitted. These variable sounds will remind the reader of the *moveable sounds* in the ancient Greek scales. One of the Hindū scales with two sounds (the 2d and the 6th) omitted; *i.e.*, the mode *Hindola* is too remarkable to be passed over, since it is the same as that incomplete minor scale on which many ancient Scottish melodies are constructed. It may be thus represented: D F G A C D, ascending; and D C A G F D, descending. The incomplete major scale of other ancient Scottish melodies, in which the 4th and the 7th are omitted, is the same as the following ancient Chinese scale: C D E G A C, ascending; and C A G E D C, descending. A comparison of these two incomplete scales with our two modern European scales, major and minor—each of which is complete and has its *sensible* note to form a perfect cadence on the tonic—will show at once that the former belong to peculiar tonalities which are not susceptible of all the harmonies applicable to the latter.

---

“COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.”—Pp. 144, 145.

REFERRING to Note p. 145, we here subjoin the three last stanzas of this song :—

My father ay tell’d me, my mither and a’,  
Ye’d mak’ a gude husband, and keep me ay braw,  
It’s true I lo’e Johnny, he’s gude and he’s bonny,  
But wae’s me! ye ken he has naething ava!  
I ha’e little tocher, you’ve made a gude offer,  
I’m now mair than twenty, my time is but sma’,  
Sae gi’e me your plaidie, I’ll creep in beside ye,  
I thought ye’d been aulder than threescore and twa.

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa’,  
Whar Johnny was list’nin’ and heard her tell a’,  
The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,  
And struck ’gainst his side as if burstin’ in twa.

He wander’d hame weary, the night it was dreary;  
And howless, he tiut his gate deep ’mang the snaw.  
The howlet was screamin’, while Johnny cried “Women  
Wad marry auld Nick, if he’d keep them ay braw!”

“O the deil’s in the lasses! they gang now sae bra’,  
They’ll lie down wi’ auld men o’ fourscore and twa;  
The hail o’ their marriage, is gowd and a carriage,  
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!  
But lo’e then I canna, nor marry I winna,  
Wi’ ony daft lassie, tho’ fair as a queen;  
Till love ha’e a share o’t, the never a hair o’t,  
Shall gang in my wallet at morning or e’en.”

---

“ON CESSNOCK BANKS.”—Pp. 146, 147.

WE subjoin the stanzas omitted on p. 147, but referred to in the Note there :—

She’s fresher than the morning dawn,  
When rising Phœbus first is seen,  
When dew-drops twinkle o’er the lawn;  
An’ she’s twa glancin’ sparklin’ een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe,  
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,  
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;  
An’ she’s twa glancin’ sparklin’ een.



Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,  
With fleeces newly washen clean,  
That slowly mount the rising steep,  
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,  
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,  
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;  
An' she's twa glanciu' sparklin' e'en.

“LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.”—Pp. 154, 155.

THE following are the remaining stanzas of this song :—

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,  
With nimble wing she sporteth,  
But vows she'll flee frae tree to tree,  
Where Philomel resorteth :

By break of day the lark can say,  
I'll bid you a good-morrow,  
I'll streak my wing, and, mounting, sing  
O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-waws, and Wooden-cleugh,  
The east and western Maiuses,  
The wood of Lauder's fair eneugh,  
The corns are good in Blainslies;  
Where aits are fine and sold by kind,  
That if ye search all thorow  
Mearns, Buchan, Marr, nae better are  
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burnmill Bog and Whitslaid Shaws,  
The fearful hare she haunteth;  
Brighaugh and Braidswoodshiel she knaws,  
And Chapel-wood frequenteth;  
Yet when she irks, to Kaidslie birks,  
She rins and sighs for sorrow,  
That she should leave sweet Leader Haughs,  
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear  
Than hounds and beagles crying?  
The started hare rins hard with fear,  
Upon her speed relying.

But yet her strength it fails at length,  
Nae bielding can she borrow  
In Sorrowless-fields, Clackmae, or Hags,  
And sighs to be on Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,  
With sight and scent pursue her,  
Till, ah! her pith begins to flag,  
Nae cunning can rescue her:  
O'er dub and dyke, o'er sheugh and syke,  
She'll rin the fields all thorow,  
Till, fail'd, she fa's on Leader Haughs,  
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erslington and Cowdenknows,  
Where Homes had ance commanding,  
And Drygrange, with the milk-white ewes,  
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing.  
The bird that flees throw Redpath trees  
And Gladswood banks ilk morrow,  
May chant and sing, sweet Leader Haughs  
And bonnie Howms of Yarrow.

But Minstrel Burn cannot assuage  
His grief, while life endureth,  
To see the changes of this age  
That fleeting time procureth;  
For many a place stands in hard case,  
Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,  
With Homes, that dwelt on Leader-side,  
And Scotts, that dwelt on Yarrow.

Mr. R. Chalmers, in his *Collection of Scottish Songs*, vol. ii. pp. 305-308, has the following note upon this song :—  
“ This song is little better than a string of names of places. Yet there is something so pleasing in it, especially to the ears of ‘ a south countryman,’ that it has long maintained its place in our collections. We all know what impressive verse Milton makes out of mere catalogues of localities. The author, Nicol Burne,<sup>1</sup> is supposed to have been one of the last of the old race of minstrels. In an old collection of songs, in their original state of *ballants*, I have seen his name printed as ‘ Burne the violer,’ which seems to indicate the instrument upon which he was in the practice of accompanying his recitations. I was told by an aged person at Earlston, that there used to be a portrait of him in Thirlstane Castle, representing him as a douce old man, leading a cow by a straw-rope. Thirlstane Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale, near Lauder, is the castle of which the poet speaks in such terms of admiration. It derives the massive beauties of its architecture from the Duke of Lauderdale, who built it, as the date above the doorway testifies, in the year 1674. The song must, therefore, have been composed since that era. It was printed in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*; which, taken in connexion with the last stanza, seems to point out that it was written at some of the periods of national commotion between the reign of the last Charles and the first George—probably the Union. The *Blainslie oats* are still in repute, being used in many places for seed; and Lauderdale still boasts of all the other pleasant farms and estates which are here so endearingly commemorated by the poet. Erslington, Earlston, formerly spelled Erildoun. The Editor thinks it proper here to mention, that this is the first copy of ‘ Leader Haughs and Yarrow’ in which any attempt has been made to spell the names of the places correctly. The spelling and punctuation hitherto adopted have been such as to render the song almost unintelligible.”

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* Note, p. 155 of the present volume of Wood's *Songs of Scotland*. We have followed Mr. Chambers' orthography of names of places in this song.



"GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'."—Pp. 162, 163.

THE following are the excellent stanzas written by Miss Joanna Baillie for the air of "Good night," &c. They appeared in Allan Cunningham's "Songs of Scotland," vol. iv. p. 212, and afterwards in his son's "Songs of England and Scotland." They are also given in the last note in the sixth volume of Johnson's Musical Museum, pp. 539, 540 :—

The sun is sunk, the day is done,  
E'en stars are setting, one by one ;  
Nor torch nor taper longer may  
Eke out the pleasures of the day ;  
And since, in social glee's despite,  
It needs must be, Good-night, good-night !

The bride into her bower is sent,  
The ribald rhyme and jesting spent ;  
The lover's whispered words, and few,  
Have bid the bashful maid adieu ;  
The dancing floor is silent quite,  
No foot bounds there, Good-night, good-night !

The lady in her curtained bed,  
The herdsman in his wattled shed,  
The clansmen in the heather'd hall,  
Sweet sleep be with you, one and all !  
We part in hope of days as bright  
As this now gone, Good-night, good-night !

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all ;  
And if upon its stillness fall  
The visions of a busy brain,  
We'll have our pleasures o'er again,  
To warm the heart, and charm the sight ;  
Gay dreams to all ! Good-night, good-night !

## ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOLUMES I., II., AND III.

THE following pages contain miscellaneous matter which occupies the space that might otherwise have been afforded to the foreign airs alluded to, p. 166 of Appendix to the second volume of this work. The Editor is sure that the matter which follows will be more generally interesting than those airs could have been. Reference is made to the volume and page to which any particular portion of the following materials may apply.

"LOGAN WATER."—Vol. i. pp. 70, 71.

In a letter of 9th February, 1849, to the Editor from Thomas Thorburn, Esq., Ryedale, by Dumfries, the following remarks are obligingly communicated :—"In Peebles-shire, and about midway between the Crook Inn and the village of Broughton, 'Logan Burn'—so called in the old song and in the locality—comes rushing out of a mountain glen, and mingles with the Tweed. A short way up the glen, the ruins of Logan Kirk may still be seen surrounded by a clump of tall trees. Bushes are still there, upon which you may 'gather slaes,' and the banks of the Tweed, where the Logan joins it, are still called 'Logan braes.' The words of the old song are corroborative—thus :—

'At Logan burn, on Logan braes,' &c.

These facts, I think, are conclusive—but Burns remarks that his native county of Ayr (and I will add Lanark) has no claims to any old song."

In the same letter, Mr. Thorburn writes as follows regarding "Ca' the yowes," vol. i. pp. 94, 95, of this work :—"The Clouden takes its rise at the confluence of three mountain burns in the parish of Glencairn, and it takes the name of the Cairn till within about seven miles above Dumfries, where a tributary, called the old water of Clouden, —after making a leap over a beautiful fall, called 'Rutten Brig,'—joins it, and it is then called the Clouden till it joins the Nith at Lincluden College. The Cairn runs past Maxwelltown, the seat of the late Sir Robert Laurie, and washes the feet of 'Maxwelltown Braes,' mentioned in the song 'Bonnie Annie Laurie,' which I hope to see in your next volume."

Mr. Thorburn also writes as follows regarding "Willie hrew'd a peck o' maut," vol. ii. pp. 80, 81 :—"In Blackie's Book of Scottish Song, p. 216, Laggan, Nicol's farm, is said to be in the parish of Dunsene; but a friend of mine informs me that the farm where the celebrated meeting was held is Laggan Sheel, in the parish of Glencairn, and about half a mile from Maxwelltown House." With regard to the Logan, it appears that there are several streams of that name in Scotland. There is a Logan in Mid-Lothian, and another in Lanarkshire. See Edinburgh Gazetteer, 1827, and also the Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. i. p. 30 and p. 311. In the Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. iii. p. 82, the "Logan Burn" in Peebles-shire is mentioned; and in the same work, vol. iv. p. 274, (ed. 1845,) we find the Logan in the parish of Kirkpatrick Fleming, Dumfries-shire; and in vol. vi. p. 31, the Logan in the parish of Lesmahago, Lanarkshire. It is most probable that Mr. Mayne, the author of the song, vol. i. pp. 70, 71, of this work, had in view not the Logan in Peebles-shire, but the Logan in his native district, Dumfries-shire. Still, Mr. Thorburn may be right in ascribing the locality of the *old* song to Logan burn in Peebles-shire.

Mr. Thorburn, in the same letter, writes as follows regarding "Highland Mary :"—"I lately received some particulars respecting Highland Mary, which are interesting. She was born at the farm of Auchanmore, in the parish of Dunoon, Argyllshire, in the summer of 1761 or 1762, and died of an epidemic at Greenock, on or about 17th September 1784. She was of a fair complexion, with reddish fair hair and dark-blue eyes, and of a lively disposition. Burns left Lochlea and went to Mossgiel at Martinmas 1783, and this proves the authenticity of the Bibles which were lately deposited in the Ayr Monument, which have 'Rob. Burns, Mossgiel,' written on them. The never-to-be-forgotten meeting of Burns and Mary must have taken place on the second Sunday of May 1784."

"O WHA'S AT THE WINDOW, WHA, WHA?"—Vol. ii. pp. 60, 61.

We have received an obliging letter from the author of this song, Mr. Alexander Carlile of Paisley. We have not room to give the whole of his letter; but, with his permission, we give the following extracts from it:—

"The song, 'Wha's at the window, wha, wha?' is modern, (written by me,) with the exception of the first line. That line belongs to an old nursery song which my mother used to sing to her delighted audience of little urchins. The simple lines ran thus:—

'Wha's at the window, wha, wha?  
Wha's at the window, wha?  
Wha hut Jamie wi' a creel on his back  
To tak' wee Mary awa', awa',  
To tak' wee Mary awa'.

And whare will he tak' her te, te?  
And whare will he tak' her te?  
He'll tak' ow'r yon hill,  
And he'll kiss her his fill.  
And what will her mammy say, say?  
And what will her mammy say? &c.

Allan Cunningham picked up my song as a genuine antique, and published it in the notes to his Scottish Songs."

"GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR."—Vol. ii. pp. 62, 63.

MR. ROBERT WHITE of Newcastle, in a letter to the Editor, dated 8th May 1848, favoured him with the following remarks upon the word "Husswifskiep," in the song "Get up and bar the door," vol. ii. pp. 62, 63, of this work:—"You are correct about the old Scottish people calling a pocket, or rather a number of small ones wrapped together, a *housewife*. It was usually carried by the gudewife, and she held in it her thimble, needles and thread, ready to sew or mend as occasion required. But the *skep* is quite a different thing—the bee-hive, or Shakespeare's 'platted hive of straw,' being called by the Scottish people to this day a *bee-skep*. Mr. Maxwell is also correct about the utensil being used to hold corn through the Border district. I have seen it employed in this way myself, and have also seen it used to hold oatmeal. Indeed, twenty years ago I have supped the *parritch* made out of it. Certainly greater care had been taken in forming and finishing the article than is shown in the construction of the common *bee-skep*; but the materials were the same: and I have no doubt whatever, that it was generally used by our ancestors, especially in wild districts, where other vessels were either easily broken, or more difficult to be procured." Mr. Patrick Maxwell, above alluded to, informed the Editor, that long ago, when a boy, he had seen in farm-houses on the Borders, a temporary bin of twisted straw-rope placed in a corner of the cottage, and used for holding the *digthed corn* or *oats*. Mr. Maxwell says:—"These illustrations should not be lost sight of, as but few living know anything about them; the *first*, (the *husswifskiep*) not having been truly described in any glossary,—not even in Jamieson's Dictionary,—and the *last* not even mentioned at all by any author or commentator that I know of." These remarks were intended for the Appendix to vol. ii. of this work, but were omitted for want of room. We have no doubt that Mr. White is quite right in his explanation of the term "husswifskiep," which occurs in the old song. Indeed, it is plainly indicated that the *gudewife* was busy making puddings of oatmeal, or of something else, at the time when her husband ordered her to "get up and bar the door." What are called "Scotch white puddings," are common to this day in Scotland. They are made, like sausages, in skins; and consist of toasted oatmeal, suet, pepper, salt, and finely shred onions that have been browned. According to Liebig, Johnstone, and other modern chemists, the superior nutritious properties of oatmeal, as compared with wheat flour, ought to make these "puddings" one of the most substantial articles of human food. The "Scotch Haggis" is another gigantic form of oatmeal-pudding, with the addition of minced meat to the ingredients already mentioned. To the strong healthy stomachs, &c., of country labourers,—the "*dura ilia messorum*,"—"White Scotch puddings," and "Haggis," are better than turtle and ortolans to the wealthy and inactive men of cities. Dr. Johnson's oracular and spiteful condemnation of "oats" as human food, is fast giving way, in England, to common sense and chemical authority.

"ANNIE LAURIE."—Vol. iii. pp. 24, 25.

THE version of the song from "A Ballad Book," referred to in Note, p. 25, was omitted at p. 167 of this Appendix.



It is here subjoined. The omission was purely accidental, and the Editor must apologize to Mr. Sharpe for his version of the song not appearing in its promised place.

Maxwellton banks are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew;  
Where I and Annie Laurie  
Made up the promise true;  
Made up the promise true,  
And never forget will I;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay down my head and die.

She's backet like a peacock,  
She's breasted like a swan,  
She's jimp about the middle,  
Her waist you weel may span:  
Her waist you weel may span,  
And she has a rolling eye,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay down my head and die.

“DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.”—Vol. iii. pp. 68, 69.

Among the airs published by the late William Daune, Esq., Advocate, from the Skene MS., No. 49, is named “I serve a worthie ladie,” and presents the oldest known version of the air that is now called “Dumbarton's drums.”

“I SERVE A WORTHIE LADIE.”



“WOOD AND MARRIED AND A’.”—Vol. iii. pp. 128, 129.

We subjoin the remarks for which there was no room in p. 129 of this volume. Mr. Stenhouse's Note is as follows:—“This humorous old song was omitted by Ramsay in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, in 1724, although it was quite current in the Border long before his time. Oswald inserted the tune, and Herd the words, in their respective collections. The following verses to the same air, in the genuine spirit of the original, were written by Mrs. Scott of Dunbartonshire.” We have not room for these verses, which begin, “The grass had nae freedom o' growing,” and extend to eight stanzas. Mr. Stenhouse continues: “Mrs. Grant of Laggan wrote an English parody of Mrs. Scott's song, which Mr. G. Thomson has inserted in his *Collection*, vol. iii.” Mr. Laing observes, that “Mr. Stenhouse, in his *Illustrations*, uniformly quotes Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* as having been published in 1724. The first volume certainly appeared at Edinburgh in that year; but the second, third, and fourth volumes were published separately, in 24mo, at various intervals,” &c. See *Museum Illustrations*, vol. i. pp. 6-8, and 108\*. Mrs. Grant's song, above mentioned, begins, “No house in the village could stow them.” In this work, as in most other collections, the fourth stanza of the old words, beginning, “What's the matter, quo' Willie,” is omitted on account of its coarseness. The melody, like some others pointed out in this work, *passim*, begins in a major key, and ends in its relative minor, a third below or a sixth above the tonic.

“O MOUNT AND GO.”—Vol. iii. pp. 134, 135.

SINCE that song was published, the Editor has been favoured with a letter from Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., dated 16th July 1849, in which that gentleman writes, “I observe in the note upon ‘O mount and go,’ in your last number, Mr. Stenhouse imagines that the words printed in the *Museum* were composed by Burns; but I remember the first eight lines quite common in Annandale before Burns' songs were known to the lower classes.”

By favour of the Rev. James Murray, minister of Old Cumnock, the Editor received the following communication from Miss Logan:—

“RECOLLECTIONS OF BURNS, BY MISS JANET LOGAN OF CUMNOCK, DAUGHTER OF HUGH LOGAN, ESQ., OF THAT ILK.

“Remembers having met with Robert Burns the poet, about sixty years ago, in the house of Mrs. Merry, Old Cumnock. He had not then visited Edinburgh, but was farmer of Moss-giel, in the neighbourhood of Mauchline. Mrs. Merry was youngest daughter of Mr. Rankine of Adamhill, whom Burns, in one of his productions, describes as ‘Rough, rude, and ready-witted.’ Mrs. Merry was well known to be the heroine of ‘The Lea-rig.’<sup>1</sup> Some say it was another person, but it was not so. Remembers Mrs. Merry's having told her that Burns, when he visited her father's house for the first time, on being shown into a room, went round a piece of carpet which only partially covered the floor—as was usual in those times—as if afraid of setting foot upon it; but whether he did so by way of sly burlesque, or really from the notion that such things were intended only for his *bettors* (!), does not know. Remembers, on the occasion above referred to, seeing Burns walking about the streets of Cumnock with Walter Morton, the excise-officer of the place. Remembers, that when Burns and Morton came in with others who were to meet with them, Mrs. Merry remarked to him by way of a joke, that all the *yill-wives* of Cumnock had been put nearly beside themselves at his appearance with Morton—thinking him the supervisor. Remembers Burns' turning round to his companion, and exclaiming, rather more warmly than the occasion seemed to require, ‘That I

<sup>1</sup> The song begins, “When o'er the hill the eastern star.”—See vol. i. p. 142.



should be mistaken for one of your — set! Does not remember any of Burns' remarks during the evening. Thinks the conversation was chiefly of a political nature. Remembers that Burns was very animated, and apparently in high spirits. Has been at many *rockings*,<sup>1</sup> or parties of a similar kind, and has had many opportunities of marking the manners of those with whom the poet at that time associated. Thinks that his manners and behaviour were not superior to those of his compeers. Is rather of opinion that he was somewhat coarse in his behaviour, and boisterous in his address. Remembers that he wore his hair tied—was good-looking—thick-set—not very tall. Has heard that he played the violin, but never was present when he played on that instrument. Never heard him sing.

(Signed)

"JANET LOGAN."

The Editor of this work, when thanking the Rev. Mr. Murray and Miss Logan for the above communication, made the following observations in his letter of 13th June 1849:—"I mentioned to you that the only person I know now, who was well acquainted with Burns, is my mother.<sup>2</sup> I told you of Burns' offer<sup>3</sup> to write to her a journal of his Highland tour, and of her hesitation to accept of his offer, without the concurrence of her father and mother. Burns' pride was hurt by that hesitation, and he never renewed the offer, and never wrote a line to her afterwards. Burns was a very frequent guest in my grandfather's<sup>4</sup> house in Edinburgh, during Burns' residence there; and it was in that way that he became acquainted with my mother, who was then a young unmarried woman, and who certainly could not with propriety accept of Burns' offer of letter-writing, without the sanction of her parents. Burns must, at that time, have received some polish of manner from his intercourse with Edinburgh society; for my mother describes him as a man who conducted himself with perfect propriety among his superiors in *social* position. It is easy to imagine how quickly a man of Burns' tact and shrewd observation would adapt himself to the manners of his friends in the metropolis of Scotland, so far as matters of mere *etiquette* went." The Editor's mother has often spoken to him of Burns' remarkable conversational powers. She has also told him that no one of the portraits of Burns that she has seen—not even the one by Skirving—gives an idea of the extraordinary fire and expression of Burns' eyes.

It is not unworthy of remark how strangely Burns' indignant expression, "That I should be mistaken for one of your — set!" as quoted by Miss Logan, contrasts with his own application, in 1788, to his friend Mr. Graham of Fintray, to obtain employment as an exciseman! But then he had been unsuccessful as a farmer at Elliesland, and was driven by that terrible task-master, poverty, to seek for any employment that he could find. Mr. Lockhart, in his *Life of Burns*, says, that Burns "was accordingly appointed to do duty, in that capacity, in the district where his lands were situated. His income, as a revenue officer, was at first only £35; it by and by rose to £50; and sometimes was £70. These pounds were hardly earned, since the duties of his new calling necessarily withdrew him very often from the farm, which needed his utmost attention, and exposed him, which was still worse, to innumerable temptations of the kind he was least likely to resist." And again, "The reader must be sufficiently prepared to hear that from the time when he entered on his Excise duties, the poet more and more neglected the concerns of his farm. Occasionally, he might be seen holding the plough, an exercise in which he excelled, and was proud of excelling, or stalking down his furrows, with the white sheet of grain wrapped about him, a 'tenty seedsman;' but he was more commonly occupied in far different pursuits. 'I am now,' says he in one of his letters, 'a poor rascally gauger, condemned to gallop two hundred miles every week, to inspect dirty bonds and yeasty barrels.' Both in verse and in prose he has recorded the feelings with which he first followed his new vocation. His jests on the subjects are uniformly bitter. 'I have the same consolation,' he tells Mr. Ainslie, 'which I once heard a recruiting serjeant give to his audience in the streets of Kilmarnock:—Gentlemen, for your further encouragement, I can assure you that ours is the most blackguard corps under the Crown, and consequently, with us an honest fellow has the surest chance of preferment.' He winds up almost all his statements of his feelings on this matter in the same strain:—

'I ha'e a wife and twa wee laddies,  
They maun ha'e brose and brats o' duddies,  
Ye ken yoursel', my heart right proud is,  
I needna vaunt;  
But I'd sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,  
Before they want.'

<sup>1</sup> These *rockings*, long since disused in Scotland, were meetings of friends at which work, conversation, anecdote, and singing, went on cheerily together. The *rock* was the *distaff* round which the lint to be spun into thread was wrapped. Anciently, the *rock* and *spindle* were used; and, in later times, the *rock* and *wheel*. The aquatint etching by D. Allan, of Mauser sitting spinning at her cottage door, with Bauldy in the background, in the quarto edition of Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, 1788, Act II. Scene 3, gives a graphic idea of the *rock* and *spindle*. Within these last fifty years, the spinning-wheel, with its *rock*, or *distaff*, was not uncommon in the kitchens of even genteel thrifty householders in Scotland. The women-servants, when not otherwise occupied, were set to the spinning-wheel, and were not left idle. The thread so spun was afterwards wound off upon a large *reel*, and then formed into *hanks*, which were given out to weavers, who made of them linen cloth for shirts, sheets, table-cloths, &c., and were paid for their weaving, when the webs were returned to the employers. At that time many of the weavers of that homespun thread resided in the street called the Sciennes—pronounced *Sheens*—in the southern part of the old town of Edinburgh, near Causewayside. These were days of thrifty housekeeping.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Colonel Graham, at Duddingstone. She is the lady alluded to in the Note upon "Lochaber no more," vol. ii. p. 77, and p. 162, of Appendix to that volume.

<sup>3</sup> The offer was made casually, in conversation.

<sup>4</sup> George Farquhar, Esq. He possessed both poetical and musical talent.

On one occasion, however, he takes a higher tone. 'There is a certain stigma,' says he to Bishop Geddes, 'in the name of exciseman; but I do not intend to borrow honour from any profession:' which may, perhaps, remind the reader of Gibbon's lofty language, on finally quitting the learned and polished circles of London and Paris, for his Swiss retirement: 'I am too modest, or too proud, to rate my value by that of my associates.'—Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, chap. vii. It appears that on 25th August 1787, Burns left Edinburgh, with his friend Mr. Nicoll, on his tour into the Highlands of Scotland. Also, that he and his brother Gilbert, took the farm of Mossiel, about the close of 1783, and that Robert removed to the farm of Elliesland, on the property of Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, at Whitsunday term in 1788. Therefore, it must have been some time between 1783 and 1788, that Burns met Miss Logan in Old Cumnock.

The late Reverend Dr. Niven, minister of Dunkeld, was, in his younger days, intimately acquainted with Burns, and it is to be regretted that he did not write down his reminiscences of the poet. The Doctor's son, however, John Dick Niven, Esq., remembers many anecdotes related by his father regarding Burns. Among these, we have been favoured with two or three, which we here subjoin.

Dr. Niven and Professor Walker were the two persons present when Burns first acknowledged Jean Armour as his wife.

Mr. Lockhart, in his *Life of Burns*, mentions a curious circumstance of a clergyman pausing nervously in his discourse from the pulpit, (parish of Kirkmichael, Ayrshire,) on the entrance of Burns into the church. That clergyman was Dr. Niven.

Dr. Niven used to narrate a circumstance that occurred when he and Burns were young men, as showing how much Burns' society was then courted among his friends and companions. The Dr. (then Mr. Niven, and tutor in the house of Mr. Hamilton of Sundrum) was despatched to get Burns to join a party of friends at a certain hour. He found Burns busily threshing in a barn near Ayr. The message being delivered, Burns said that he could not get through his threshing in time; but added, "if you will take that *frail* and help me, I may be able to go." The Doctor, a tall powerful man, instantly threw off his coat, seized the flail, and threshed with good will. The threshing was finished in time, and Burns went to the party.

Dr. Niven, when attending College in Edinburgh, had a severe illness. Burns visited him every evening, and often amused his sick friend by writing humorous epitaphs for his imaginary tombstone.

---

THE EDITOR of this work cannot take leave of it without expressing his grateful sense of the public favour with which WOOD'S SONGS OF SCOTLAND have been received; and also of the very numerous and commendatory notices of them in the journals and newspapers of England and Scotland. Next, he cannot omit his thanks to all his friends who have aided him in the work; and, in the first place, to the Professional Musicians who have co-operated with him zealously, and in a friendly spirit of rivalry among themselves. In particular, he must indicate MR. JOHN MUIR WOOD—one of the proprietors of the work—who, himself a musician of talent and knowledge, possesses an intimate acquaintance with Scottish music. In the Notes and Appendices, the Editor's obligations to CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAY, MR. P. MAXWELL, and MR. C. K. SHARPE, have been duly acknowledged; but he has also to thank the two former gentlemen for the free use of their libraries, and the latter for an offer of any aid in his power, which unfortunately came too late for the Editor to avail himself of it. To MR. WILLIAM OLIVER, of Langraw, near Hawick, who so obligingly sent to him a number of traditional Border airs,—of which the proprietors of this work could not then make use, consistently with their plan;—to MR. ROBERT WHITE, of Newcastle; MR. THOMAS THORBURN, of Ryedale, Dumfries-shire; the REV. JAMES MURRAY, of Old Cumnock, Ayrshire; MR. ALEXANDER CARLILE, of Paisley;—who have contributed information quoted and acknowledged in the Appendix to this volume,—to all these gentlemen the Editor offers his best thanks.

For the alterations made in the common readings of the airs, "Tweedside," "The ewe-buchts," "Roy's Wife," and "Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament," the Editor is solely responsible. His notes upon these airs show upon what grounds he introduced his altered readings.

# GENERAL INDEX.

	PAGE
Accuse me not, inconstant fair, vol. iii.	48
Adieu, Dundee! from Mary parted, ii.	92
Afton Water, ii.	50
Again rejoicing Nature sees, iii.	62
A health to Betty, (note,) iii.	109
Ah, ha! Johnnie lad, (note,) iii.	19
A Highland lad my love was born, i.	64
Aiken Drum, iii.	26
Air by Handel, in his Alcina, (note,) ii.	109
Alace this night yae we suld sinder, (note and App.) ii.	105, 163
Alas, my son, you little know, (App.) i.	160
Alastair Macalastair, i.	68
Alas, that I cam' o'er the muir, i.	88
Ancient French Air, (note,) ii.	53
And are ye sure the news is true? (App. 159,) ii.	64
Andro and his cutty gun, i.	58
And O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam! (App. 167,) ii.	144
And we're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin', iii.	38
And ye shall walk in silk attire, (App. 159,) ii.	18
Annie Laurie, iii.	24
An thou wert mine ain thing, (notes,) ii.	27, 45
A piper came to our town, (note and App.) iii.	27, 167
Argyle is my name, and you may think it strange, ii.	114
Armstrong's farewell, (note,) ii.	91
A rosebud by my early walk, iii.	86
At gloamin', if my lane I be, i.	143
At Polwart on the green, iii.	118
At Willie's wedding on the green, (App. 163,) ii.	118
Auld lang syne, ii.	36
Auld Rob Morris, i.	126
Auld Rob Morris, (note,) ii.	45
Auld Robin Gray, (Scotch Air,) i.	20
Auld Robin Gray, (English Air,) i.	22
A wee bird cam' to our ha' door, i.	114
Ay wakin' O! (note 67,) iii.	66
Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep, ii.	50
Bannocks o' barley-meal, ii.	114
Bannocks o' bear-meal, iii.	122
Barbara Allan, (App. 157,) ii.	16
Behind yon hills, where Lugar flows, i.	34
Behold, my love, how green the groves, ii.	146
Beneath a green shade a lovely young swain, iii.	158
Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, ii.	96
Bide ye yet, (App. 160,) i.	14
Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty, iii.	148
Blue bonnets, iii.	54
Blythe, blythe, and merry are we, i.	58
Blythe, blythe, and merry was she, (App.) i.	163
Blythsome may I see thee, iii.	76
Bonnie Dundee, ii.	94
Bonnie Jean of Aberdeen, iii.	22
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie, iii.	93
Bonnie lassie, will ye go? ii.	128
Bonnie Prince Charlie, i.	74
Bonnie wee thing, i.	8
Braw, braw lads, i.	50
Buff coat, (note and App.) iii.	9, 165
Busk ye, busk ye, (App. 160,) i.	38
By Logan's streams that rin sae deep, i.	70
By yon castle wa', at the close o' the day, iii.	100
Cam' ye by Athol, i.	74
Carle, an the king come, iii.	90
Ca' the yowes to the knowes, (App. 165,) i.	94
Ca' the ewes to the knowes, (App.) ii.	171
Ca' the ewes, (App.) iii.	160
Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south, iii.	22
Cauld kail in Aberdeen, ii.	152

	PAGE
Charlie is my darling, vol. i.	90
Clunie's reel, (App. 171,) iii.	6
Cockle shells, (note, 99, App. 170,) iii.	99
Cold and raw, (note,) iii.	23
Colle to me the rysshys green, (note,) i.	31
Come all ye jolly shepherds, iii.	82
Come, gi'e's a sang, Montgomery cricd, i.	52
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, ii.	112
Come open the door, sweet Betty, (note,) iii.	85
Come under my plaidie, (App. 178,) iii.	144
Comin' thro' the broom, (note,) i.	51
Comin' thro' the craigs o' Kyle, iii.	30
Comin' thro' the rye, ii.	10
Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar, (App.) i.	168
Corn rigs, i.	48
Craigie-burn-wood, ii.	20
Crochallan, iii.	114
Cromleck's lilt, iii.	28
Dainty Davie, (note,) ii.	135
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, iii.	6
Donald, iii.	4
Donald and Flora, iii.	116
Donald Caird's come again! ii.	108
Doun the burn, Davie, ii.	146
Dumbarton's drums, (App. 182,) iii.	68
Duncan Davidson, (note,) ii.	103
Duncan Gray cam' here to woo, i.	122
Ettrick banks, (App. 168, 169,) iii.	52
Faite na moisg, (note,) iii.	115
Fair Helen of Kirkconnell, (note, 105, and App. 172,) iii.	104
Fair Janet, i.	92
Fair Scotland! dear as life to me, iii.	88
Farewell, thou fair day, i.	136
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows, iii.	14
Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean, ii.	76
Far over yon hills o' the heather so green, iii.	136
First when Maggie was my care, ii.	32
Flora Macdonald, iii.	126
Flow gently, sweet Afton, ii.	50
For a' that, and a' that, (App. 167,) i.	152
For lack of gold, i.	146
For the sake o' somebody, ii.	52
Fye to the hills in the morning, (note,) i.	155
Fy, gar rub her o'er wi' strae, iii.	74
Gala water, i.	50
Gala water, (note,) iii.	67
Garry Owen, (note,) iii.	65
Get up and bar the door, ii.	62
Get up and bar the door, (App.) iii.	181
Get up, gudewife, don on your claise, (App.) i.	162
Gilderoy, ii.	46
Gin a body meet a body, ii.	10
Gin I had a wee house, i.	14
Gin livin' worth could win my heart, ii.	6
Gloomy winter's now awa', (App. 159,) i.	6
Good night, and joy be wi' ye a', iii.	162
Green grow the rushes, O! i.	39
Gu ma slan a chi mi, iii.	76
Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be, iii.	44
Happy Dick Dawson, (note,) i.	131
Happy's the love that meets return, iii.	102
Haud awa' frae me, Donald, (note,) i.	77
Hear me, ye nymphs, i.	18
Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie, i.	66



	PAGE		PAGE
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, vol. i. . . . .	134	Lochaber no more, (notes, 75, 77,) vol. ii. . . . .	76
Here's to the year that's awa', iii. . . . .	78	Lochiel's march, (note,) i. . . . .	97
He's o'er the hills that I lo'e weel, ii. . . . .	70	Loch-Eroch side, ii. . . . .	134
Hey now the day dawis, (note and App.) i. . . . .	79, 165	Logan water, (App. 164,) i. . . . .	70
Hey, tuttie, tattie, (App. 165,) i. . . . .	78, 80	Logan water, (App.) iii. . . . .	180
How blythe ilk morn was I to see, (App.) i. . . . .	163	Logie o' Buchao, i. . . . .	82
How lang and dreary is the nicht, ii. . . . .	152	Long'er onie old man, (note and App.) ii. . . . .	133, 166
How sweet this lone vale, i. . . . .	26	Lord Balgonie's favourite, (note,) i. . . . .	7
How welcome to me, (App.) iii. . . . .	169	Lord Gregory, i. . . . .	54
Hughie Graham, ii. . . . .	44	Lord Nithsdale, iii. . . . .	152
Husband, husband, cease your strife, (App.) ii. . . . .	167	Lord Ronald, (App. 160,) ii. . . . .	74
I am the Duke of Norfolk, (note,) i. . . . .	129	London's bonnie woods and braes, ii. . . . .	86
I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing, ii. . . . .	150	Low down in the broom, (note,) ii. . . . .	29
I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas, (note,) ii. . . . .	37	Maclean's Welcome, ii. . . . .	112
If those who live in shepherds' bowers, (note,) ii. . . . .	147	Maggie Lauder, ii. . . . .	110
I had a horse, and I had nae mair, i. . . . .	106	Major Graham, (note,) ii. . . . .	29
I ha'e laid a herrin' in sa't, (App. 164,) ii. . . . .	120	March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale, iii. . . . .	54
I ha'e layen three herring a' sa't, (App.) ii. . . . .	164	Marquis of Hastings' Strathspey, ii. . . . .	86
I'll bid my heart be still, iii. . . . .	84	Mary Ketty, (note,) ii. . . . .	15
I'll never leave thee, ii. . . . .	100	Mary Morison, ii. . . . .	8
I lo'e na a laddie but ane, (App. 166,) i. . . . .	130	Mary of Castleary, (note,) ii. . . . .	95
I love my love in secret, iii. . . . .	140	Mary Scott, (App. 170,) iii. . . . .	102
I love thee still, although my path, iii. . . . .	4	Mary's dream, ii. . . . .	54
I'm a' doun for lack o' Johnnie, ii. . . . .	136	Mary's dream, (old set,) ii. . . . .	140
I met four chaps yon birks amang, (App. 159,) ii. . . . .	48	Maxwellton banks are bonnie, (App.) iii. . . . .	181
I'm o'er young to marry yet, ii. . . . .	148	Maxwellton braes are bonnie, iii. . . . .	24
I'm wearin' awa', Jean, i. . . . .	78	Miss Admiral Gordon's strathspey, (notes, 13, 85,) i. . . . .	86
In the garb of Old Gaul, (App. 172,) iii. . . . .	112	Miss Forbes' farewell to Banff, iii. . . . .	50
In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld, i. . . . .	44	Morag, i. . . . .	46
I serve a worthie ladie, (App.) iii. . . . .	182	Mount and go, (App. 182,) iii. . . . .	134
I sigh, and lament me in vain, ii. . . . .	58	Mount your baggage, (note,) iii. . . . .	135
Is there, for honest poverty, i. . . . .	152	Muirland Willie, (note,) i. . . . .	61
It fell about the Mart'mas time, ii. . . . .	62	Muirland Willie, ii. . . . .	98
It fell on a day, ii. . . . .	130	My ain fireside, ii. . . . .	90
It's up wi' the souters o' Selkirk, iii. . . . .	160	My ain kind dearie, i. . . . .	142
It was in and about the Mart'mas time, (App. 157,) ii. . . . .	16	My apron dearie, ii. . . . .	154
It was upon a Lammas night, i. . . . .	48	My boy Tammy, i. . . . .	60
I've heard them liltin', i. . . . .	2	My dearie, an' thou dee, (note,) ii. . . . .	43
I've seen the smiling, i. . . . .	4	My heart is sair, I daurna tell, ii. . . . .	52
I will away and I will not tarry, iii. . . . .	135	My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here, iii. . . . .	114
I will not go to my bed till I sld die, (App. 168,) i. . . . .	156	My jo Janet, (App. 163,) ii. . . . .	132
I wish I were where Eolio lies, (App. 171, 172,) iii. . . . .	104	My lodging is on the cold ground, (note,) i. . . . .	131
I wish my love were in a myre, iii. . . . .	62	My love has forsaken me, ii. . . . .	34
Jenny's bawbee, (App. 159,) ii. . . . .	48	My love is lost to me, iii. . . . .	124
Jeany dang the weaver, (App. 163,) ii. . . . .	118	My love she's but a lassie yet, i. . . . .	116
Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane, ii. . . . .	88	My love's in Germany, (App. 160,) i. . . . .	28
Jock o' Hazeldean, ii. . . . .	68	My mither's ay glowrin' ower me, iii. . . . .	108
Jock the laird's brither, (note,) i. . . . .	127	My Nannie, O, i. . . . .	34
John Andersoo, my jo, John, i. . . . .	128	My Nannie, O, (App.) ii. . . . .	168
John, come kiss me now, (note,) i. . . . .	129	My Nannie's awa', ii. . . . .	66
John o' Badenyon, (App. 158,) ii. . . . .	24	My only jo and dearie, O, ii. . . . .	138
Johnnie Cope, (App. 167,) i. . . . .	154	My Peggy is a young thing, iii. . . . .	10
Johnnie Faa, i. . . . .	114	My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form, (App. 164,) ii. . . . .	122
Johnnie M'Gill, iii. . . . .	144	My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook, ii. . . . .	154
Johnnie's grey breeks, (App. 168,) iii. . . . .	36	My tocher's the jewel, i. . . . .	24
Katherine Ogie, ii. . . . .	38	My wife has ta'en the gee, (note, 59,) iii. . . . .	50
Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht-head, ii. . . . .	140	My wife's a winsome wee thing, iii. . . . .	96
Kelvie grove, ii. . . . .	72	Nae gentle dames, though e'er sae fair, iii. . . . .	8
Kenmure's on and awa', iii. . . . .	120	Nancy's to the greenwood gane, iii. . . . .	14
Kind Robin lo'es me, i. . . . .	10	Nid noddin', iii. . . . .	38
Kind Robin lo'es me, (note,) ii. . . . .	27	Now bank and brae are clad in green, (App. 164,) ii. . . . .	120
King James' March to Ireland, (notes,) ii. . . . .	75, 77	Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays, ii. . . . .	66
Kinloch of Kinloch, ii. . . . .	124	Now wat ye wha I met yestree, (note,) iii. . . . .	109
Laddie, lie near me, iii. . . . .	92	Oh! Alastair Macalastair, i. . . . .	68
Lady Aene Bothwell's lament, ii. . . . .	30	O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, ii. . . . .	96
Lady Badinscoth's reel, (note,) i. . . . .	117	O bonnie was yon rosy brier, iii. . . . .	64
Lady Casillis' lilt, (note,) i. . . . .	115	O Charlie is my darling, i. . . . .	90
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, i. . . . .	144	Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee, (note,) ii. . . . .	11
Last May a brow weaver cam' down the laog glen, iii. . . . .	34	O, dinna think, bonnie lassie, (App. 165,) iii. . . . .	6
Leader haughs and Yarrow, iii. . . . .	154	Och, hey! Johnnie, lad, iii. . . . .	18
Leezie Lindsay, ii. . . . .	82	O'er the mnir amang the heather, iii. . . . .	30
Let us haste to Kelvin grove, honnie lassie, O, ii. . . . .	72	Of a' the airts the wind eao blaw, i. . . . .	86
Lesley's march, (note,) iii. . . . .	55	O gin ye were dead, gudeman, iii. . . . .	132
Lewie Gordon, i. . . . .	40	[O] hearken, and I will tell you how, ii. . . . .	98
Lilliburlero, (note,) ii. . . . .	27	Oh, I ha'e been on the flow'ry banks o' Clyde, ii. . . . .	106
Limerick's lamentation, (note,) ii. . . . .	75	O I ha'e seen great anes, and sat in great ha's, ii. . . . .	90
		O I ha'e seen the wild flowers blaw, iii. . . . .	156

	PAGE		PAGE
O Kenmure's on, and awa', Willie, vol. iii.	120	Soar plums in Galashiels, vol. ii.	1
O lassie, art thou sleeping yet? ii.	22	Strike up the haggpipe's boldest blast, ii.	56
O lay thy loof in mine, lass, ii.	116	Stu mo rùn, iii.	142
O leave me not! the ev'ning hour, iii.	140	Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie burn, ii.	20
O let me in this ae night, ii.	22	Sweet Sir, for your courtesie, ( <i>App.</i> 166,) ii.	132
O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide, ( <i>App.</i> ) i.	164		
O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird, i.	82	Tak' your auld cloak about ye, ( <i>App.</i> 162,) i.	44
O love will venture in, i.	110	Tarry woo', ( <i>note.</i> )	41
O, Mary, at thy window be, ii.	8	The auld Jew, ( <i>note.</i> ) iii.	77
O meikle thinks my love, i.	24	The auld wife ayont the fire, ii.	56
O mirk, mirk, is this midnight baur, i.	54	The Ayrshire lasses, ( <i>note.</i> ) iii.	107
O mount and go, iii.	134	The banks of Banna, iii.	12
O my love is like a red red rose, ( <i>App.</i> 158,) ii.	28	The birks of Aberfeldie, ii.	128
On a bank of flowers, iii.	20	The birks of Invermay, i.	72
O Nancy, wilt thou go with me? iii.	60	The black eagle, ( <i>note.</i> ) ii.	51
On Cessnock banks, iii.	146	The blairin' trumpet sounded far, i.	154
On Ettrick banks, ae simmer nicht, ( <i>App.</i> 168, 169,) iii.	52	The blathrie o't, ( <i>note, tune in App.</i> 170,) iii.	83
O once my <i>thyme</i> was young, ( <i>note.</i> ) iii.	85	The blade red rose at Yule may hlaw, iii.	130
O open the door, Lord Gregory, i.	55	The blue bells of Scotland, ii.	106
O purith cauld, i.	106	The boatie rows, iii.	1
Oran an aoi, i.	136	The boatman, ( <i>note.</i> ) ii.	45
O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn! iii.	56	The bonnie black eagle, ( <i>note.</i> ) i.	25
O send Lewie Gordon hame, i.	40	The bonnie brier bush, i.	148
O speed, Lord Nithsdale, iii.	152	The bonnie house o' Airly, ii.	130
O sweet are thy banks, bonnie Tweed, i.	104	The bony (bonnie) brow, ( <i>note.</i> ) ii.	69
O the ewe-bught's bonnie, iii.	94	The braes aboon Boaw, ii.	102
O this is no my ain lassie, i.	108	The braes o' Balquhider, i.	112
Oh! thou art all so tender, ii.	34	The braes of Ballenden, iii.	138
O thou broom, thou bonnie bush o' broom, i.	56	The braes o' Yarrow, i.	33
O true love is a bonnie flower, i.	32	The bridegroom gat, i.	20
Oat o'we yon moss, i.	51	The bride she cam' out o' the byre, iii.	128
O, wae's my heart! O, wae's my heart! ( <i>App.</i> 163,) ii.	104	The brisk young lad, i.	62
O waly, waly, up the bank, i.	100	The broom o' the Cowdenknowes, ( <i>App.</i> 163,) i.	56
O! weel I mind the days, by our ain burn-side, iii.	40	The bush aboon Traquair, i.	18
O weel may the boatie row, iii.	1	The bush aboon Traquair, ( <i>note.</i> ) ii.	45
O were I on Parnassus hill, iii.	124	The cadie laddie, ( <i>note.</i> ) iii.	135
O wha is she that lo'es me, i.	46	The Caledonian Hunt's delight, ( <i>note.</i> ) ii.	5
O wha's at the window, wha, wha? ii.	60	The Campbell's are comin', ( <i>note.</i> 151,) iii.	150
O where ha'e ye been, Lord Ronald, my soa? ( <i>App.</i> 160,) ii.	74	The captain's lady, iii.	134
O whistle, an' I'll come to you, i.	36	The cardin' o't, iii.	146
Oh! why left I my hame? i.	12	The cauld cauld winter's gane, luve, iii.	58
O why should old age, ( <i>App.</i> 169,) iii.	68	The cock laird, ( <i>note.</i> ) ii.	51
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maat, ii.	80	The Cordwainer's march, ( <i>note.</i> ) ii.	117
		The day I first landed, iii.	115
Paul's steeple, ( <i>note.</i> ) i.	129	The deuks dang o'er my daddie, ( <i>App.</i> 163,) iii.	8
Peggy, I must love thee, ii.	26	The dream, ii.	150
Peggy, now the king's come, iii.	90	The e'enin' sun was glintie' bright, i.	72
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, i.	96	The ewe-bughts, i.	120
Pinkie House, iii.	88	The ewie wi' the crookit horn, ii.	126
Polwart on the green, iii.	118	The flowers of the forest, (old air,) ( <i>App.</i> 159,) i.	2
Put up thy dagger, Jamie, ( <i>note.</i> ) i.	117	The flowers of the forest, (modern air,) i.	4
		The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, ii.	44
Queen Mary's lament, ii.	58	The gypsie laddie, i.	114
		The highway to Edinburgh, ( <i>note.</i> ) i.	25
Red, red is the path to glory, iii.	142	The hills of my Highlands, i.	27
Rising o'er the heaving billow, ii.	142	The house of Glamis, ( <i>note.</i> ) i.	17
Robin and Janet, ( <i>App.</i> ) ii.	167	The island of Mull, iii.	106
Robin is my only joe, i.	10	The keiking glasse, ( <i>note and App.</i> ) ii.	133, 166
Romantic Esk! what sweets combine, iii.	74	The killogie, iii.	122
Roslin Castle, i.	16	The lads of Leith, ( <i>note.</i> ) ii.	13
Rothies' lament, iii.	88	The lady's gowne, ( <i>note and App.</i> ) i.	39, 162
Rothiemarchus' rant, i.	144	The laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and be's great, i.	42
Row weel, my boatie, row weel, ( <i>App.</i> 169,) iii.	72	The lament of Flora Macdonald, iii.	136
Rey's wife of Aldivalloch, ii.	118	The lassie lost her silken snood, ( <i>note.</i> ) i.	33
Russian air, ( <i>note.</i> ) ii.	77	The lass of Cessnock-banks, ( <i>App.</i> ) ii.	169
Russian boat-song, ( <i>App.</i> ) ii.	166	The lass of Livingstone, ( <i>note.</i> ) iii.	99
		The lass of Pattie's mill, ( <i>App.</i> 159,) ii.	40
Saw ye Johnnie comin'? ( <i>App.</i> 166,) i.	132	The last gleam o' sunset in ocean was sinking, ii.	124
Saw ye my father? i.	102	The last, the dreaded hour is come, ii.	46
Saw ye my Maggie? iii.	157	The last time I cam' o'er the muir, (see, <i>Alas, that I cam'</i> o'er the muir,) ( <i>App.</i> 163,) i.	88
Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye mine ain thing? ii.	94	The last time I cam' o'er the muir, ( <i>note.</i> ) ii.	51
Saw ye nae my Peggy? iii.	156	The Lawland lads think they are fine, iii.	80
Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled, i.	80	The lea rig, i.	142
See Spring, her graces wild disclose, iii.	32	The lily of the vale is sweet, iii.	50
Send him hame, i.	28	The lone vale, i.	26
Shepherds, I have lost my love, iii.	12	The Louthian lassie, iii.	34
She rose and let me in, iii.	48	The love that I had chosen, i.	84
She's fair and fause that causes my smart, ii.	12	The lowlands o' Holland, ( <i>note.</i> 13,) i.	84
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, ii.	36	The lowlands of Holland, ( <i>note.</i> ) ii.	51
Since all thy vows, false maid, iii.	28	The maid of Islay, ii.	142

	PAGE		PAGE
The mill, mill, O, vol. i. . . . .	124	Tullochgorum, vol. i. . . . .	52
The Miller, ( <i>note</i> ), ii. . . . .	9	'Twas even, the dewy fields were green, iii. . . . .	36
The Miller, ( <i>note</i> ), iii. . . . .	59	'Twas in that season, i. . . . .	16
The Miller's daughter, ( <i>note</i> ), ii. . . . .	11	'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin, iii. . . . .	92
The Miller's wedding, ( <i>note</i> ), iii. . . . .	19	'Twas on a simmer's afternoon, ( <i>App.</i> 167,) ii. . . . .	134
The moon had climed the highest hill, ii. . . . .	54	'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town, iii. . . . .	16
The mouldiewart, ( <i>App.</i> 167,) ii. . . . .	144	Tweedside, ( <i>App.</i> 166,) i. . . . .	104
The muckin' o' Geordie's byre, ( <i>note</i> ), i. . . . .	25	Twine weel the plaiden, i. . . . .	32
The murmur of the merry brook, i. . . . .	148	Two furlongs from Edinaburgh town, ( <i>note and App.</i> ) iii. . . . .	17, 166
The new Highland laddie, iii. . . . .	80	Up in the morning early, iii. . . . .	22
The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen, i. . . . .	138	Waes me for Prince Charlie, i. . . . .	114
The night is dark, the way is long, iii. . . . .	20	Wandering Willie, i. . . . .	66
The old Highland laddie, ( <i>note</i> ), iii. . . . .	81	Welcome home, old Rowley, ( <i>note</i> ), i. . . . .	77
The old man, ( <i>note and App.</i> ) ii. . . . .	133, 166	We'll meet heside the dusky glen, i. . . . .	150
The pearl of the fountain, the rose of the valley, iii. . . . .	106	We're a' noddin', iii. . . . .	38
The pibroch of Donnill Dhu, i. . . . .	96	Were I but able to rehearse, ii. . . . .	126
The posie, i. . . . .	110	Wha'll be king but Charlie? i. . . . .	138
The queen of the Lothians, ( <i>note</i> ), iii. . . . .	35	Whar' ha'e ye been a' day, i. . . . .	60
The ruffian's rant, ( <i>note</i> ), ii. . . . .	79	Wha's at the window, wha, wha? ( <i>App.</i> ) iii. . . . .	180
The shepherd's wife, ( <i>note</i> 87,) iii. . . . .	86	What ails this heart o' mine? ( <i>App.</i> 159,) ii. . . . .	42
The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing, ( <i>App.</i> 160,) ii. . . . .	84	What beauties does Flora disclose, ( <i>App.</i> ) i. . . . .	163
The soldier's return, i. . . . .	124	What's a' the steer, kimmer? iii. . . . .	70
The song of death, i. . . . .	136	Wha wadna be in love wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder, ii. . . . .	110
The souter's daughter, ( <i>note</i> ), i. . . . .	99	Wha wadna fight for Charlie? ( <i>App.</i> 157,) ii. . . . .	14
The souters o' Selkirk, iii. . . . .	160	When first I came to be a man of twenty years, or so, ( <i>App.</i> 158,) ii. . . . .	24
The strong walls of Derry, ( <i>note</i> ), iii. . . . .	115	When first you courted me, I own, iii. . . . .	5
The sun has gaen down o'er the lofty Ben-lomond, ii. . . . .	88	When lang sinsyne I married, iii. . . . .	26
The sun is sunk, the day is done, ( <i>App.</i> ) iii. . . . .	179	When merry hearts were gay, iii. . . . .	116
The waefn' heart, ii. . . . .	6	When o'er the hill the eastern star, i. . . . .	142
The wauking o' the fauld, iii. . . . .	10	When Phœbus bright the azure skies, iii. . . . .	154
The weary pund o' tow, ( <i>App.</i> 167,) i. . . . .	140	When she cam' ben she bobbit, i. . . . .	42
The weary pund o' tow, ( <i>App.</i> ) ii. . . . .	172	When the kye comes hame, iii. . . . .	82
The wee wee man, iii. . . . .	64	When the sheep are in the fauld, i. . . . .	20
The white cockade, i. . . . .	64	When the sun o'er Kelly-law, ( <i>App.</i> ) i. . . . .	159
The willow-tree, ( <i>note</i> ), iii. . . . .	85	When wild war's deadly blast, i. . . . .	124
The winter it is past, i. . . . .	118	Where are the joys I have met in the morning? i. . . . .	102
The year that's awa', ( <i>note</i> , 79,) iii. . . . .	78	Where ha'e ye been a' the day? iii. . . . .	98
The yellow-hair'd laddie, iii. . . . .	94	Whi'tle o'er the lave o't, ii. . . . .	32
There cam' a young man to my daddy's door, i. . . . .	62	Why should I, a brisk young lassie, i. . . . .	156
There grows a bonnie brier hush, i. . . . .	149	Why should thy cheek be pale? ii. . . . .	100
There Nancy's to the greenwood gane, ( <i>App.</i> ) iii. . . . .	163	Why weep ye by the tide, lady? ii. . . . .	68
There was a lad was born in Kyle, i. . . . .	132	William's ghost, ( <i>note</i> ), ii. . . . .	51
There was a lass, and she was fair, iii. . . . .	46	Willie and Annet, ( <i>note</i> ), ii. . . . .	69
There was a pretty May, i. . . . .	111	Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, ( <i>App.</i> ) iii. . . . .	180
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame, ( <i>note</i> ), ii. . . . .	67	Willie was a wanton wag, ( <i>App.</i> 168,) iii. . . . .	46
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame, iii. . . . .	100	Will ye gang to the Hiellands, Leezie Lindsay? ii. . . . .	82
There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, iii. . . . .	121	Will ye go, lassie, go, to the braes o' Balquhiddier, i. . . . .	112
There's auld Rob Morris, i. . . . .	126	Will ye go to Sheriffmuir? iii. . . . .	110
There's cauld kail in Aberdeen, ( <i>note</i> ), ii. . . . .	153	Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion? i. . . . .	120
There's few gude fellows when Jamie's awa', ( <i>note</i> ), iii. . . . .	101	Wilt thou be my dearie? i. . . . .	98
There's nae luck about the house, ( <i>App.</i> 159,) ii. . . . .	64	Wilt thou go, my bonnie lassie? ii. . . . .	102
There's nought but care on ilka han', i. . . . .	30	Within a mile of Edinbargh, ( <i>App.</i> 166,) iii. . . . .	16
There's some sae that we wan, iii. . . . .	111	Wo betyd thy weary bodie, ( <i>note</i> ), i. . . . .	9
This is no my ain house, i. . . . .	108	Women's wark will never be done, ( <i>note</i> ), i. . . . .	25
This night is my departing night, iii. . . . .	163	Woo'd and married and a', ( <i>App.</i> 182,) iii. . . . .	128
Tho' Boreas bauld, that earlie auld, ( <i>note</i> ), ii. . . . .	111	Ye banks, and braes, and streams around, ii. . . . .	38
Thou art gane awa', i. . . . .	76	Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, ( <i>App.</i> 157,) ii. . . . .	4
Thou bonnie wood of Craigie-lea, iii. . . . .	126	Ye maun gang to your father, Jaquet, i. . . . .	92
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, i. . . . .	133	Yon burn-side, i. . . . .	150
Though a' the leaves o' my bonnie bower, ii. . . . .	1	Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, i. . . . .	22
Thro' the wood, laddie, iii. . . . .	56	Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, ii. . . . .	26
Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue, ii. . . . .	138		
To dance about the bailzeis duhb, ( <i>note and App.</i> ) ii. . . . .	105, 163		
To daunton me, iii. . . . .	130, 131		
To ha'e a wife and rule a wife, ( <i>note</i> ), iii. . . . .	99		

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.











